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HISTORY

OF

FRIEDRICH II. OF PRUSSIA.

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From Cunningham's Engraved Picture of what is called Friedrich's Last Review (*Frédéric le Grand retournant à Sans-Souci après les Manœuvres accompagné de ses Généraux.*) Picture containing 39 excellent Portraits besides this of Friedrich, Joseph Cunningham pinxit, and J. F. Clements, sculpsit. Berlin, 1787.) See Vol. VI. p. 680.

HISTORY

OF

FRIEDRICH II. OF PRUSSIA,

CALLED

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

36916

BY

THOMAS CARLYLE.

VOLUME VI.

VV. a. 44

LONDON:
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BOOK XX.

FRIEDRICH IS NOT TO BE OVERWHELMED: THE SEVEN-YEARS WAR GRADUALLY ENDS.

25th April 1760—15th February 1763.

CHAPTER I.

FIFTH CAMPAIGN OPENS.

THERE were yet, to the world's surprise and regret, Three Campaigns of this War; but the Campaign 1760, which we are now upon, was what produced or rendered possible the other two;—was the crisis of them, and is now the only one that can require much narrative from us here. Ill-luck, which, Friedrich complains, had followed him like his shadow, in a strange and fateful manner, from the day of Kunersdorf and earlier, does not yet cease its sad company; but, on the contrary, for long months to come, is more constant than ever, baffling every effort of his own, and from the distance sending him news of mere disaster and discomfiture. It is in this Campaign, though not till far on in it, that the long lane does prove to have a turning, and the Fortune of War recovers its old impartial form. After which, things visibly languish: and the hope of ruining such a Friedrich becomes problematic, the effort to do it slackens also; the very will abating, on the Austrian part, year by year, as of course the strength of their resources is still more steadily doing. To the last, Friedrich, the weaker in material resources, needs all his talent,—all his luck too. But, as the strength, on both sides, is fast abating,—hard to say on which side faster (Friedrich's talent being always a *fixed* quantity, while all else is fluctuating and vanishing),—what re-

mains of the once terrible Affair, through Campaigns Sixth and Seventh, is like a race between spent horses, little to be said of it in comparison. Campaign 1760 is the last of any outward eminence or greatness of event. Let us diligently follow that, and be compendious with the remainder.

Friedrich was always famed for his Marches; but, this Year, they exceeded all calculation and example; and are still the admiration of military men. Can there by no method be some distant notion afforded of them to the general reader? They were the one resource Friedrich had left, against such overwhelming superiority in numbers; and they came out like surprises in a theatre,—unpleasantly surprising to Daun. Done with such dexterity, rapidity, and inexhaustible contrivance and ingenuity, as overset the schemes of his enemies again and again, and made his one army equivalent in effect to their three.

Evening of April 25th, Friedrich rose from his Freyberg cantonments; moved back, that is, northward, a good march; then encamped himself between Elbe and the Hill-Country; with freer prospect and more elbow-room for work coming. His left is on Meissen and the Elbe; his right, at a Village called the Katzenhäuser, an uncommonly strong camp, of which one often hears afterwards; his centre camp is at Schlettau,* which also is strong, though not to such a degree. This line extends from Meissen southward about 10 miles, commanding the Reich-ward Passes of the Metal Mountains, and is defensive of Leipzig, Torgau and the Towns thereabouts.[1] Katzenhäuser is but a mile or two from Krögis—that unfortunate Village where Finck

* Map at end of Book XX.

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 16 et seq.

got his Maxen Order: "*Er weiss*,—You know I can't " stand having difficulties raised; manage to do it!"

Friedrich's task, this Year, is to defend Saxony; Prince Henri having undertaken the Russians,—Prince Henri and Fouquet, the Russians and Silesia. Clearly on very uphill terms, both of them: so that Friedrich finds he will have a great many things to assist in, besides defending Saxony. He lies here expectant till the middle of June, above seven weeks; Daun also, for the last two weeks, having taken the field in a sort. In a sort;—but comes no nearer; merely posting himself astride of the Elbe, half in Dresden, half on the opposite or northern bank of the River, with Lacy thrown out ahead in good force on that vacant side; and so waiting the course of other people's enterprises.

Well to eastward and rearward of Daun, where we have seen Loudon about to be very busy, Prince Henri and Fouquet have spun themselves out into a long chain of posts, in length 300 miles or more, 'from 'Landshut,' along the Bober, along the Queiss and 'Oder, through the Neumark, abutting on Stettin and 'Colberg, to the Baltic Sea.'[2] On that side, in aid of Loudon or otherwise, Daun can attempt nothing; still less on the Katzenhäuser-Schlettau side can he dream of an attempt: only towards Brandenburg and Berlin,—the Country on that side, 50 or 60 miles of it, to eastward of Meissen, being vacant of troops,—is Daun's road open, were he enterprising, as Friedrich hopes he is not. For some two weeks, Friedrich,—not ready otherwise, it being difficult to cross the River, if Lacy with his 30,000 should think of interference,—had to leave the cunctatory Feldmarschall this chance or unlikely possibility. At the end of the second week

[2] Tempelhof, iv. 21-24.

('June 14th,' as we shall mark by and by), the chance was withdrawn.

Daun and his Lacy are but one, and that by no means the most harassing, of the many cares and anxieties which Friedrich has upon him in those Seven Weeks, while waiting at Schlettau, reading the omens. Never hitherto was the augury of any Campaign more indecipherable to him, or so continually fluctuating with wild hopes, which proved visionary, and with huge practical fears, of what he knew to be the real likelihood. "Peace coming?" It is strange how long Friedrich clings to that fond hope: "My Edelsheim is in the Bastille, or packed home in disgrace: but will not the English and Choiseul make Peace? It is Choiseul's one rational course; bankrupt as he is, and reduced to spoons and kettles. In which case, what a beautiful effect might Duke Ferdinand produce, if he marched to Eger, say to Eger, with his 50,000 Germans (Britannic Majesty and Pitt so gracious), and twitched Daun by the skirt, whirling Daun home to Bohemia in a hurry!" Then the Turks; the Danes,—"Might not the Danes send us a trifle of Fleet to Colberg (since the English never will), and keep our Russians at bay?"—"At lowest these hopes are consolatory," says he once, suspecting them all (as, no doubt, he often enough does), "and give us courage to look calmly for the opening of this Campaign, the very idea of which has made me shudder!"[3]

Meanwhile, by the end of May, the Russians are come across the Weichsel again, lie in four camps on the hither side; start about June 1st;—Henri waiting

[3] 'To Prince Henri:' in *Schöning*, ii. 246 (3d April 1760); ib. 263 (of the *Danish* outlook); &c. &c.

for them, in Sagan Country his headquarter; and on both hands of that, Fouquet and he spread out, since the middle of May, in their long thin Chain of Posts, from Landshut to Colberg again, like a thin wall of 300 miles. To Friedrich the Russian movements are, and have been, full of enigma: "Going upon Colberg? Going upon Glogau; upon Breslau?" That is a heavy-footed certainty, audibly tramping forward on us, amid these fond visions of the air! Certain too, and visible to a duller eye than Friedrich's; Loudon in Silesia is meditating mischief. "The inevitable Russians, the inevitable Loudon; and nothing but Fouquet and Henri on guard there, with their long thin chain of posts, infinitely too thin to do any execution!" thinks the King. To whom their modes of operating are but little satisfactory, as seen at Schlettau from the distance. "Condense yourself," urges he always on Henri; "go forward on the Russians; attack sharply this Corps, that Corps, while they are still separate and on march!" Henri did condense himself, 'took post between Sagan and Sprottau; post at Frankfurt,'—poor Frankfurt, is it to have a Kunersdorf or Zorndorf every year, then? No; the cautious Henri never could see his way into these adventures; and did not attack any Corps of the Russians. Took post at Landsberg ultimately,—the Russians, as usual, having Posen as place-of-arms,—and vigilantly watched the Russians, without coming to strokes at all. A spectacle growing gradually intolerable to the King, though he tries to veil his feelings.

Neither was Fouquet's plan of procedure well seen by Friedrich in the distance. Ever since that of Regiment Manteuffel, which was a bit of disappointment, Loudon has been quietly industrious on a bigger scale.

Privately he cherishes the hope, being a swift vehement enterprising kind of man, to oust Fouquet; and perhaps to have Glatz Fortress taken, before his Russians come! In the very end of May, Loudon, privately aiming for Glatz, breaks in upon Silesia again,—a long way to eastward of Fouquet, and as if regardless of Glatz. Upon which, Fouquet, in dread for Schweidnitz and perhaps Breslau itself, hastened down into the Plain Country, to manœuvre upon Loudon; but found no Loudon moving that way; and, in a day or two, learned that Landshut, so weakly guarded, had been picked up by a big corps of Austrians; and in another day or two, that Loudon (June 7th) had blocked Glatz,—Loudon's real intention now clear to Fouquet. As it was to Friedrich from the first; whose anger and astonishment at this loss of Landshut were great, when he heard of it in his Camp of Schlettau. "Back to Landshut," orders he (11th June, three days before leaving Schlettau); "neither Schweidnitz nor Breslau are in danger: it is Glatz the Austrians mean" (as Fouquet and all the world now see they do!); "watch Glatz; retake me Landshut instantly!"

The tone of Friedrich, which is usually all friendliness to Fouquet, had on this occasion something in it which offended the punctual, and rather peremptory Spartan mind. Fouquet would not have neglected Glatz; pity he had not been left to his own methods with Landshut and it. Deeply hurt, he read this Order (16th June); and vowing to obey it, and nothing but *it*, used these words, which were remembered afterwards, to his assembled Generals: "*Meine Herren*, it "appears, then, we must take Landshut again. Lou- "don, as the next thing, will come on us then with his "mass of force; and we must then, like Prussians, hold

" out as long as possible, think of no surrender on open " field, but if even beaten, defend ourselves to the last " man. In case of a retreat, I will be one of the last " that leaves the field: and should I have the misfortune " to survive such a day, I give you my word of honour " never to draw a Prussian sword more."[4] This speech of Fouquet's (June 16th) was two days after Friedrich got on march from Schlettau. June 17th, Fouquet got to Landshut; drove out the Austrians more easily than he had calculated, and set diligently, next day, to repair his works, writing to Friedrich: " Your Majesty's Order shall be executed here, while a man of us lives." Fouquet, in the old Crown-Prince time, used to be called Bayard by his Royal friend. His Royal friend, now darker of face and scathed by much ill-weather, has just quitted Schlettau, three days before this recovery of Landshut; and will not have gone far till he again hear news of Fouquet.

Night of June 14th-15th, Friedrich, 'between Zehren and Zabel,' several miles down stream,—his bridges now all ready, out of Lacy's cognisance,—has suddenly crossed Elbe; and next afternoon pitches camp at Broschwitz, which is straight towards Lacy again. To Lacy's astonishment; who is posted at Moritzburg, with headquarter in that beautiful Country-seat of Polish Majesty,—only 10 miles to eastward, should Friedrich take that road. Broschwitz is short way north of Meissen, and lies on the road either to Grossenhayn or to Radeburg (Radeburg only four miles northward of Lacy), as Friedrich shall see fit, on the morrow. For the Meissen north road forks off there, in those two directions: straight northward is for Grossenhayn, right

[4] Stenzel, v. 239.

hand is for Radeburg. Most interesting to Lacy, which of these forks, what is quite optional, Friedrich will take! Lacy is an alert man; looks well to himself; warns Daun; and will not be caught if he can help it. Daun himself is encamped at Reichenberg, within two miles of him, inexpugnably entrenched as usual; and the danger surely is not great: nevertheless both these Generals, wise by experience, keep their eyes open.

The *First* great Feat of Marching now follows, on Friedrich's part; with little or no result to Friedrich; but worth remembering, so strenuous, so fruitless was it,—so barred by ill-news from without! Both this and the Second stand recorded for us, in brief intelligent terms by Mitchell, who was present in both; and who is perfectly exact on every point, and intelligible throughout,—if you will read him with a Map; and divine for yourself what the real names are, out of the inhuman blotchings made of them, not by Mitchell's blame at all.[5]

Tuesday, June 17th, second day of Friedrich's stay at Broschwitz, Mitchell, in a very confidential Dialogue they had together, learned from him, under seal of secrecy, That it was his purpose to march for Radeburg tomorrow morning, and attack Lacy and his 30,000, who lie encamped at Moritzburg out yonder; for which step his Majesty was pleased further to show Mitchell a little, what the various inducements were: 'One Rus-
'sian Corps is aiming as if for Berlin; the Austrians
'are about besieging Glatz,—pressing need that Fou-
'quet were reinforced in his Silesian post of difficulty.
'Then here are the Reichs-people close by; can be in
'Dresden three days hence, joined to Daun: 80,000
'odd there will then be of Enemies in this part: I must

[5] Mitchell, *Memoirs and Papers*, ii. 160 et seq.

18th June 1760.

'beat Lacy, if possible, while time still is!'—and ended by saying: "Succeed here, and all may yet be saved; "be beaten here, I know the consequences: but what "can I do? The risk must be run; and it is now "smaller than it will ever again be."

Mitchell, whose account is a fortnight later than the Dialogue itself, does confess, 'My Lord, these reasons, 'though unhappily the thing seems to have failed, "ap-'pear to me to be solid and unanswerable."' Much more do they to Tempelhof, who sees deeper into the bottom of them than Mitchell did; and finds that the failure is only superficial.[6] The real success, thinks Tempelhof, would be, Could the King manœuvre himself into Silesia, and entice a cunctatory Daun away with him thither. A cunctatory Daun to preside over matters *there*, in his superstitiously cautious way; leaving Saxony free to the Reichsfolk,—whom a Hülsen, left with his small remnant in Schlettau, might easily take charge of, till Silesia were settled? 'The plan was bold, 'was new, and completely worthy of Friedrich,' votes Tempelhof; 'and it required the most consummate 'delicacy of execution. To lure Daun on, always with 'the prospect opened to him of knocking you on the 'head, and always by your rapidity and ingenuity to 'take care that he never got it done.' This is Tempelhof's notion: and this, sure enough, was actually Friedrich's mode of management in the weeks following; though whether already altogether planned in his head, or only gradually planning itself, as is more likely, nobody can say. We will look a very little into the execution, concerning which there is no dubiety:

Wednesday, 18th June, 'Friedrich,' as predicted to Mitchell, the night before, 'did start punctually, in three columns, at 3

[6] Mitchell, ii. 160 (Despatch, 'June 30th, 1760'); Tempelhof, iv. 44.

A.M.' (Sun just rising); 'and, after a hot march, got encamped 'on the southward side of Radeburg: ready to cross the Rödern 'Stream there, tomorrow, as if intending for the Lausitz' (should that prove needful for alluring Lacy),—'and in the mean while, 'very inquisitive where Lacy might be. One of Lacy's out-'posts, those Saxon light horse, was fallen in with; was chased 'home, and Lacy's camp discovered, that night. At Bernsdorf, 'not three miles to southward or right of us; Daun only another 'three to south of him. Let us attack Lacy tomorrow morning; 'wind round to get between Daun and him,[7]—with fit arrange-'ments; rapid as light! In the King's Tent, accordingly, his 'Generals are assembled to take their Orders; brief, distinct, 'and to be done with brevity. And all are on the move for 'Bernsdorf at 4 next morning; when, behold,—

Thursday 19*th*, 'At Bernsdorf, there is no Lacy to be found. 'Cautious Daun has ordered him in,—and not for Lacy's sake, 'as appears, but for his own: "Hitherward, you alert Lacy; to 'cover my right flank here, my Hill of Reichenberg,—lest it 'be not impregnable enough against that feline enemy!" And 'there they have taken post, say 60,000 against 30,000; and 'are palisading to a quite extraordinary degree. No fight pos-'sible with Lacy or Daun.'

This is what Mitchell counts the failure of Friedrich's enterprise: and certainly it grieved Friedrich a good deal. Who, on riding out to reconnoitre Reichenberg (Quintus Icilius and Battalion *Quintus* part of his escort, if that be an interesting circumstance), finds Reichenberg a plainly unattackable post; finds, by Daun's rate of palisading, that there will be no attack from Daun either. No attack from Daun;—and, therefore, that Hülsen's people may be sent home to Schlettau again; and that he, Friedrich, will take post close by, and wearisomely be content to wait for some new opportunity.

Which he does for a week to come; Daun sitting impregnable, entrenched and palisaded to the teeth,—rather wishing to be attacked, you would say; or hopeful sometimes of doing something of the Hochkirch sort again (for the country is woody, and the enemy audacious);—at all events, very clear not to

[7] Tempelhof, iv. 47-49.

25th June 1760.
attack. A man erring, sometimes to a notable degree, by over-caution. 'Could hardly have failed to overwhelm Friedrich's 'small force, had he at once, on Friedrich's crossing the Elbe, 'joined Lacy, and gone out against him,' thinks Tempelhof, pointing out the form of operation too.[8] Caution is excellent; but not quite by itself. Would caution alone do it, an Army all of Druidic whinstones, or innocent clay-sacks, incapable of taking hurt, would be the proper one!—Daun stood there; Friedrich looking daily into him,—visibly in ill-humour, says Mitchell; and no wonder; gloomy and surly words coming out of him, to the distress of his Generals: "which I took the liberty of hinting, one evening, to his Majesty;" hint graciously received, and of effect perceptible, at least to my imagining.

Wednesday, June 25th, After nearly a week of this, there rose, towards sunset, all over the Reichenberg, and far and wide, an exuberant joy-firing: "For what in the world?" thinks Friedrich. Alas, your Majesty,—since your own messenger has not arrived, nor indeed ever will, being picked up by Pandours, —here, gathered from the Austrian outposts or deserters, are news for you, fatal enough! Landshut is done; Fouquet and his valiant 13,000 are trodden out there. Indignant Fouquet has obeyed you, not wisely but too well. He has kept Landshut six nights and five days. On the morning of the 6th day, here is what befel:

"*Landshut, Monday 23d June,* About a quarter to 2 in the "morning, Loudon, who had gathered 31,000 horse and foot for "the business, and taken his measures, fired aloft, by way of "signal, four howitzers into the gray of the summer morning; "and burst loose upon Fouquet, in various columns, on his "southward front, on both flanks, ultimately in his rear too: "columns all in the height of fighting humour, confident as three "to one,—and having brandy in them, it is likewise said. Fou-"quet and his people stood to arms, in the temper Fouquet had "vowed they would: defended their Hills with an energy, with "a steady skill, which Loudon himself admired; but their Hill-"works would have needed thrice the number;—Fouquet, by de-"taching and otherwise, has in arms only 10,680 men. Toughly

[8] Tempelhof, iv. 42, 48.

"as they strove, after partial successes, they began to lose one "Hill, and then another; and in the course of hours, nearly all "their Hills. Landshut Town Loudon had taken from them, "Landshut and its roads: in the end, the Prussian position is "becoming permeable, plainly untenable;—Austrian force is "moving to their rearward to block the retreat.

"Seeing which latter fact, Fouquet throws out all his Ca- "valry, a poor 1,500, to secure the Passes of the Bober; himself "forms square with the wrecks of his Infantry; and, at a steady "step, cuts way for himself with bayonet and bullet. With "singular success for some time, in spite of the odds. And is "clear across the Bober; when lo, among the knolls ahead, "masses of Austrian Cavalry are seen waiting him, besetting "every passage! Even these do not break him; but these, with "infantry and cannon coming up to help them, do. Here, for "some time, was the fiercest tug of all,—till a bullet having "killed Fouquet's horse, and carried the General himself to the "ground, the spasm ended. The Lichnowski Dragoons, a famed "Austrian regiment, who had charged and again charged with "nothing but repulse on repulse, now broke in, all in a foam of "rage; cut furiously upon Fouquet himself; wounded Fouquet "thrice; would have killed him, had it not been for the heroism "of poor Trautschke, his Groom" (let us name the gallant fellow, even if unpronounceable), "who flung himself on the body of "his Master, and took the bloody strokes instead of him; shriek- "ing his loudest, 'Will you murder the Commanding General, "then!' Which brought up the Colonel of Lichnowski; a "Gentleman and Ritter, abhorrent of such practices. To him "Fouquet gave his sword;—kept his vow never to draw it again.

"The wrecks of Fouquet's Infantry were, many of them, "massacred, no quarter given; such the unchivalrous fury that "had risen. His Cavalry, with the loss of about 500, cut their "way through. They and some stragglers of Foot, in whole "about 1,500 of both kinds, were what remained of those 10,680 "after this bloody morning's work. There had been about six "hours of it; 'all over by 8 o'clock.'"[9]

[9] *Hofbericht von der am* 23 *Junius* 1760 *bey Landshuth vorgefallenen Action* (in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 669-671); *Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 258-

Fouquet has obeyed to the letter: "Did not my King wrong me?" Fouquet may say to himself. Truly, Herr General, your King's Order was a little unwise; as you (who were on the ground, and your King not) knew it to be. An unwise Order;—perhaps not inexcusable in the sudden circumstances. And perhaps a still more perfect Bayard would have preferred obeying such a King in spirit, rather than in letter, and thereby doing him vital service *against* his temporary will? It is not doubted but Fouquet, left to himself and his 13,000, with the Fortresses and Garrisons about him, would have maintained himself in Silesia till help came. The issue is,—Fouquet has probably lost this fine King his Silesia, for the time being; and beyond any question, has lost him 10,000 Prussian-Spartan fighters, and a fine General whom he could ill spare!— —In a word, the Gate of Silesia is burst open; and Loudon has every prospect of taking Glatz, which will keep it so.

What a thunderbolt for Friedrich! One of the last pillars struck away from his tottering affairs. "Inevitable, then? We are over with it, then?" One may fancy Friedrich's reflexions. But he showed nothing of them to anybody; in a few hours, had his mind composed, and new plans on the anvil. On the morrow of that Austrian Joy-Firing,—morrow, or some day close on it (ought to have been dated, but is not),—there went from him, to Magdeburg, the Order: "Have me such and such quantities of Siege-Artillery in a state of readiness."[10] Already meaning, it is thought, or contemplating as possible a certain Siege, which surprised everybody before long! A most inventive, enterprising being; no end to his contrivances and unexpected outbreaks; especially when you have him

284; Tempelhof, iv. 26-41; Stenzel, v. 241 (who, by oversight,—this Volume being posthumous to poor Stenzel,—protracts the action to 'half-past 7 *in the evening*').

[10] Tempelhof, iv. 51.

jammed into a corner, and fancy it is all over with him!

'To no other General,' says Tempelhof, 'would such 'a notion of besieging Dresden have occurred; or if it 'had suggested itself, the hideous difficulties would at 'once have banished it again; or left it only as a pious 'wish. But it is strokes of this kind that characterise 'the great man. Often enough they have succeeded, 'been decisive of great campaigns and wars, and become 'splendid in the eyes of all mankind; sometimes, as in 'this case, they have only deserved to succeed, and to 'be splendid in the eyes of judges. How get these 'masses of enemies lured away, so that you could try 'such a thing? There lay the difficulty; insuperable 'altogether, except by the most fine and appropriate 'treatment. Of a truth, it required a connected series 'of the wisest measures, and most secret artifices of 'war;—and, withal, that you should throw over them 'such a veil as would lead your enemy to see in them 'precisely the reverse of what they meant. How all 'this was to be set in action, and how the Enemy's 'own plans, intentions, and moods of mind were to be 'used as raw material for attainment of your object,— 'studious readers will best see in the manœuvres of the 'King in his now more than critical condition; which 'do certainly exhibit the completest masterpiece in the 'Art of leading Armies that Europe has ever seen.'

Tempelhof is well enough aware, as readers should continue to be, that, primarily, and onward for three weeks more, not Dresden, but the getting to Silesia on good terms, is Friedrich's main enterprise: Dresden only a supplement or substitute, a second string to his bow, till the first fail. But, in effect, the two enterprises or strings coincide, or are one, till the first of

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them fail; and Tempelhof's eulogy will apply to either. The initiatory step to either is a *Second* Feat of Marching;—still notabler than the former, which has had this poor issue. Soldiers of the studious or scientific sort, if there are yet any such among us, will naturally go to Tempelhof, and fearlessly encounter the ruggedest Documents and Books, if Tempelhof leave them dubious on any point (which he hardly will): to ingenuous readers of other sorts, who will take a little pains for understanding the thing, perhaps the following intermittent far-off glimpses may suffice.[11]

On ascertaining the Landshut disaster, Friedrich falls back a little; northward to Gross-Dobritz: "Possibly Daun will think us cowed by what has happened; and may try something on us?" Daun is by no means sure of this *cowed* phenomenon, or of the retreat it has made; and tries nothing on it; only rides up daily to it, to ascertain that it is there; and diligently sends out parties to watch the North-eastward parts, where run the Silesian Roads. After about a week of this, and some disappointments, Friedrich decides to march in earnest. There had, one day, come report of Lacy's being detached, Lacy with a strong Division, to block the Silesian roads; but that, on trial, proved to be false. "Pshaw, nothing for us but to go ourselves!" concludes Friedrich,—and, *July* 1*st*, sends off his Bakery and Heavy Baggage; indicating to Mitchell, "Tomorrow morning at 3!"—Here is Mitchell's own account; accurate in every particular, as we find:[12]

Wednesday, July 2*d*. 'From Gross-Dobritz to Quosdorf'—(to Quosdorf, a poor Hamlet there, not Quo*l*sdorf, as many write, which is a Town far enough from there)—'the Army 'marched, accordingly. In two columns; baggage, bakery and 'artillery in a third; through a Country extremely covered with

[11] Mitchell, ii. 162 et seq.; and Tempelhof (iv. 50-53 et seq.), as a scientific check on Mitchell, or unconscious fellow-witness with him,—agreeing beautifully almost always.

[12] Mitchell, ii. 164; Tempelhof, iv. 54.

'wood. Were attacked by some Uhlans and Hussars; whom a 'few cannon-shot sent to the road again. March lasted from 3 in 'the morning to 3 in the afternoon;' twelve long hours. 'Went 'north-eastward a space of 20 miles, leaving Radeburg, much 'more leaving Reichenberg, Moritzburg and the Daun quarters 'well to the right, and at last quite to rearward; crossed the 'Röder, crossed the Pulsnitz,' small tributaries or sub-tributaries of the Elbe in those parts; 'crossed the latter (which divides 'Meissen from the Lausitz) partly by the Bridge of Krakau, 'first Village in the Lausitz. Headquarter was the poor Ham-'let of Quosdorf, a mile farther on. "This march had been "carefully kept secret," says Mitchell; "and it was the opinion "of the most experienced Officers, that, had the Enemy disco-"vered the King of Prussia's design, they might, by placing "their light troops in the roads with proper supports, have ren-"dered it extremely difficult, if not impracticable."'

Daun very early got to know of Friedrich's departure, and whitherward; which was extremely interesting to Daun: "Aims to be in Silesia before me; will cut out Loudon from his fine prospects on Glatz?"—and had instantly reinforced, perhaps to 20,000, Lacy's Division; and ordered Lacy, who is the nearest to Friedrich's March, to start instantly on the skirts of said March, and endeavour diligently to trample on the same. For the purpose of harassing said March, Lacy is to do whatever he with safety can (which we see is not much: 'a few Uhlans and Hussars'); at lowest, is to keep it constantly in sight; and always encamp as near it as he dare;[13]—Daun himself girding up his loins; and preparing, by a short cut, to get ahead of it in a day or two. Lacy was alert enough, but could not do much with safety: a few Uhlans and Hussars, that was all; and he is now encamped somewhere to rearward, as near as he dare.

Thursday, 3d July. 'A rest-day; Army resting about Kra-'kau, after such a spell through the woody moors. The King, 'with small escort, rides out reconnoitering, hither, thither, on 'the southern side or Lacy quarter; to the top of the Keulen-'berg (*Bludgeon Hill*), at last,—which is ten or a dozen miles 'from Krakau and Quosdorf, but commands an extensive view.

[13] Tempelhof, iv. 54.

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'Towns, village-belfries, courses of streams; a country of mossy 'woods and wild agricultures, of bogs, of shaggy moor. South-'ward 10 miles is Radeberg' (not Radeburg, observe); 'yonder 'is the town of Pulsnitz on our stream of Pulsnitz; to south-'east, and twice as far, is Bischofswerda, chasmy Stolpen (too 'well known to us before this): behind us, Königsbrück, Ka-'menz and the road from Grossenhayn to Bautzen: these and 'many other places memorable to this King are discoverable 'from Bludgeon Hill. But the discovery of discoveries to him 'is Lacy's Camp,—not very far off, about a mile behind Puls-'nitz; clearly visible, at Lichtenberg yonder. Which we at 'once determine to attack; which, and the roads to which, are 'the one object of interest just now,—nothing else visible, as it 'were, on the top of the Keulenberg here, or as we ride home-'ward, meditating it with a practical view. "March at mid-'night," that is the practical result arrived at, on reaching home.'

Friday, July 4th. 'Since the stroke of midnight we are all 'on march again; nothing but the baggages and bakeries left' (with Quintus to watch them, which I see is his common function in these marches); 'King himself in the Vanguard,—who 'hopes to give Lacy a salutation.[14] "The march was full of 'defiles," says Mitchell: and Mitchell, in his carriage, knew 'little what a region it was, with boggy intricacies, lakelets, 'tangly thickets, stocks and stumps; or what a business to pass 'with heavy cannon, baggage-wagons, and columns of men! 'Such a march; and again not far from 20 miles of it: very 'hot, as the morning broke, in the breathless woods. Had Lacy 'known what kind of ground we had to march in, and been en-'terprising—! thinks Tempelhof. The march being so retarded, 'Lacy got notice of it, and vanished quite away,—to Bischofs-'werda, I believe, and the protecting neighbourhood of Daun. 'Nothing of him left when we emerge, simultaneously from this 'hand and from that, on his front and on his rear, to take him 'as in a vice, as in the sudden snap of a fox-trap;—fox quite 'gone. Hardly a few hussars of him to be picked up; and no 'chase possible, after such a march.'

[14] Tempelhof, iv. 56.

Friedrich had done everything to keep himself secret: but Lacy has endless Pandours prowling about; and, I suppose, the Country-people (in the Lausitz here, who ought to have loyalty) are on the Lacy side. Friedrich has to take his disappointment. He encamps here, on the Heights, headquarter Pulsnitz,—till Quintus come up with the baggage, which he does punctually, but not till nightfall, not till midnight the last of him.

Saturday, July 5th. 'To the road again at 3 A.M. Again to 'northward, to Kloster (*Cloister*) Marienstern, a 15 miles or so, '—headquarter in the Cloister itself. Daun had set off for 'Bautzen, with his 50 or 60,000, in the extremest push of haste, 'and is at Bautzen this night; ahead of Friedrich, with Lacy 'as rearguard of him, who is also ahead of Friedrich, and safe 'at Bischofswerda. A Daun hastening as never before. This 'news of a Daun already at Bautzen awakened Friedrich's 'utmost speed: "Never do, that Daun be in Silesia before us! 'Indispensable to get ahead of Bautzen and him, or to be wait-'ing on the flank of his next march!" Accordingly,

Sunday, July 6th, 'Friedrich, at 3 A.M., is again in motion; 'in three columns, streaming forward all day: straight eastward, 'Daun-ward. Intends to cross the Spree, leaving Bautzen to 'the right; and take post somewhere to north-east of Bautzen, 'and on the flank of Daun. The windless day grows hotter and 'hotter; the roads are of loose sand, full of jungles and impedi-'ments. This was such a march for heat and difficulty as the 'King never had before. In front of each Column went wagons 'with a few pontoons; there being many brooks and little 'streams to cross. The soldier, for his own health's sake, is 'strictly forbidden to drink; but as the burning day rose higher, 'in the sweltering close march, thirst grew irresistible. Crossing 'any of these Brooks, the soldiers pounce down, irrepressible, 'whole ranks of them; lift water, clean or dirty; drink it 'greedily from the brim of the hat. Sergeants may wag their 'tongues and their cudgels at discretion: "showers of cudgel-"strokes," says Archenholtz; Sergeants going like threshers on 'the poor men;—"though the upper Officers had a touch of "mercy, and affected not to see this disobedience to the Sergeants "and their cudgels," which was punishable with death. War is

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'not an over-fond Mother, but a sufficiently Spartan one, to her 'Sons. There dropt down, in the march that day, 105 Prussian 'men, who never rose again. And as to intercepting Daun 'by such velocity,—Daun too is on march; gone to Görlitz, at 'almost a faster pace, if at a far heavier,—like a cart-horse on 'gallop; faring still worse in the heat: "200 of Daun's men "died on the road this day, and 300 more were invalided for "life."[15]

'Before reaching the Spree, Friedrich, who is in the Van-'guard, hears of this Görlitz March, and that the bird is flown. 'For which he has, therefore, to devise straightway a new expe-'dient: "Wheel to the right; cross Spree farther down, holding 'towards Bautzen itself," orders Friedrich. And settles within 'two miles of Bautzen; his left being at Doberschütz,—on the 'strong ground he held after Hochkirch, while Daun, two years 'ago, sat watching so quiescent. Daun knows what kind of 'march these Prussians, blocked out from relief of Neisse, stole 'on him *then*, and saved their Silesia, in spite of his watching 'and blocking;—and has plunged off, in the manner of a cart-'horse scared into galloping, to avoid the like.' What a Sabbath-day's journey, on both sides, for those Sons of War! Nothing in the Roman times, though they had less baggage, comes up to such modern marching: nor is this the fastest of Friedrich's, though of Daun's it unspeakably is. 'Friedrich, having missed 'Daun, is thinking now to whirl round, and go into Lacy,—'which will certainly bring Daun back, even better.

'This evening, accordingly, Ziethen occupies Bautzen; sweeps 'out certain Lacy precursors, cavalry in some strength, who are 'there. Lacy has come on as far as Bischofswerda: and his 'Horse-people seem to be wide ahead; provokingly pert upon 'Friedrich's outposts, who determines to chastise them, the first 'thing tomorrow. Tomorrow, as is very needful, is to be a rest-'day otherwise. For Friedrich's wearied people, a rest-day; not 'at all for Daun's, who continues his heavy-footed galloping yet 'another day, and another, till he get across the Queiss, and 'actually reach Silesia.

[15] Tempelhof, iv. 58; Archenholtz, ii. 68; Mitchell, ii. 166.

Monday, July 7th. 'Rest-day, accordingly, in Bautzen neigh-
'bourhood; nothing passing but a curious Skirmish of Horse,—
'in which Friedrich, who had gone westward reconnoitering,
'seeking Lacy, had the main share, and was notably situated
'for some time. Gödau, a small town or village, six miles west
'of Bautzen, was the scene of this notable passage: actors in
'it were Friedrich himself, on the Prussian part; and, on the
'Austrian, by degrees Lacy's Cavalry almost in whole. Lacy's
'Cavalry, what Friedrich does not know, are all in those neigh-
'bourhoods: and no sooner is Gödau swept clear of them, than
'they return in greater numbers, needing to be again swept;
'and, in fact, they gradually gather in upon him, in a singular
'and dangerous manner, after his first successes on them, and
'before his Infantry have time to get up and support.

'Friedrich was too impatient, in this provoking little haggle,
'arresting him here. He had ordered on the suitable Battalion
'with cannon; but hardly considers that the Battalion itself is
'six miles off,—not to speak of the Order, which is galloping on
'horseback, not going by electricity:—the impatient Friedrich
'had slashed in at once upon Gödau, taken above 100 prisoners;
'but is astonished to see the slashed people return, with Saxon-
'Dragoon regiments, all manner of regiments, reinforcing them.
'And has some really dangerous fencing there;—issuing in dan-
'gerous and curious pause of both parties; who stand drawn up,
'scarcely beyond pistol-shot, and gazing into one another, for I
'know not how many minutes; neither of them daring to move
'off, lest, on the instant of turning, it be charged and over-
'whelmed. As the impatient Friedrich, at last, almost was,—
'had not his Infantry just then got in, and given their cannon-
'salvo. He lost about 200, the Lacy people hardly so many;
'and is now out of a considerable personal jeopardy, which is
'still celebrated in the Anecdote-Books, perhaps to a mythical
'extent. "Two Uhlans" (Saxon-Polish Light-Horse) "with
"their truculent pikes, are just plunging in," say the Anecdote-
Books: "Friedrich's Page, who had got unhorsed, sprang to his
"feet, bellowed in Polish to them: 'What are you doing here,
"fellows?' 'Excellenz' (for the Page is not in Prussian uni-
"form, or in uniform at all, only well-dressed), 'Excellenz, our

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"horses ran away with us,' answer the poor fellows; and whirl "back rapidly."' The story, says Retzow, is true.[16]

This is the one event of July 7th,—and of July 8th withal; which day also, on news of Daun that come, Friedrich rests. Up to July 8th, it is clear Friedrich is shooting with what we called the first string of his bow,—intent, namely, on Silesia. Nor, on hearing that Daun is forward again, now hopelessly ahead, does he quit that enterprise; but, on the contrary, tomorrow morning, July 9th, tries it by a new method, as we shall see: method cunningly devised to suit the *second* string as well. "How lucky that we have a second string, in case of failure!"—

Tuesday, 8th July. 'News that Daun reached Görlitz yester-'night; and is due tonight at Lauban, fifty miles ahead of us: '—no hope now of reaching Daun. Perhaps a sudden clutch 'at Lacy, in the opposite direction, might be the method of 'recalling Daun, and reaching him? That is the method fallen 'upon.

'Sun being set, the drums in Bautzen sound *tattoo*,—audible 'to listening Croats in the Environs;—beat *tattoo*, and, later in 'the night, other passages of drum-music, also for Croat behoof '(*general-march* I think it is); indicating That we have started 'again, in pursuit of Daun. And, in short, every precaution 'being taken to soothe the mind of Lacy and the Croats, Fried-'rich silently issues, with his best speed, in Three columns, by 'Three roads, towards Lacy's quarters, which go from that vil-'lage of Gödau westward, in a loose way, several miles. In 'three columns, by three routes, all to converge, with punctu-'ality, on Lacy. Of the columns, two are of Infantry, the 'leftmost and the rightmost, on each hand, hidden as much as 'possible; one is of Cavalry in the middle. Coming on in this 'manner—like a pair of triple-pincers, which are to grip simul-'taneously on Lacy, and astonish him, if he keep quiet. But 'Lacy is vigilant, and is cautious almost in excess. Learning by 'his Pandours that the King seems to be coming this way, Lacy 'gathers himself on the instant; quits Gödau, by one in the 'morning; and retreats bodily, at his fastest step, to Bischofs-'werda again; nor by any means stops there.'[17]

[16] Retzow, ii. 215. [17] Tempelhof, iv. 61-63.

For the third time! "Three is lucky," Friedrich may have thought: and there has no precaution, of drum-music, of secrecy or persuasive finesse, been neglected on Lacy. But Lacy has ears that hear the grass grow: our elaborately accurate triple-pincers, closing simultaneously on Bischofswerda, after eighteen miles of sweep, find Lacy flown again; nothing to be caught of him but some 80 hussars. All this day and all next night, Lacy is scouring through the western parts at an extraordinary rate; halting for a camp, twice over, at different places,—Dürre Fuchs (*Thirsty Fox*), Dürre Bühle (*Thirsty Sweetheart*), or wherever it was; then again taking wing, on sound of Prussian parties to rear; in short, hurrying towards Dresden and the Reichsfolk, as if for life.

Lacy's retreat, I hear, was ingeniously done, with a minimum of disorder in the circumstances: but certainly it was with a velocity as if his head had been on fire; and, indeed, they say he escaped annihilation by being off in time. He put up finally, not at Thirsty Sweetheart, still less at Thirsty Fox, successive Hamlets and Public Houses in the sandy Wilderness which lies to north of Elbe, and is called *Dresden Heath;* but further on, in the same Tract, at Weisse Hirsch (*White Hart*); which looks close over upon Dresden, within two miles or so; and is a kind of Height, and military post of advantage. Next morning, July 10th, he crosses Dresden Bridge, comes streaming through the City; and takes shelter with the Reichsfolk near there:—towards Plauen Chasm; the strongest ground in the world; hardly strong enough, it appears, in the present emergency.

Friedrich's first string, therefore, has snapt in two; but, on the instant, he has a second fitted on:—may that prove luckier!

CHAPTER II.

FRIEDRICH BESIEGES DRESDEN.

FROM and after the Evening of Wednesday July 9th, it is upon a Siege of Dresden that Friedrich goes;—turning the whole war-theatre topsy-turvy; throwing Daun, Loudon, Lacy, everybody *out*, in this strange and sudden manner. One of the finest military feats ever done, thinks Tempelhof. Undoubtedly a notable result so far, and notably done; as the impartial reader (if Tempelhof be a little inconsistent) sees for himself. These truly are a wonderful series of marches, opulent in continual promptitudes, audacities, contrivances;—done with shining talent, certainly; and also with result shining, for the moment. And in a Fabulous Epic I think Dresden would certainly have fallen to Friedrich, and his crowd of enemies been left in a tumbled condition.

But the Epic of Reality cares nothing for such considerations; and the time allowable for capture of Dresden is very brief. Had Daun, on getting warning, been as prompt to return as he was to go, frankly fronting at once the chances of the road, he might have been at Dresden again perhaps within a week,—no Siege possible for Friedrich, hardly the big guns got up from Magdeburg. But Friedrich calculated there would be very considerable fettling and haggling on Daun's part; say a good Fortnight of Siege allowed;—and that, by

dead-lift effort of all hands, the thing was feasible within that limit. On Friedrich's part, as we can fancy, there was no want of effort; nor on his people's part,—in spite of his complainings, say Retzow and the Opposition party; who insinuate their own private belief of impossibility from the first. Which is not confirmed by impartial judgments, — that of Archenholtz, and others better. The truth is, Friedrich was within an inch of taking Dresden by the first assault,—they say he actually could have taken it by storm, the first day; but shuddered at the thought of exposing poor Dresden to sack and plunder; and hoped to get it by capitulation.

One of the rapidest and most furious Sieges anywhere on record. Filled Europe with astonishment, expectancy, admiration, horror:—must be very briefly recited here. The main chronological epochs, salient points of crisis, and successive phases of occurrence, will sufficiently indicate it to the reader's fancy.

'It was Thursday Evening, 10th July, when Lacy got to his 'Reichsfolk, and took breath behind Plauen Chasm. Maguire 'is Governor of Dresden. The consternation of garrison and 'population was extreme. To Lacy himself it did not seem 'conceivable that Friedrich could mean a Siege of Dresden. 'Friedrich, that night, is beyond the River, in Daun's old im-'pregnability of Reichenberg: "He has no siege-artillery," 'thinks Lacy; "no means, no time."

'Nevertheless, Saturday, next day after tomorrow,—behold, 'there is Hülsen, come from Schlettau to our neighbourhood, on 'our Austrian side of the River. And at Kaditz yonder, a mile 'below Dresden, are not the King's people building their Pon-'toons; in march since 2 in the morning,—evidently coming 'across, if not to besiege Dresden, then to attack us; which is 'perhaps worse! We outnumber them,—but as to trying fight 'in any form? Zweibrück leaves Maguire an additional 10,000;

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'—every help and encouragement to Maguire; whose garrison is 'now 14,000: "Be of courage, Excellenz Maguire! Nobody is 'better skilled in siege-matters. Feldmarschall and relief will 'be here with despatch!"—and withdraws, Lacy and he, to the 'edge of the Pirna Country, there to be well out of harm's way. 'Lacy and he, it is thought, would perhaps have got beaten, 'trying to save Dresden from its misery. Lacy's orders were, 'Not on any terms to get into fighting with Friedrich, but only 'to cover Dresden. Dresden, without fighting, has proved im-'possible to cover, and Lacy leaves it bare.'[1]

"At Kaditz," says Mitchell, "where the second bridge of "boats took a great deal of time, I was standing by his Majesty, "when news to the above effect came across from General Hül-"sen. The King was highly pleased; and, turning to me, said: "'Just what I wished! They have saved me a very long "march' (round by Dippoldiswalde or so, in upon the rear of "them) 'by going of will.' And immediately the King got on "horseback; ordering the Army to follow as fast as it could."[2] 'Through Preisnitz, Plauen-ward, goes the Army; circling 'round the Western and the Southern side of Dresden' (a dread spectacle from the walls); 'across Weistritz Brook and the 'Plauen Chasm' (comfortably left vacant); 'and encamps on 'the South-eastern side of Dresden, at Gruna, behind the *Great* '*Garden;* ready to begin business on the morrow. Gruna, 'about a mile to south-east of Dresden Walls, is headquarter 'during this Siege.

'Through the night, the Prussians proceed to build batteries, 'the best they can;—there is no right siege-artillery yet; a few 'accidental howitzers and 25-pounders, the rest mere field-guns; '—but tomorrow morning, be as it may, business shall begin. 'Prince von Holstein' (nephew of the Holstein Beck, or "Hol-stein *Silver-Plate,*" whom we lost long ago), 'from beyond the 'River, encamped at the White Hart yonder, is to play upon the 'Neustadt simultaneously.

Sunday 14*th*, 'At 6 A.M., cannonade began; diligent on Hol-'stein's part and ours; but of inconsiderable effect. Maguire 'has been summoned: "Will" (with such a garrison, in spite of

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 65. [2] Mitchell, ii. 168.

'such trepidations from the Court and others) "defend himself "to the last man." Free-Corps people' (not Quintus's, who is on the other side of the River),[3] 'with regulars to rear, advance 'on the Pirna Gate; hurl in Maguire's Out-parties; and had 'near got in along with them,—might have done so, they and 'their supports, it is thought by some, had storm seemed the 'recommendable method.

'For four days, there is livelier and livelier cannonading; 'new batteries getting opened in the Moschinska Garden, and 'other points; on the Prussian part, great longing that the 'Magdeburg artillery were here. The Prussians are making 'diligently ready for it, in the mean while (refitting the old 'Trenches, "old Envelope" dug by Maguire himself in the 'Anti-Schmettau time; these will do well enough):—the Prus-'sians reinforce Holstein at the Weisse Hirsch, throw a new 'bridge across to him; and are busy day and night. Maguire, 'too, is most industrious, resisting and preparing: Thursday 'shuts up the Weistritz Brook (a dam being ready this long 'while back, needing only to be closed), and lays the whole 'South side of Dresden under water. Many rumours about 'Daun: coming, not coming;—must for certain come, but will 'possibly be slowish.'

Thursday 18*th*. 'Joy to every Prussian soul: here are the 'heavy guns from Magdeburg. These, at any rate, are come; 'beds for them all ready; and now the cannonading can begin 'in right earnest. As it does with a vengeance. To Mitchell, 'and perhaps others, "the King of Prussia says He will now be "master of the Town in a few days. And the disposition he "has made of his troops on the other side of the River is in-"tended not only to attack Dresden on that side" (and defend 'himself from Daun), "but also to prevent the Garrison from "retiring." . . . "This morning, Thursday 18th, the Suburb of "Pirna, the one street left of it, was set fire to, by Maguire; and "burnt out of the way, as the others had been. Many of the "wretched inhabitants had fled to our camp: 'Let them lodge "in Plauen, no fighting there, quiet artificial water-expanses

[3] Tempelhof, iv. 67.

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"there instead.' Many think the Town will not be taken; or "that, if it should, it will cost very dear,—so determined seems "Maguire."[4] 'And, in effect, from this day onwards, the Siege 'became altogether fierce, and not only so, but fiery as well; 'and, though lasting in that violent form only four, or at the 'very utmost seven, days more, had near ruined Dresden from 'the face of the world.'

Friday 19*th*, 'Maguire, touched to the quick by these new 'artilleries of the Prussians this morning, found good to mount 'a gun or two on the leads of the Kreuz-Kirche' (Protestant High Church, where, before now, we have noticed Friedrich attending quasi-divine service more than once);—'that is to 'say, on the crown of Dresden; from which there is view into 'the bottom of Friedrich's trenches and operations. Others say, 'it was only two or three old Saxon cannon, which stand there, 'for firing on gala-days; and that they hardly fired on Fried- 'rich more than once. For certain, this is one of the desirablest 'battery stations,—if only Friedrich will leave it alone. Which 'he will not for a moment; but brings terrific howitzers to bear 'on it; cannonballs, grenadoes; tears it to destruction, and the 'poor Kreuz-Kirche along with it. Kirche speedily all in flames, 'street after street blazing up round it, again and again for 'eight-and-forty hours coming; hapless Dresden, during two 'days and nights, a mere volcano henceforth.' "By mistake, all that, and without order of mine, says Friedrich once;—meaning, I think, all that of the Kreuz-Kirche: and perhaps wishing he could mean the bombardment altogether,[5]—who nevertheless got, and gets, most of the credit of the thing from a shocked outside world.

'This morning,' same Friday 19th, 'Daun is reported to have 'arrived; vanguard of him said to be at Schönfeld, over in '*Thirsty-Sweetheart* Country yonder: which Friedrich, going to 'reconnoitre, finds tragically indisputable: "There, for certain; 'only five miles from Holstein's post at the *White Hart*, and no 'River between;—as the crow flies, hardly five from our own

[4] Mitchell, iii. 170, 171.

[5] Schöning, ii. 361: 'To Prince Henri at Giessen' (Frankfurt Country), '23d July 1760.'

'Camp. Perhaps it will be some days yet before he do any-'thing?" So that Friedrich persists in his bombardment, only 'the more: "By fire-torture, then! Let the bombarded Royal-'ties assail Maguire, and Maguire give in;—it is our one chance 'left; and succeed we will and must!" Cruel, say you?—Ah, 'yes, cruel enough, not merciful at all. The soul of Friedrich, 'I perceive, is not in a bright mood at this time, but in a black 'and wrathful, worn almost desperate against the slings and 'arrows of unjust Fate: "Ahead, I say! If everybody will do 'miracles, cannot we perhaps still manage it, in spite of Fate?" 'Mitchell is very sorry; but will forget and forgive those inex-'orable passages of war.'

"I cannot think of the bombardment of Dresden without hor-" ror," says he; "nor of many other things I have seen. Misfor-" tunes naturally sour men's temper" (even royal men's); "and " long continued, without interval, at last extinguish humanity." " We are now in a most critical and dangerous situation, which " cannot long last: one lucky event, approaching to a miracle, " may still save all: but the extreme caution and circumspection " of Marshal Daun—!"[6]

If Daun could be swift, and end the miseries of Dresden, surely Dresden would be much obliged to him. It was ten days yet, after that of the Kreuz-Kirche, before Dresden quite got rid of its Siege: Daun never was a sudden man. By a kind of accident, he got Holstein hustled across the River that first night (July 19th),—not annihilated, as was very feasible, but pushed home, out of his way. Whereby the North side of Dresden is now open; and Daun has free communication with Maguire.

Maguire rose thereupon to a fine pitch of spirits; tried several things, and wished Daun to try; but with next to no result. For two days after Holstein's departure, Daun sat still, on his safe Northern shore; stirring nothing but his own cunctations and investiga-

[6] Mitchell, ii. 184, 185.

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tions, leaving the bombardment, or cannonade, to take its own course. One attempt he did make in concert with Maguire (night of Monday 21st), and one attempt only, of a serious nature; which, like the rest, was unsuccessful. And would not be worth mentioning,—except for the poor Regiment *Bernburg's* sake; Bernburg having got into strange case in consequence of it.

'This Attempt' (Night of 21st-22d July) 'was a combined 'sally and assault,—Sally by Maguire's people, a General Nugent 'heading them, from the South or Plauen side of Dresden, and 'Assault by 4,000 of Daun's from the North side,—upon Fried-'rich's Trenches. Which are to be burst in upon, in this double 'way, and swept well clear, as may be expected. Friedrich, 'however, was aware of the symptoms, and had people ready 'waiting,—especially, had Regiment *Bernburg*, Battalions 1st 'and 2d; a Regiment hitherto without stain.

'Bernburg accordingly, on General Nugent's entering their 'trenches from the south side, falls altogether heartily on Gene-'ral Nugent; tumbles him back, takes 200 prisoners, Nugent 'himself one of them' (who is considered to have been the eye of the enterprise, worth many hundreds this night): 'all this Bern-'burg, in its usually creditable manner, does, as expected of it. 'But after, or during all this, when the Daun people from the 'north come streaming in, say four to one, both south and north, 'Bernburg looked round for support; and seeing none, had, 'after more or less of struggle, to retire as a defeated Bernburg, '—Austrians taking the battery, and ruling supreme there for 'some time. Till Wedell, or somebody with fresh Battalions, 'came up; and, rallying Bernburg to him, retook their Battery, 'and drove out the Austrians, with a heavy loss of prisoners.[7]

'I did not hear that Bernburg's conduct was liable to the 'least fair censure. But Friedrich's soul is severe at this time; 'demanding miracles from everybody: "You runaway Bern-'burg, shame on you!"—and actually takes the swords from 'them, and cuts off their Hat-tresses: "There!" Which excited

[7] Tempelhof, iv. 79.

'such an astonishment in the Prussian Army as was seldom 'seen before. And affected Bernburg to the length almost of 'despair, and breaking of heart,—in a way that is not ridiculous 'to me at all, but beautiful and pathetic. Of which there is 'much talk, now and long afterwards, in military circles. The 'sorrows of these poor Bernburgers, their desperate efforts to 'wash out this stigma, their actual washing of it out, not many 'weeks hence, and their magnificent joy on the occasion,—these 'are the one distinguishing point in Daun's relief of Dresden, 'which was otherwise quite a cunctatory, sedentary matter.'

Daun built three Bridges,—he had a broad stone one already,—but did little or nothing with them; and never himself came across at all. Merely shot out nocturnal Pandour Parties, and ordered up Lacy and the Reichsfolk to do the like, and break the night's rest of his Enemy. He made minatory movements, one at least, down the River, by his own shore, on Friedrich's Ammunition Boats from Torgau, and actually intercepted certain of them, which was something; but, except this, and vague flourishings of the Pandour kind, left Friedrich to his own course.

Friedrich bombarded for a day or two farther; cannonaded, out of more or fewer batteries, for eight, or I think ten days more. Attacks from Daun there were to be, now on this side, now on that; many rumours of attack, but, except once only (midnight Pandours attempting the King's lodging, 'a Farmhouse near Gruna,' but to their astonishment rousing the whole Prussian Army 'in the course of three minutes'[8]), rumour was mainly all. For guarding his siege-lines, Friedrich has to alter his position; to shift slightly, now fronting this way, now the other way; is 'called always at midnight'

[8] Archenholz, ii. 81 (who is very vivid, but does not date); Rödenbeck, ii. 24 (quotes similar account by another Eye-witness, and guesses it to be 'night of July 22d-23d').

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(against these nocturnal disturbances), and 'never has his clothes off.' Nevertheless, continues his bombardment, and then his cannonading, till his own good time, which I think is till the 26th. His 'ricochet-battery,' which is good against Maguire's people, innocent to Dresden, he continued for three days more;—while gathering his furnitures about Plauen Country, making his arrangements at Meissen;—did not march till the night of June 29th. Altogether calmly; no Daun or Austrian molesting him in the least; his very sentries walking their rounds in the trenches, till daylight; after which they also marched, unmolested, Meissenward.

Unfortunate Friedrich has made nothing of Dresden, then. After such a June and July of it, since he left the Meissen Country; after all these intricate manœuverings, hot fierce marchings and superhuman exertions, here is he returning to Meissen Country, poorer than if he had stayed. Fouquet lost, Glatz unrelieved—Nay, just before marching off, what is this new phenomenon? Is this by way of "Happy journey to you!" Towards sunset of the 29th, exuberant joy-firing rises far and wide from the usually quiet Austrian lines,—"Meaning what, once more?" Meaning that Glatz is lost, your Majesty; that, instead of a siege of many weeks (as might have been expected with Fouquet for Commandant), it has held out, under Fouquet's Second, only a few hours; and is gone without remedy! Certain, though incredible. Imbecile Commandant, treacherous Garrison (Austrian deserters mainly), with stealthy Jesuits acting on them: no use asking what. Here is the sad Narrative, in succinct form:

Capture of Glatz (26th July 1760).

'Loudon is a swift man, when he can get bridle; but the 'curb-hand of Daun is often heavy on him. Loudon has had 'Glatz blockaded since June 7th; since June 23d, he has had 'Fouquet rooted away, and the ground clear for a Siege of Glatz. 'But had to abstain altogether, in the mean time; to take camp 'at Landshut, to march and manœuvre about, in support of 'Daun, and that heavy-footed gallop of Daun's which then fol- 'lowed: on the whole, it was not till Friedrich went for Dresden 'that the Siege-Artillery, from Olmütz, could be ordered for- 'ward upon Glatz; not for a fortnight more that the Artillery 'could come; and, in spite of Loudon's utmost despatch, not till 'break of day, July 26th, that the batteries could open. After 'which, such was Loudon's speed and fortune,—and so diligent 'had the Jesuits been in those seven weeks,—the "Siege," as 'they call it, was over in less than seven hours.

'One Colonel D'O' (Piedmontese by nation, an incompetent person, known to loud Trenck during his detention here) 'was 'Commandant of Glatz, and had the principal Fortress,—for there 'are two, one on each side the Neisse River;—his Second was a 'Colonel Quadt, by birth Prussian, seemingly not very compe- 'tent he either, who had command of the Old Fortress, round 'which lies the Town of Glatz: a little Town, abounding in 'Jesuits;—to whose Virgin, if readers remember, Friedrich once 'gave a new gown; with small effect on her, as would appear. 'The Quadt-D'O garrison was 2,400,—and, if tales are true, it 'had been well bejesuited during those seven weeks.[9] At four in 'the morning, July 26th, the battering began on Quadt; Quadt, 'I will believe, responding what he could,—especially from a 'certain Arrowhead Redoubt (or *Flèche*) he has, which ought to 'have been important to him. After four or five hours of this, 'there was mutual pause,—as if both parties had decided upon 'breakfast before going farther.

'Quadt's Fortress is very strong, mostly hewn in the rock; 'and he has that important outwork of a *Flèche*; which is excel- 'lent for enfilading, as it extends well beyond the glacis; and,

[9] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 55.

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'being of rock like the rest, is also abundantly defensible. Loudon's people, looking over into this *Flèche*, find it negligently 'guarded; Quadt at breakfast, as would seem:—and directly 'send for Harsch, Captain of the Siege, and even for Loudon, 'the General-in-Chief. Negligently guarded, sure enough; nothing in the *Flèche* but a few sentries, and these in the horizontal position, taking their *un*lawful rest there, after such a 'morning's work. "Seize me that," eagerly orders Loudon; "hold that with firm grip!" Which is done; only to step in 'softly, two battalions of you, and lay hard hold. Incompetent 'Quadt, figure in what a flurry, rushing out to recapture his '*Flèche*,—explodes instead into mere anarchy, whole Companies 'of him flinging down their arms at their Officers' feet, and the 'like. So that Quadt is totally driven in again, Austrians along 'with him; and is obliged to beat chamade;—D'O following 'the example, about an hour after, without even a capitulation. 'Was there ever seen such a defence! Major Unruh, one of a 'small minority, was Prussian, and stanch: here is Unruh's personal experience,—testimony on D'O's Trial, I suppose,—and 'now pretty much the one thing worth reading on this subject.

'*Major Unruh testifies:* "At four in the morning, 26th July "1760, the Enemy began to cannonade the Old Fortress" (that of Quadt); "and about nine, I was ordered with 150 men to "clear the Envelope from Austrians. Just when I had got to "the Damm-Gate, halt was called. I asked the Commandant, "who was behind me, which way I should march; to the Crown-"work or to the Envelope? Being answered, To the Envelope, "I found on coming out at the Field-Gate nothing but an Aus-"trian Lieutenant-Colonel and some men. He called to me, 'There had been chamade beaten, and I was not to run into 'destruction (*mich unglücklich machen*)!' I offered him Quarter; "and took him in effect prisoner, with 20 of his best men; and "sent him to the Commandant, with request that he would keep "my rear free, or send me reinforcement. I shot the Enemy a "great many people here; chased him from the Field-Gate, and "out of both the Envelope and the Redoubt called the Crane" (that is the *Flèche* itself, only that the Austrians are mostly not now there, but gone *through* into the interior there!)—

"Returning to the Field-Gate, I found that the Commandant "had beaten chamade a second time; there were marching in, "by this Field-Gate, two battalions of the Austrian Regiment "*Andlau;* I had to yield myself prisoner;' and was taken to "General Loudon. He asked me, 'Don't you know the rules "of war, then; that you fire after chamade is beaten?' I an- "swered in my heat, 'I knew of no chamade; what poltroonery "or what treachery had been going on, I knew not!' Lou- "don answered, 'You might deserve to have your head laid "at your feet, Sir! Am I here to inquire which of you shows "bravery, which poltroonery?'"[10] A blazing Loudon, when the fire is up!—

After the Peace, D'O had Court-martial, which sentenced him to death, Friedrich making it perpetual imprisonment: "Perhaps not a traitor, only a blockhead!" thought Friedrich. He had been recommended to his post by Fouquet. What Trenck writes of him is, otherwise, mostly lies.

Thus is the southern Key of Silesia (one of the two southern Keys, Neisse being the other) lost to Friedrich, for the first time; and Loudon is like to drive a trade there. "Will absolutely nothing prosper with us, then?" Nothing, seemingly, your Majesty! Heavier news Friedrich scarcely ever had. But there is no help. This too he has to carry with him as he can into the Meissen Country. Unsuccessful altogether; beaten on every hand. Human talent, diligence, endeavour, is it but as lightning smiting the Serbonian Bog? Smite to the last, your Majesty, at any rate; let that be certain. As it is, and has been. That is always something, that is always a great thing.

Friedrich intends no pause in those Meissen Countries. *July 30th*, on his march northward, he detaches Hülsen with the old 10,000 to take Camp at Schlettau.

[10] Seyfarth, ii. 652.

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as before, and do his best for defence of Saxony against the Reichfolks, numerous, but incompetent; he himself, next day, passes on, leaving Meissen a little on his right, to Schieritz, some miles farther down,—intending there to cross Elbe, and make for Silesia without loss of an hour. Need enough of speed thither; more need than even Friedrich supposes! Yesterday, July 30th, Loudon's Vanguard came blockading Breslau, and this day Loudon himself;—though Friedrich heard nothing, anticipated nothing, of that dangerous fact, for a week hence or more.

Soltikof's and Loudon's united intentions on Silesia he has well known this long while; and has been perpetually dunning Prince Henri on the subject, to no purpose,—only hoping always there would probably be no great rapidity on the part of these discordant Allies. Friedrich's feelings, now that the contrary is visible, and indeed all through the Summer in regard to the Soltikof-Loudon Business, and the Fouquet-Henri method of dealing with it, have been painful enough, and are growing ever more so. Cautious Henri never would make the smallest attack on Soltikof, but merely keep observing him;—the end of which, what can the end of it be? urges Friedrich always: "Condense yourselves; go in upon the Russians, while they are in separate corps;"—and is very ill-satisfied with the languor of procedures there. As is the Prince with such reproaches, or implied reproaches, on said languor. Nor is his humour cheered, when the King's bad predictions prove true. What has it come to? These Letters of King and Prince are worth reading,—if indeed you can, in the confusion of Schöning (a somewhat exuberant man, loud rather than luminous);—so curious is the Private Dialogue going on there at all times, in the background of the

stage, between the Brothers. One short specimen, extending through the June and July just over; specimen distilled faithfully out of that huge jumbling sea of Schöning, and rendered legible, the reader will consent to.

Dialogue of Friedrich and Henri (from their Private Correspondence: June 7th—July 29th, 1760).

Friedrich (June 7th; before his first crossing Elbe: Henri at Sagan; he at Schlettau, scanning the waste of fatal possibilities). * * 'Embarrassing? Not a doubt of that!' "I own, "the circumstances both of us are in are like to turn my head, "three or four times a-day." 'Loudon aiming for Neisse, don't 'you think? Fouquet all in the wrong.'—"One has nothing "for it but to watch where the likelihood of the biggest misfor- "tune is, and to run thither with one's whole strength."

Henri. * * "I confess I am in great apprehension for "Colberg:—'shall one make thither, think you? Russians, '8,000 as the first instalment of them, have *arrived;* got to 'Posen under Fermor, June 1st;—so the Commandant of Glo- 'gau writes me (see enclosed).'

Friedrich (June 9th). 'Commandant of Glogau writes im- 'possibilities: Russians are not on march yet, nor will be for 'above a week.'

"I cross Elbe, the 15th. I am compelled to undertake some- "thing of decisive nature, and leave the rest to chance. For "desperate disorders desperate remedies. My bed is not one of "roses. Heaven aid us: for human prudence finds itself fall "short in situations so cruel and desperate as ours."[11]

Henri. 'Hm, hm, ha' (Nothing but carefully-collected rumours, and wire-drawn auguries from them, on the part of Henri; very intense inspection of the chicken-bowels,—hardly ever without a shake of the head).

Friedrich (June 26th; has heard of the Fouquet disaster). * * "Yesterday my heart was torn to pieces" (news of Lands-

[11] Schöning, ii. 313 ('Meissen Camp, 7th June 1760'); ibid. ii. 317 ('9th June').

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hut, Fouquet's downfall there), "and I felt too sad to be in a "state for writing you a sensible Letter; but today, when I have "come to myself a little again, I will send you my reflections. "After what has happened to Fouquet, it is certain Loudon can "have no other design but on Breslau" (he designs Glatz first of all): "it will be the grand point, therefore, especially if the "Russians too are bending thither, to save that Capital of "Silesia. Surely the Turks must be in motion:—if so, we are "saved; if not so, we are lost! Today I have taken this Camp "of Dobritz, in order to be more collected, and in condition to "fight well, should occasion rise,—and in case all this that is "said and written to me about the Turks is *true*" (which nothing of it was), "to be able to profit by it when the time comes."[12]

Henri (simultaneously, June 26th: Henri is forward from Sagan, through Frankfurt, and got settled at Landsberg, where he remains through the rest of the Dialogue). * * 'Tottleben, 'with his Cossacks, scouring about, got a check from us,—'nothing like enough.' "By all my accounts, Soltikof, with "the gross of the Russians, is marching for Posen. The other "rumours and symptoms agree in indicating a separate Corps, "under Fermor, who is to join Tottleben, and besiege Colberg: "if both these Corps, the Colberg and the Posen one, act in "concert, my embarrassment will be extreme." * * "I have "just had news of what has befallen General Fouquet. Before "this stroke, your affairs were desperate enough; now I see but "too well what we have to look for."[13] (How comforting!)

Friedrich. "Would to God your prayers for the swift cap-"ture of Dresden had been heard; but unfortunately I must "tell you, this stroke has failed me." * * "Dresden has been "reduced to ashes, third part of the Altstadt lying burnt;—con-"trary to my intentions; my orders were, To spare the City, "and play the Artillery against the works. My Minister Graf "von Finck will have told you what occasioned its being set on "fire."[14]

Henri (July 26th; Dresden Siege gone awry). * * "I "am to keep the Russians from Frankfurt, to cover Glogau,

[12] Schöning, ii. 341 ('Gross-Dobritz, 26th June 1760'). [13] Ibid. ii. 339 ('Landsberg, 26th June 1760'). [14] Ibid. ii. 361 ('2d-3d July').

" and prevent a besieging of Breslau! All that, forms an over-
" whelming problem;—which I, with my whole heart, will give
" up to somebody abler for it than I am."[15]

Friedrich (29th July; quits the Trenches of Dresden this night). * * "I have seen with pain that you represent every-
" thing to yourself on the black side. I beg you, in the name of
" God, my dearest Brother, don't take things up in their blackest
" and worst shape:—it is this that throws your mind into such an
" indecision, which is so lamentable. Adopt a resolution rather,
" what resolution you like, but stand by it, and execute it with
" your whole strength. I conjure you, take a fixed resolution;
" better a bad than none at all." * * "What is possible to
" man, I will do; neither care nor consideration nor effort shall
" be spared, to secure the result of my plans. The rest depends
" on circumstances. Amid such a number of enemies, one can-
" not always do what one will, but must let *them* prescribe."[16]

An uncomfortable little Gentleman; but full of faculty, if one can manage to get good of it! Here, what might have preceded all the above, and been preface to it, is a pretty passage from him; a glimpse he has had of Sans-Souci, before setting out on those gloomy marchings and cunctatory hagglings. Henri writes (at Torgau, April 26th, just back from Berlin and farewell of friends):

"I mean to march the day after tomorrow. I took
" arrangements with General Fouquet" (about that long fine-spun Chain of Posts, where we are to do such service?)—"the Black Hussars cannot be here till tomor-
" row, otherwise I should have marched a day sooner.
" My Brother" (poor little invalid Ferdinand) "charged
" me to lay him at your feet. I found him weak and
" thin, more so than formerly. Returning hither, the
" day before yesterday, I passed through Potsdam; I

[15] Schöning, ii. 369-371 ('Landsberg, 26th July'). [16] Ibid. ii. 370-2 ('Leubnitz, before Dresden, 29th July 1760').

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"went to Sans-Souci" (April 24th, 1760):—"all is "green there; the Garden embellished, and seemed to "me excellently kept. Though these details cannot "occupy you at present, I thought it would give you "pleasure to hear of them for a moment."[17] Ah, yes; all is so green and blessedly silent there: sight of the lost Paradise, actually *it*, visible for a moment yonder, far away, while one goes whirling in this manner on the illimitable wracking winds!—

Here finally, from a distant part of the War-Theatre, is another Note; which we will read while Friedrich is at Schieritz. At no other place so properly; the very date of it, chief date (July 31st), being by accident synchronous with Schieritz:

Duke Ferdinand's Battle of Warburg (31st July 1760).

Duke Ferdinand has opened his difficult Campaign; and especially,—just while that Siege of Dresden blazed and ended, —has had three sharp Fights, which were then very loud in the Gazettes, along with it. Three once famous Actions; which unexpectedly had little or no result, and are very much forgotten now. So that bare enumeration of them is nearly all we are permitted here. Pitt has furnished 7,000 new English, this Campaign,—there are now 20,000 English in all, and a Duke Ferdinand raised to 70,000 men. Surely, under good omens, thinks Pitt; and still more think the Gazetteers, judging by appearances. Yes: but if Broglio have 130,000, what will it come to? Broglio is two to one; and has, before this, proved himself a considerable Captain.

Fight *first* is that of *Korbach* (July 10th): of Broglio, namely, who has got across the River Ohm in Hessen (to Ferdinand's great disgust with the General Imhof in command there), and is streaming on to seize the Diemel River, and menace Hanover; of Broglio, in successive sections, at a certain "Pass of Korbach," *versus* the Hereditary Prince (*Erbprinz* of Brunswick),

[17] Schöning, ii. 263 ('Torgau, 26th April 1760').

who is waiting for him there in one good section,—and who beautifully hurls back one and another of the Broglio sections; but cannot hurl back the whole Broglio Army, *all* marching by sections that way; and has to retire, back-foremost, fencing sharply, still in a diligently handsome manner, though with loss.[18] That is the Battle of Korbach, fought July 10th,—while Lacy streamed through Dresden, panting to be at Plauen Chasm, safe at last.

Fight *second* (July 16th) was a kind of revenge on the Erbprinz's part: Affair of *Emsdorf*, six days after, in the same neighbourhood; beautiful too, said the Gazetteers; but of result still more insignificant. Hearing of a considerable French Brigade posted not far off, at that Village of Emsdorf, to guard Broglio's meal-carts there, the indignant Erbprinz shoots off for that; light of foot,—English horse mainly, and Hill Scots (*Berg-Schotten* so-called, who have a fine free stride, in summer weather);—dashes in upon said Brigade (Dragoons of Bauffremont and other picked men), who stood firmly on the defensive; but were cut up, in an amazing manner, root and branch, after a fierce struggle, and as it were brought home in one's pocket. To the admiration of military circles,—especially of messrooms, and the junior sort. "Elliot's light horse" (part of the new 7,000), "what a regiment! Unparalleled for willingness, and "audacity of fence; lost 125 killed,"—in fact, the loss chiefly fell on Elliot.[19] The *Berg-Schotten* too,—I think it was here that these kilted fellows, who had marched with such a stride, "came home mostly riding:" poor Bauffremont Dragoons being entirely cut up, or pocketed as prisoners, and their horses ridden in this unexpected manner! But we must not linger,—hardly even on *Warburg*, which was the *third* and greatest; and has still points of memorability, though now so obliterated.

'Warburg,' says my Note on this latter, 'is a pleasant little 'Hessian Town, some twenty-five miles west of Cassel, standing 'on the north or left bank of the Diemel, among fruitful knolls

[18] Mauvillon, ii. 105.

[19] Ibid. ii. 109 (Prisoners got 'were 2,661, including General and Officers 179,' with all their furnitures whatsoever, '400 horses, 8 cannon,' &c.).

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'and hollows. The famous "*Battle of Warburg*,"—if you try to 'inquire in the Town itself, from your brief railway-station, 'it is much if some intelligent inhabitant, at last, remembers to 'have heard of it! The thing went thus: Chevalier Du Muy, 'who is Broglio's Rearguard or Reserve, 30,000 foot and horse, 'with his back to the Diemel, and eight bridges across it in case 'of accident, has his right flank leaning on Warburg, and his 'left on a Village of Ossendorf, some two miles to north-west 'of that. Broglio, Prince Xavier of Saxony, especially Duke 'Ferdinand, are all vehemently and mysteriously moving about, 'since that Fight of Korbach; Broglio intent to have Cassel be-'sieged, Du Muy keeping the Diemel for him; Ferdinand eager 'to have the Diemel back from Du Muy and him.

'Two days ago (July 29th), the Erbprinz crossed over into 'these neighbourhoods, with a strong Vanguard, nearly equal to 'Du Muy; and, after studious reconnoitering and survey had, 'means, this morning (July 31st), to knock him over the Diemel 'again, if he can. No time to be lost; Broglio near and in such 'force. Duke Ferdinand too, quitting Broglio for a moment, is 'on march this way; crossed the Diemel, about midnight, some 'ten miles farther down, or eastward; will thence bend south-'ward, at his best speed, to support the Erbprinz, if necessary, 'and beset the Diemel when got;—Erbprinz not, however, in 'any wise, to wait for him; such the pressure from Broglio and 'others. A most busy swift-going scene, that morning;—hardly 'worth such describing at this date of time.

'The Erbprinz, who is still rather to north-eastward, that is 'to rightward, not directly frontward, of Du Muy's lines; and 'whose plan of attack is still dark to Du Muy, commences' (about 8 A.M., I should guess) 'by launching his British Legion 'so-called,—which is a composite body, of Free-Corps nature, 'British some of it ("Colonel Beckwith's people," for example), 'not British by much the most of it, but an aggregate of wild 'strikers, given to plunder too:—by launching his British Legion 'upon Warburg Town, there to take charge of Du Muy's right 'wing. Which Legion, "with great rapidity, not only pitched 'the French all out, but clean plundered the poor Town;" and 'is a sad sore on Du Muy's right, who cannot get it attended

'to, in the ominous aspects elsewhere visible. For the Erbprinz, 'who is a strategic creature, comes on, in the style of Friedrich, 'not straight towards Du Muy, but sweeps out in two columns 'round northward; privately intending upon Du Muy's left 'wing and front—left wing, right wing (by British Legion), 'and front, all three;—and is well aided by a mist which now 'fell, and which hung on the higher ground, and covered his 'march, for an hour or more. This mist had not begun when 'he saw, on the knoll-tops, far off on the right, but indisputable 'as he flattered himself,—something of Ferdinand emerging! 'Saw this; and pours along, we can suppose, with still better 'step and temper. And bursts, pretty simultaneously, upon Du 'Muy's right wing and left wing, coercing his front the while; 'squelches both these wings furiously together; forces the co-'erced centre, mostly horse, to plunge back into the Diemel, 'and swim. Horse could swim; but many of the Foot, who 'tried, got drowned. And, on the whole, Du Muy is a good 'deal wrecked' (1,500 killed, 2,200 prisoners, not to speak of cannon and flags), 'and, but for his eight bridges, would have 'been totally ruined.

'The fight was uncommonly furious, especially on Du Muy's 'left; "Maxwell's Brigade" going at it, with the finest bayonet-'practice, musketry, artillery practice; obstinate as bears. On 'Du Muy's right, the British Legion, left wing, British too by 'name, had a much easier job. But the fight generally was of 'hot and stubborn kind, for hours, perhaps two or more;—and 'some say, would not have ended so triumphantly, had it not 'been for Duke Ferdinand's Vanguard, Lord Granby and the 'English Horse; who, warned by the noise ahead, pushed on 'at the top of their speed, and got in before the death. Granby 'and the Blues had gone at the high trot, for above five miles; 'and, I doubt not, were in keen humour when they rose to the 'gallop and slashed in. Mauvillon says, "It was in this attack "that Lord Granby, at the head of the Blues, his own regiment, "had his hat blown off; a big bald circle in his head rendering "the loss more conspicuous. But he never minded; stormed "still on," bare bald head among the helmets and sabres; "and "made it very evident that had he, instead of Sackville, led

31st July 1760.

"at Minden, there had been a different story to tell. The "English, by their valour," adds he, "greatly distinguished "themselves this day. And accordingly they suffered by far "the most; their loss amounting to 590 men:" or, as others 'count,—out of 1,200 killed and wounded, 800 were English.'[20]

This of Granby and the bald head is mainly what now renders Warburg memorable. For, in a year or two, the excellent Reynolds did a Portrait of Granby; and by no means forgot this incident; but gives him bare-headed, bare and bald; the oblivious British connoisseur not now knowing why, as perhaps he ought. The Portrait, I suppose, may be in Belvoir Castle; the artistic Why of the baldness is this *Battle of Warburg*, as above. An Affair otherwise of no moment. Ferdinand had soon to quit the Diemel, or to find it useless for him, and to try other methods,—fencing gallantly, but too weak for Broglio; and, on the whole, had a difficult Campaign of it, against that considerable Soldier with forces so superior.

[20] Mauvillon, ii. 114. Or better, in all these three cases, as elsewhere, Tempelhof's specific Chapter on Ferdinand (Tempelhof, iv. 101-122). Ferdinand's Despatch (to King George), in *Knesebeck*, ii. 96-98;—or in the Old Newspapers (*Gentleman's Magazine*, xxx. 386, 387), where also is Lord Granby's Despatch.

CHAPTER III.

BATTLE OF LIEGNITZ.

FRIEDRICH stayed hardly one day in Meissen Country; Silesia, in the jaws of destruction, requiring such speed from him. His new Series of Marches thitherward, for the next two weeks especially, with Daun and Lacy, and at last with Loudon too, for escort, are still more singular than the foregoing; a fortnight of Soldier History such as is hardly to be paralleled elsewhere. Of his inward gloom one hears nothing. But the Problem itself approaches to the desperate; needing daily new invention, new audacity, with imminent destruction overhanging it throughout. A March distinguished in Military Annals;—but of which it is not for us to pretend treating. Military readers will find it in *Tempelhof*, and the supplementary Books from time to time cited here. And, for our own share, we can only say, that Friedrich's labours strike us as abundantly Herculean; more Alcides-like than ever,—the rather as hopes of any success have sunk lower than ever. A modern Alcides, appointed to confront Tartarus itself, and be victorious over the Three-headed Dog. Daun, Lacy, Loudon coming on you simultaneously, open-mouthed, are a considerable Tartarean Dog! Soldiers judge that the King's resources of genius were extremely conspicuous on this occasion; and to all men it is in evidence that seldom in the Arena of this Universe, looked

on by the idle Populaces and by the eternal Gods and Antigods (called Devils), did a Son of Adam fence better for himself, now and throughout.

This, his Third march to Silesia in 1760, is judged to be the most forlorn and ominous Friedrich ever made thither; real peril, and ruin to Silesia and him, more imminent than even in the old Leuthen days. Difficulties, complicacies very many, Friedrich can foresee: a Daun's Army and a Lacy's for escort to us; and such a Silesia when we do arrive. And there is one complicacy more which he does not yet know of; that of Loudon waiting ahead to welcome him, on crossing the Frontier, and increase his escort thenceforth!—Or rather, let us say, Friedrich, thanks to the despondent Henri and others, has escaped a great Silesian Calamity;—of which he will hear, with mixed emotions, on arriving at Bunzlau on the Silesian Frontier, six days after setting out. Since the loss of Glatz (July 26th), Friedrich has no news of Loudon; supposes him to be trying something upon Neisse, to be adjusting with his slow Russians; and, in short, to be out of the dismal account-current just at present. That is not the fact in regard to Loudon; that is far from the fact.

Loudon is trying a Stroke-of-Hand on Breslau, in the Glatz Fashion, in the Interim (July 30th—August 3d).

Hardly above six hours after taking Glatz, swift Loudon, no Daun now tethering him (Daun standing, or sitting, "in relief of Dresden" far off), was on march for Breslau—Vanguard of him 'marched that same evening (July 26th):' in the liveliest hope of capturing

Breslau; especially if Soltikof, to whom this of Glatz ought to be a fine symbol and pledge, make speed to coöperate. Soltikof is in no violent enthusiasm about Glatz; anxious rather about his own magazine at Posen, and how to get it carted out of Henri's way, in case of our advancing towards some Silesian Siege. "If we were not ruined last year, it wasn't Daun's fault!" growls he often; and Montalembert has need of all his suasive virtues (which are wonderful to look at, if anybody cared to look at them, all flung into the sea in this manner) for keeping the barbarous man in any approach to harmony. The barbarous man had, after haggle enough, adjusted himself for besieging Glogau; and is surly to hear, on the sudden (order from Petersburg reinforcing Loudon), that it is Breslau instead. "Excellence, it is not Cunctator Daun this time, it is fiery Loudon." "Well, Breslau, then!" answers Soltikof at last, after much suasion. And marches thither;[1] faster than usual, quickened by new temporary hopes, of Montalembert's raising or one's own: "What a place-of-arms, and place of victual, would Breslau be for us, after all!"

And really mends his pace, mends it ever more, as matters grow stringent; and advances upon Breslau at his swiftest: "To rendezvous with Loudon under the walls there,—within the walls very soon, and ourselves chief proprietor!"—as may be hoped. Breslau has a garrison of 4,000, only 1,000 of them stanch; and there are, among other bad items, 9,000 Austrian Prisoners in it. A big City with weak walls: another place to defend than rockhewn little Glatz,—if there be no better than a D'O for Commandant in it! But perhaps there is.

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 87-89 ('Rose from Posen, July 26th').

1st-3d Aug. 1760.

'*Wednesday* 30*th July*, Loudon's Vanguard arrived at Bres-'lau; next day Loudon himself;—and besieged Breslau very 'violently, according to his means, till the Sunday following. 'Troops he has plenty, 40,000 odd, which he gives out for 50 'or even 60,000; not to speak of Soltikof, "with 75,000" (read '45,000), striding on in a fierce and dreadful manner to meet 'him here. "Better surrender to Christian Austrians, had not 'you?" Loudon's Artillery is not come up, it is only struggling 'on from Glatz; Soltikof of his own has no Siege-Artillery; and 'Loudon judges that heavy-footed Soltikof, waited on by an 'alert Prince Henri, is a problematic quantity in this enter-'prise. "Speedy oneself; speedy and fiery!" thinks Loudon: "by violence of speed, of bullying and bombardment, perhaps 'we can still do it!" And Loudon tried all these things to a 'high stretch; but found in Tauentzien the wrong man.

'*Thursday* 31*st*, Loudon, who has two bridges over Oder, 'and the Town begirt all round, summons Tauentzien in an 'awful-sounding tone: "Consider, Sir: no defence possible; a 'trading Town, you ought not to attempt defence of it: surrender 'on fair terms, or I shall, which God forbid, be obliged to burn 'you and it from the face of the world!". "Pooh, pooh," answers 'Tauentzien, in brief polite terms; "you yourselves had no doubt 'it was a Garrison, when we besieged you here, on the heel of 'Leuthen; had you? Go to!"— Fiery Loudon cannot try 'storm, the Town having Oder and a wet ditch round it. He 'gets his bombarding batteries forward, as the one chance he 'has, aided by bullying. And tomorrow,

'*Friday*, *August* 1*st*, sends, half officially, half in the friendly 'way, dreadful messages again: a warning to the Mayor of 'Breslau (which was not signed by Loudon), "Death and de-'struction, Sir, unless"—!—warning to the Mayor; and, by the 'same private half-official messenger, a new summons to Tauen-'tzien: "Bombardment infallible; universal massacre by Croats; 'I will not spare the child in its mother's womb." "I am not 'with child," said Tauentzien, "nor are my soldiers! What is 'the use of such talk?" And about 10 that night, Loudon does 'accordingly break out into all the fire of bombardment he is 'master of. Kindles the Town in various places, which were

'quenched again by Tauentzien's arrangements; kindles espe-
'cially the King's fine Dwelling-house (Palace they call it), and
'adjacent streets, not quenchable till Palace and they are much
'ruined. Will this make no impression? "Far too little.

'Next morning, Loudon sends a private messenger of con-
'ciliatory tone: "Any terms your Excellency likes to name.
'Only spare me the general massacre, and child in the mother's
'womb!" From all which Tauentzien infers that you are pro-
'bably short of ammunition; and that his outlooks are improv-
'ing. That day he gets guns brought to bear on General
'Loudon's own quarter; blazes into Loudon's sitting-room, so
'that Loudon has to shift elsewhither. No bombardment ensues
'that night; nor next day anything but desultory cannonading,
'and much noise and motion;—and at night, *Sunday 3d*, every-
'thing falls quiet, and, to the glad amazement of everybody,
'Loudon has vanished.'[2]

Loudon had no other shift left. This Sunday his Russians are still five days distant; alert Henri, on the contrary, is, in a sense, come to hand. Crossed the Katzbach River this day, the Vanguard of him did, at Parchwitz; and fell upon our Bakery; which has had to take the road. "Guard the Bakery, all hands there," orders Loudon; "off to Striegau and the Hills with it;" —and is himself gone thither after it, leaving Breslau, Henri and the Russians, to what fate may be in store for them. Henri has again made one of his winged marches, the deft creature, though the despondent; 'march of 90 miles in three days' (in the last three, from Glogau, 90;

[2] Tempelhof, iv. 90-100; Archenholtz, ii. 89-94; *Hofbericht von der Belagerung von Breslau im August* 1760 (in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 688-698); also in *Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 299-309: in *Anonymous of Hamburg* (iv. 115-124), that is, in the *Old Newspapers*, extremely particular account, How 'not only the finest Horse in Breslau, and the finest House' (King's Palace), 'but the handsomest Man, and, alas, also the prettiest Girl' (poor Jungfer Müller, shattered by a bomb-shell on the streets), 'were destroyed in this short Siege,'—world-famous for the moment. Preuss, ii. 246.

3d Aug. 1760.
in the whole, from Landsberg, above 200), 'and has saved 'the State,' says Retzow. 'Made no camping, merely 'bivouacked; halting for a rest four or five hours here 'and there;'[3] and, on August 5th, is at Lissa (this side the Field of Leuthen); making Breslau one of the gladdest of cities.

So that Soltikof, on arriving (village of Hundsfeld, August 8th), by the other side of the River, finds Henri's advanced guards entrenched over there, in Old Oder; no Russian able to get within five miles of Breslau,—nor able to do more than cannonade in the distance, and ask with indignation, "Where are the siege-guns, then; where is General Loudon? Instead of Breslau capturable, and a sure Magazine for us, here is Henri, and nothing but steel to eat!" And the Soltikof risen into Russian rages, and the Montalembert sunk in difficulties: readers can imagine these. Indignant Soltikof, deaf to suasion, with this dangerous Henri in attendance, is gradually edging back; always rather back, with an eye to his provisions, and to certain bogs and woods he knows of. But we will leave the Soltikof-Henri end of the line, for the opposite end, which is more interesting.—To Friedrich, till he got to Silesia itself, these events are totally unknown. His cunctatory Henri, by this winged march, when the moment came, what a service has he done!—

Tauentzien's behaviour, also, has been superlative at Breslau; and was never forgotten by the King. A very brave man, testifies Lessing of him; true to the death: 'Had there come but three, to rally with the 'King under a bush of the forest, Tauentzien would 'have been one.' Tauentzien was on the ramparts once,

[3] Retzow, ii. 230 (very vague); in Tempelhof (iv. 89, 90, 95-97) clear and specific account.

in this Breslau pinch, giving orders; a bomb burst beside him, did not injure him. "Mark that place," said Tauentzien; and clapt his hat on it, continuing his orders, till a more permanent mark were put. In that spot, as intended through the next thirty years, he now lies buried.[4]

Friedrich on March, for the Third Time, to rescue Silesia (August 1st-15th).

August 1st, Friedrich crossed the Elbe at Zehren, in the Schieritz vicinity, as near Meissen as he could; but it had to be some six miles farther down, such the liabilities to Austrian disturbance. All are across that morning by 5 o'clock (began at 2); whence we double back eastward, and camp that night at Dallwitz,—are quietly asleep there, while Loudon's bombardment bursts out on Breslau, far away! At Dallwitz we rest next day, wait for our Bakeries and Baggages; and, *Sunday August 3d*, at 2 in the morning, set forth on the forlornest adventure in the world.

The arrangements of the March, foreseen and settled beforehand to the last item, are of a perfection beyond praise;—as is still visible in the General Order, or summary of directions given out; which, to this day, one reads with a kind of satisfaction like that derivable from the Forty-seventh of Euclid: clear to the meanest capacity, not a word wanting in it, not a word superfluous, solid as geometry. 'The Army marches always in 'Three Columns, left Column foremost: our First Line 'of Battle' (in case we have fighting) 'is this foremost 'Column; Second Line is the Second Column; Reserve 'is the Third. All Generals' chaises, money-wagons, 'and regimental Surgeons' wagons remain with their

[4] *Militair-Lexikon*, iv. 72-75; Lessing's *Werke*; &c. &c.

1st-7th Aug. 1760.

'respective Battalions; as do the Heavy Batteries with 'the Brigades to which they belong. When the march 'is through woody country, the Cavalry regiments go in 'between the Battalions' (to be ready against Pandour operations and accidents).

'With the First Column, the Ziethen Hussars and 'Free-Battalion Courbière have always the vanguard; 'Möhring Hussars and Free-Battalion Quintus' (speed to you, learned friend!) 'the rearguard. With the 'Second Column always the Dragoon regiments Nor-'mann and Krockow have the vanguard; Regiment 'Czetteritz' (Dragoons, poor Czetteritz himself, with his lost *Manuscript*, is captive since February last) 'the 'rearguard. With the Third Column always the Dra-'goon regiment Holstein as head, and the ditto Fink-'enstein to close the Column.'—'During every march, 'however, there are to be of the Second Column 2 Bat-'talions joined with Column Third; so that the Third 'Column consist of 10 Battalions, the Second of 6, while 'on march.

'Ahead of each Column go three Pontoon Wagons; 'and daily are 50 work-people allowed them, who are 'immediately to lay Bridge, where it is necessary. The 'rearguard of each Column takes up these Bridges 'again; brings them on, and returns them to the head 'of the Column, when the Army has got to camp. In 'the Second Column are to be 500 wagons, and also in 'the Third 500; so shared that each battalion gets an 'equal number. The battalions—'[5] * * This may serve as specimen.

The March proceeded through the old Country; a little to left of the track in June past: Röder Water, Pulsnitz Water;

[5] In *Tempelhof* (iv. 125, 126) the entire Piece.

Kamenz neighbourhood, Bautzen neighbourhood,—Bunzlau on Silesian ground. Daun, at Bischofswerda, had foreseen this March; and, by his Light people, had spoiled the Road all he could; broken all the Bridges, *half*-felled the Woods (to render them impassable). Daun, the instant he heard of the actual March, rose from Bischofswerda: forward, forward always, to be ahead of it, however rapid; Lacy, hanging on the rear of it, willing to give trouble with his Pandour harpies, but studious above all that it should not whirl round anywhere and get upon his, Lacy's, own throat. One of the strangest marches ever seen. 'An onlooker, who had observed the march of these 'different Armies,' says Friedrich, 'would have thought that 'they all belonged to one leader. Feldmarschall Daun's he 'would have taken for the Vanguard, the King's for the main 'Army, and General Lacy's for the Rearguard.'[6] Tempelhof says: 'It is given only to a Friedrich to march on those terms; 'between Two hostile Armies, his equals in strength, and a 'Third' (Loudon's, in Striegau Country) 'waiting ahead.'

The March passed without accident of moment; had not, from Lacy or Daun, any accident whatever. On the second day, an Aide-de-Camp of Daun's was picked up, with Letters from Lacy (back of the cards visible to Friedrich). Once,—it is the third day of the March (August 6th, village of Rothwasser to be quarter for the night),—on coming toward Neisse River, some careless Officer, trusting to peasants, instead of examining for himself and building a bridge, drove his Artillery-wagons into the so-called ford of Neisse; which nearly swallowed the foremost of them in quicksands. Nearly, but not completely; and caused a loss of five or six hours to that Second Column. So that darkness came on Column Second in the woody intricacies; and several hundreds of the deserter kind took the opportunity of disappearing altogether. An unlucky, evidently too languid Officer; though Friedrich did not annihilate the poor fellow, perhaps did not rebuke him at all, but merely marked it in elucidation of his qualities for time coming. 'This miserable 'village of Rothwasser' (headquarters after the dangerous ford-

[6] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 56.

7th Aug. 1760.
ing of Neisse), says Mitchell, 'stands in the middle of a wood, 'almost as wild and impenetrable as those in North America. 'There was hardly ground enough cleared about it for the 'encampment of the troops.'[7] *Thursday, August 7th*, Friedrich, —traversing the old Country, but more direct, by Königsbrück and Kamenz this time,—is at Bunzlau altogether. 'Bunzlau on the Bober;' the *Silesian* Bunzlau, not the Bohemian or any of the others. It is some 30 miles west of Liegnitz, which again lies some 40 north-west of Schweidnitz and the Strong Places. Friedrich has now done 100 miles of excellent marching; and he has still a good spell more to do,—dragging '2,000 heavy wagons' with him, and across such impediments within and without. Readers that care to study him, especially for the next few days, will find it worth their while.

Tempelhof gives, as usual, a most clear Account, minute to a degree; which, supplemented by Mitchell and a Reimann Map, enables us as it were to accompany, and to witness with our eyes. Hitherto a March toilsome in the extreme, in spite of everything done to help it; starting at 3 or at 2 in the morning; resting to breakfast in some shady place, while the sun is high, frugally cooking under the shady woods,—"*Burschen abzukochen* here," as the Order pleasantly bears. All encamped now, at Bunzlau in Silesia, on Thursday evening, with a very eminent week's work behind them. 'In the last 'five days, above 100 miles of road, and such road; five con-'siderable rivers in it'—Bober, Queiss, Neisse, Spree, Elbe; and with such a wagon-train of 2,000 teams.[8]

Proper that we rest a day here; in view of the still swifter marchings and sudden dashings about, which lie ahead. It will be by extremely nimble use of all the limbs we have,—hands as well as feet,—if any good is to come of us now! Friedrich is aware that Daun already holds Striegau "as an outpost" (Loudon thereabouts, unknown to Friedrich), "these several days;" and that Daun personally is at Schmöttseifen, in our own old Camp there, twenty or thirty miles to south of us, and has his Lacy to leftward of him, partly even to rearward: rather

[7] Mitchell, ii. 190; Tempelhof, iv. 131.
[8] Tempelhof, iv. 123-150.

in advance of *us*, both of them,—if we were for Landshut;* which we are not. "Be swift enough, may not we cut through to Jauer, and get ahead of Daun?" counts Friedrich: "To Jauer, south-east of us, from Bunzlau here, is 40 miles; and to Jauer it is above 30 east for Daun: possible to be there before Daun! Jauer ours, thence to the Heights of Striegau and Hohenfriedberg Country, within wind of Schweidnitz, of Breslau: magazines, union with Prince Henri, all secure thereby?" So reckons the sanguine Friedrich; unaware that Loudon, with his corps of 35,000, has been summoned hitherward; which will make important differences! Loudon, Beck with a smaller Satellite Corps, both these, unknown to Friedrich, lie ready on the east of him: Loudon's Army on the east; Daun's, Lacy's on the south and west; three big Armies, with their Satellites, gathering in upon this King: here is a Three-headed Dog, in the Tartarus of a world he now has! On the fourth side of him is Oder, and the Russians, who are also perhaps building Bridges, by way of a supplementary or fourth head.

August 9th (Bunzlau to Goldberg), Friedrich, with his Three Columns and perfect arrangements, makes a long march: from Bunzlau at 3 in the morning; and at 5 afternoon arrives in sight of the Katzbach Valley, with the little Town of Goldberg some miles to right. Katzbach River is here; and Jauer, for to-morrow, still fifteen miles ahead. But on reconnoitering here, all is locked and bolted: Lacy strong on the Hills of Goldberg; Daun visible across the Katzbach; Daun, and behind him Loudon, inexpugnably posted: Jauer an impossibility! We have bread only for eight days; our Magazines are at Schweidnitz and Breslau: what is to be done? Get through, one way or other, we needs must! Friedrich encamps for the night; expecting an attack. If not attacked, he will make for Liegnitz leftward; cross the Katzbach there, or farther down at Parchwitz:—Parchwitz, Neumarkt, *Leuthen*, we have been in that country before now:—Courage!

August 10th-11th (to Liegnitz and back). At 5 A.M., Sunday August 10th, Friedrich, nothing of attack having come,

* See Map at p. 130*a*.

11th Aug. 1760.
got on march again: down his own left bank of the Katzbach, straight for Liegnitz; unopposed altogether; not even a Pandour having attacked him overnight. But no sooner is he under way, than Daun too rises; Daun, Loudon, close by, on the other side of Katzbach, and "like a Fourth column to our Three," keep step with us, on our right; Lacy's light people hovering on our rear:—three truculent fellows in buckram; fancy the feelings of the wayworn solitary fourth, whom they are gloomily dogging in this way! The solitary fourth does his fifteen miles to Liegnitz, unmolested by them; encamps on the Heights which look down on Liegnitz over the south; finds, however, that the Loudon-Daun people have likewise been diligent; that they now lie stretched out on their right bank, three or four miles up-stream or to rearward, and what is far worse, seven miles downwards, or ahead: that, in fact, they are a march nearer Parchwitz than he;—and that there is again no possibility. "Perhaps by Jauer, then, still? Out of this, and at lowest, into some vicinity of bread, it does behove us to be!" At 11 that night Friedrich gets on march again; returns the way he came. And,

August 11*th*, At daybreak, is back to his old ground; nothing now to oppose him but Lacy, who is gone across from Goldberg, to linger as rear of the Daun-Loudon march. Friedrich steps across on Lacy, thirsting to have a stroke at Lacy; who vanishes fast enough, leaving the ground clear. Could but our baggage have come as fast as we! But our baggage, Quintus guarding and urging, has to groan on for five hours yet; and without it, there is no stirring. Five mortal hours;—by which time, Daun, Lacy, Loudon are all up again; between us and Jauer, between us and everything helpful;—and Friedrich has to encamp in Seichau,—'a very poor Village in the Mountains' (writes Mitchell, who was painfully present there), 'surrounded 'on all sides by Heights; on several of which, in the evening, 'the Austrians took camp, separated from us by a deep ravine 'only.'[9]

Outlooks are growing very questionable to Mitchell and everybody. "Only four-days provisions" (in reality

[9] Mitchell, ii. 194.

six), whisper the Prussian Generals gloomily to Mitchell and to one another: "Shall we have to make for Glogau, then, and leave Breslau to its fate? Or perhaps it will be a second Maxen to his Majesty and us, who was so indignant with poor Finck?" My friends, no; a Maxen like Finck's it will never be: a very different Maxen, if any! But we hope better things.

Friedrich's situation, grasped in the Three-lipped Pincers in this manner, is conceivable to readers. Soltikof, on the other side of Oder, as supplementary or fourth lip, is very impatient with these three. "Why all this dodging, and fidgeting to and fro? You are above three to one of your enemy. Why don't you close on him at once, if you mean it at all? The end is, He will be across the Oder; and it is I that shall have the brunt to bear: Henri and he will enclose me between two fires!" And in fact, Henri, as we know, though Friedrich does not, or only half does, has gone across Oder, to watch Soltikof, and guard Breslau from any attempts of his,—which are far from *his* thoughts at this moment;—a Soltikof fuming violently at the thought of such cunctations, and of being made cat's-paw again. "Know, however, that I understand you," violently fumes Soltikof, "and that I won't. I fall back into the Trebnitz Bog-Country, on my own right bank here, and look out for my own safety."—"Patience, your noble Excellenz," answer they always; "oh, patience yet a little! Only yesterday (Sunday 10th, the day after his arrival in this region), we had decided to attack and crush him; Sunday very early:[10] but he skipped away to Liegnitz. Oh, be patient yet a day or two: he skips about at such a rate!" Montalembert has to be suasive as the Muses and the Sirens. Soltikof gloomily consents

[10] Tempelhof, iv. 137, 148-150.

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to another day or two. And even, such his anxiety lest this swift King skip over upon *him*, pushes out a considerable Russian Division, 24,000 ultimately, under Czernichef, towards the King's side of things, towards Auras on Oder, namely,—there to watch for oneself these interesting Royal movements; or even to join with Loudon out there, if that seem the safer course, against them. Of Czernichef at Auras we shall hear farther on,—were these Royal movements once got completed a little.

Morning of August 12th, Friedrich has, in his bad lodging at Seichau, laid a new plan of route: "Towards Schweidnitz let it be; round by Pombsen and the south-east, by the Hill-roads, make a sweep flankward of the enemy!"—and has people out reconnoitering the Hill-roads. Hears, however, about 8 o'clock, That Austrians in strength are coming between us and Goldberg! "Intending to enclose us in this bad pot of a Seichau; no crossing of the Katzbach, or other retreat to be left us at all?" Friedrich strikes his tents; ranks himself; is speedily in readiness for dispute of such extremity;—sends out new patrols, however, to ascertain. "Austrians in strength" there are *not* on the side indicated;—whereupon he draws in again. But, on the other hand, the Hill-roads are reported absolutely impassable for baggage; Pombsen an impossibility, as the other places have been. So Friedrich sits down again in Seichau to consider; does not stir all day. To Mitchell's horror, who, 'with great labour,' burns all the legationary ciphers and papers ("impossible to save the baggage if we be attacked in this hollow pot of a camp"), and feels much relieved on finishing.[11]

Towards sunset, General Bülow, with the Second Line (second column of march), is sent out Goldberg-way, to take hold of the passage of the Katzbach: and at 8 that night, we all march, recrossing there about 1 in the morning; thence down our left bank to Liegnitz for the second time,—sixteen hours of it in all, or till noon of the 13th. Mitchell had been put with the

[11] Mitchell, ii. 144; Tempelhof, iv. 144.

Cavalry part; and 'cannot but observe to your Lordship what 'a chief comfort it was in this long, dangerous and painful 'March,' to have burnt one's ciphers and dread secrets quite out of the way.

And thus, *Wednesday August 13th*, about noon, we are in our old Camp; Headquarter in the southern suburb of Liegnitz (a wretched little Tavern, which they still show there, on mythical terms): main part of the Camp, I should think, is on that range of Heights, which reaches two miles southward, and is now called "*Siegesberg* (Victory Hill)," from a modern Monument built on it, after nearly 100 years. Here Friedrich stays one day,—more exactly, 30 hours;—and his shifting, next time, is extremely memorable.

Battle, in the Neighbourhood of Liegnitz, does ensue (Friday morning, 15th August 1760.)

Daun, Lacy and Loudon, the Three-lipped Pincers, have of course followed, and are again agape for Friedrich, all in scientific postures: Daun in the Jauer region, seven or eight miles south; Lacy about Goldberg, as far to south-west; Loudon 'between Jeschkendorf and Koischwitz,' north-eastward, somewhat closer on Friedrich, with the Katzbach intervening. That Czernichef, with an additional 24,000, to rear of Loudon, is actually crossing Oder at Auras, with an eye to junction, Friedrich does not hear till to-morrow.[12]

The scene is rather pretty, if one admired scenes. Liegnitz, a square, handsome, brick-built Town, of old standing, in good repair (population then, say 7,000), with fine old castellated edifices and aspects: pleasant meeting, in level circumstances, of the Katzbach valley

[12] Tempelhof, iv. 148-151; Mitchell, ii. 197.

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with the Schwartzwasser (*Black-water*) ditto, which forms the north rim of Liegnitz; pleasant mixture of green poplars and brick towers,—as seen from that "Victory Hill" (more likely to be "Immediate-Ruin Hill!") where the King now is. Beyond Liegnitz and the Schwartzwasser, north-westward, right opposite to the King's, rise other Heights, called of Pfaffendorf, which guard the two streams *after* their uniting. Kloster Wahlstatt, a famed place, lies visible to south-east, few miles off. Readers recollect one Blücher "Prince of Wahlstatt," so named from one of his Anti-Napoleon victories gained there? Wahlstatt was the scene of an older Fight, almost six centuries older,[13]—a then Prince of Liegnitz *versus* hideous Tartar multitudes, who rather beat him; and has been a *Cloister* Wahlstatt ever since. Till Thursday 14th, about 8 in the evening, Friedrich continued in his Camp of Liegnitz. We are now within reach of a notable Passage of War.

Friedrich's Camp extends from the Village of Schimmelwitz, fronting the Katzbach for about two miles, north-eastward, to his Headquarter in Liegnitz Suburb: Daun is on his right and rearward, now come within four or five miles; Loudon to his left and frontward, four or five, the Katzbach separating Friedrich and him; Lacy lies from Goldberg north-eastward, to within perhaps a like distance rearward: that is the position on Thursday 14th.* Provisions being all but run out; and three Armies, 90,000 (not to count Czernichef and his 24,000 as a fourth) watching round our 30,000, within a few miles; there is no staying here, beyond this day. If even this day it be allowed us? This day, Friedrich had to draw out, and stand to arms for

[13] April 9th, 1241 (Köhler, *Reichs-Historie*).

* Plan at p. 130*a*.

some hours; while the Austrians appeared extensively on the Heights about, apparently intending an attack; till it proved to be nothing: only an elaborate reconnoitering by Daun; and we returned to our tents again.

Friedrich understands well enough that Daun, with the facts now before him, will gradually form his plan, and also, from the lie of matters, what his plan will be: many are the times Daun has elaborately reconnoitered, elaborately laid his plan; but found, on coming to execute, that his Friedrich was off in the interim, and the plan gone to air. Friedrich has about 2,000 wagons to drag with him in these swift marches: Glogau Magazine, his one resource, should Breslau and Schweidnitz prove unattainable, is forty-five long miles north-westward. "Let us lean upon Glogau withal," thinks Friedrich; "and let us be out of this straightway! March tonight; towards Parchwitz, which is towards Glogau too. Army rest till daybreak on the Heights of Pfaffendorf yonder, to examine, to wait its luck: let the empty meal-wagons jingle on to Glogau; load themselves there, and jingle back to us in Parchwitz neighbourhood, should Parchwitz not have proved impossible to our manœuverings,—let us hope it may not!"— — Daun and the Austrians having ceased reconnoitering, and gone home, Friedrich rides with his Generals, through Liegnitz, across the Schwartzwasser, to the Pfaffendorf Heights. "Here, Messieurs, is our first halting-place to be: here we shall halt till daybreak, while the meal-wagons jingle on!" And explains to them orally where each is to take post, and how to behave. Which done, he too returns home, no doubt a wearied individual; and at 4 of the afternoon, lies down to try for an hour or two of sleep, while all hands are busy packing, according to the Orders given.

It is a fact recorded by Friedrich himself, and by many other people, That, at this interesting juncture, there appeared at the King's gate, King hardly yet asleep, a staggering Austrian Officer, Irish by nation, who had suddenly found good to desert the Austrian Service for the Prussian—("Sorrow on them: a pack of"—what shall I say?)—Irish gentleman, bursting with intelligence of some kind, but evidently deep in liquor withal. "Impossible; the King is asleep," said the Adjutant on duty; but produced only louder insistance from the drunk Irish gentleman. "As much as all your heads are worth; the King's own safety, and not a moment to lose!" What is to be done? They awaken the King: "The man is drunk, but dreadfully in earnest, your Majesty." "Give him quantities of weak tea" (Tempelhof calls it tea, but Friedrich merely warm water); "then examine him, and report if it is anything." Something it was: "Your Majesty to be attacked, for certain, this night!" what his Majesty already guessed:—something, most likely little; but nobody to this day knows. Visible only, that his Majesty, before sunset, rode out reconnoitering with this questionable Irish gentleman, now in a very flaccid state; and altered nothing whatever in prior arrangements;—and that the flaccid Irish gentleman staggers out of sight, into dusk, into rest and darkness, after this one appearance on the stage of History.[14]

From about 8 in the evening, Friedrich's people got on march, in their several columns, and fared punctually on; one column through the streets of Liegnitz, others to left and to right of that; to left mainly, as remoter from the Austrians and their listening outposts from beyond the Katzbach River;—where the camp-fires are

[14] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 63; Tempelhof, iv. 154.

burning extremely distinct tonight. The Prussian camp-fires, they too are all burning uncommonly vivid; country people employed to feed them; and a few hussar sentries and drummers to make the customary sounds for Daun's instruction, till a certain hour. Friedrich's people are clearing the North Suburb of Liegnitz, crossing the Schwartzwasser: artillery and heavy wagons all go by the Stone-bridge at Töpferberg (*Potter-hill*) there; the lighter people by a few pontoons farther down that stream, in the Pfaffendorf vicinity. About 1 in the morning, all, even the right wing from Schimmelwitz, are safely across.

Schwartzwasser, a River of many tails (boggy most of them, Schnelle or *Swift* Deichsel hardly an exception), gathering itself from the southward for twenty or more miles, attains its maximum of north at a place called Waldau, not far north-west of Töpferberg.* Towards this Waldau, Lacy is aiming all night; thence to pounce on our "left wing,"—which he will find to consist of those empty watch-fires merely. Down from Waldau, past Töpferberg and Pfaffendorf (*Priest*-town, or as we should call it, "Preston"), which are all on its northern or left bank, Schwartzwasser's course is in the form of an irregular horseshoe; high ground to its northern side, Liegnitz and hollows to its southern; till in an angular way it do join Katzbach, and go with that, northward for Oder the rest of its course. On the brow of these horseshoe Heights,—which run parallel to Schwartzwasser one part of them, and nearly parallel to Katzbach another (though above a mile distant, these latter, from *it*),—Friedrich plants himself: in Order of Battle; slightly altering some points of the afternoon's program, and correcting his Generals, "Front rather

* Plan at p. 130*a*.

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so and so; see where their fires are, yonder!" Daun's fires, Loudon's fires; vividly visible both:—and, singular to say, there is nothing yonder either but a few sentries and deceptive drums! All empty yonder too, even as our own Camp is; all gone forth, even as we are; we resting here, and our meal-wagons jingling on Glogau-way!

Excellency Mitchell, under horse-escort, among the lighter baggage, is on Kuchelberg Heath, in scrubby country, but well north behind Friedrich's centre: has had a dreadful march; one comfort only, that his ciphers are all burnt. The rest of us lie down on the grass;—among others, young Herr von Archenholtz, ensign or lieutenant in Regiment *Forcade:* who testifies that it is one of the beautifullest nights, the lamps of Heaven shining down in an uncommonly tranquil manner; and that almost nobody slept. The soldier-ranks all lay horizontal, musket under arm; chatting pleasantly in an undertone, or each in silence revolving such thoughts as he had. The Generals amble like observant spirits, hoarsely imperative.[15] Friedrich's line, we observed, is in the horse-shoe shape (or *parabolic*, straiter than horse-shoe), fronting the waters. Ziethen commands in that smaller Schwartzwasser part of the line, Friedrich in the Katzbach part, which is more in risk. And now, things being moderately in order, Friedrich has himself sat down,—I think, towards the middle or convex part of his lines,—by a watchfire he has found there; and, wrapt in his cloak, his many thoughts melting into haze, has sunk into a kind of sleep. Seated on a drum, some say; half-asleep by the watchfire, time half-past 2,—when a Hussar Major, who has been out by the Bienowitz, the Pohlschildern way, northward, reconnoitering,

[15] Archenholtz, ii. 100-111.

comes dashing up full speed: "The King? where is the King?" "What is it, then?" answers the King for himself. "Your Majesty, the Enemy in force, from Bienowitz, from Pohlschildern, coming on our Left Wing yonder; has flung back all my vedettes: is within 500 yards by this time!"

Friedrich springs to horse; has already an Order speeding forth, "General Schenkendorf and his Battalion, their cannon, to the crown of the Wolfsberg, on our left yonder; swift!" How excellent that every battalion (as by Order that we read) "has its own share of the heavy cannon always at hand!" ejaculate the military critics. Schenkendorf, being nimble, was able to astonish the Enemy with volumes of case-shot from the Wolfsberg, which were very deadly at that close distance. Other arrangements, too minute for recital here, are rapidly done; and our Left Wing is in condition to receive its early visitors,—Loudon or whoever they may be. It is still dubious to the History-Books whether Friedrich was in clear expectation of Loudon here; though of course he would now guess it was Loudon. But there is no doubt Loudon had not the least expectation of Friedrich; and his surprise must have been intense, when, instead of vacant darkness (and some chance of Prussian baggage, which he had heard of), Prussian musketries and case-shot opened on him.

Loudon had, as per order, quitted his Camp at Jeschkendorf, about the time Friedrich did his at Schimmelwitz; and, leaving the lights all burning, had set forward on his errand; which was (also identical with Friedrich's), To seize the Heights of Pfaffendorf, and be ready there when day broke. Scouts having informed him that the Prussian Baggage was certainly gone through to Töpferberg,—more his scouts did not know, nor

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could Loudon guess,—"We will snatch that Baggage!" thought Loudon; and with such view has been speeding, all he could; no vanguard ahead, lest he alarm the Baggage-escort: Loudon in person, with the Infantry of the Reserve, striding on ahead, to devour any Baggage-escort there may be. Friedrich's reconnoitering Hussar parties had confirmed this belief: "Yes! yes!" thought Loudon. And now suddenly, instead of Baggage to capture, here, out of the vacant darkness, is Friedrich in person, on the brow of the Heights where we intended to form!—

Loudon's behaviour, on being hurled back with his Reserve in this manner, everybody says, was magnificent. Judging at once what the business was, and that retreat would be impossible without ruin, he hastened instantly to form himself, on such ground as he had,—highly unfavourable ground, uphill in part, and room in it only for Five Battalions (5,000) of front;—and came on again, with a great deal of impetuosity and good skill; again and ever again, three times in all. Had partial successes; edged always to the right to get the flank of Friedrich; but could not, Friedrich edging conformably. From his right-hand, or north-east part, Loudon poured in, once and again, very furious charges of Cavalry; on every repulse, drew out new Battalions from his left and centre, and again stormed forward: but found it always impossible. Had his subordinates all been Loudons, it is said, there was once a fine chance for him. By this edging always to the north-eastward on his part and Friedrich's, there had at last a considerable gap in Friedrich's Line established itself,—not only Ziethen's Line and Friedrich's Line now fairly fallen asunder, but, at the Village of Panten, in Friedrich's

own Line, a gap where anybody might get in. One of the Austrian Columns was just entering Panten when the Fight began; in Panten that Column has stood cogitative ever since; well to left of Loudon and his struggles; but does not, till the eleventh hour, resolve to push through. At the eleventh hour;—and lo, in the nick of time, Möllendorf (our Leuthen-and-Hochkirch friend) got his eye on it; rushed up with infantry and cavalry; set Panten on fire, and blocked out that possibility and the too cogitative Column.

Loudon had no other real chance: his furious horse-charges and attempts were met everywhere by corresponding counter-fury. Bernburg, poor Regiment Bernburg, see what a figure it is making! Left almost alone, at one time, among those horse-charges; spending its blood like water, bayonet-charging, platooning as never before; and on the whole, stemming invincibly that horse-torrent,—not unseen by Majesty, it may be hoped; who is here where the hottest pinch is. On the third repulse, which was worse than any before, Loudon found he had enough; and tried it no farther. Rolled over the Katzbach, better or worse; Prussians catching 6,000 of him, but not following farther: threw up a fine battery at Bienowitz, which sheltered his retreat from horse:—and went his ways, sorely but not dishonourably beaten, after an hour and half of uncommonly stiff fighting, which had been very murderous to Loudon. Loss of 10,000 to him: 4,000 killed and wounded; prisoners 6,000; 82 cannon, 28 flags, and other items; the Prussian loss being 1,800 in whole.[16] By 5 o'clock, the Battle, this Loudon part of it, was quite over; Loudon (35,000) wrecking himself against Friedrich's Left Wing (say half of his Army, some 15,000) in such conclusive

[16] Tempelhof, iv. 159.

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manner. Friedrich's Left Wing alone has been engaged hitherto. And now it will be Ziethen's turn, if Daun and Lacy still come on.

By 11 last night, Daun's Pandours, creeping stealthily on, across the Katzbach, about Schimmelwitz, had discerned with amazement that Friedrich's Camp appeared to consist only of watchfires; and had shot off their speediest rider to Daun, accordingly; but it was one in the morning before Daun, busy marching and marshalling, to be ready at the Katzbach by daylight, heard of this strange news; which probably he could not entirely believe till seen with his own eyes. What a spectacle! One's beautiful Plan exploded into mere imbroglio of distraction; become one knows not what! Daun's watchfires too had all been left burning; universal stratagem, on both sides, going on; producing,—tragically for some of us,—a *Tragedy* of Errors, or the Mistakes of a Night! Daun sallied out again, in his collapsed, upset condition, as soon as possible: pushed on, in the track of Friedrich; warning Lacy to push on. Daun, though within five miles all the while, had heard nothing of the furious Fight and cannonade; "south-west wind having risen," so Daun said, and is believed by candid persons,—not by the angry Vienna people, who counted it impossible: "Nonsense; you were not deaf; but you loitered and haggled, in your usual way; perhaps not sorry that the brilliant Loudon should get a rebuff!"

Emerging out of Liegnitz, Daun did see, to north-eastward, a vast pillar or mass of smoke, silently mounting, but could do nothing with it. "Cannon-smoke, no doubt; but fallen entirely silent, and not wending hitherward at all. Poor Loudon, alas, must have got beaten!" Upon which Daun really did try, at least upon Ziethen;

but could do nothing. Poured cavalry across the Stone-bridge at the Töpferberg; who drove in Ziethen's picket there; but were torn to pieces by Ziethen's cannon. Ziethen across the Schwartzwasser is alert enough. How form in order of battle here, with Ziethen's batteries shearing your columns longitudinally, as they march up? Daun recognises the impossibility; wends back through Liegnitz to his Camp again, the way he had come. Tide-hour missed again; ebb going uncommonly rapid! Lacy had been about Waldau, to try farther up the Schwartzwasser on Ziethen's right: but the Schwartzwasser proved amazingly boggy; not accessible on any point to heavy people,—"owing to bogs on the bank," with perhaps poor prospect on the other side too!

And, in fact, nothing of Lacy, more than of Daun, could manage to get across: nothing except two poor Hussar regiments; who, winding up far to the left, attempted a snatch on the Baggage about Hummeln,—Hummeln, or Kuchel of the Scrubs. And gave a new alarm to Mitchell, the last of several during this horrid night; who has sat painfully blocked in his carriage, with such a Devil's tumult going on to eastward, and no sight, share or knowledge to be had of it. Repeated hussar attacks there were on the Baggage here, Loudon's hussars also trying: but Mitchell's Captain was miraculously equal to the occasion; and had beaten them all off. Mitchell, by magnanimous choice of his own, has been in many Fights by the side of Friedrich; but this is the last he will ever be in or near;—this miraculous one of Liegnitz, 3 to 4½ A.M. Friday August 15th, 1760.

Never did such a luck befal Friedrich before or after. He was clinging on the edge of slippery abysses, his path hardly a foot's-breadth, mere enemies and avalanches hanging round on every side: ruin likelier at no

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moment of his life;—and here is precisely the quasi-miracle which was needed to save him. Partly by accident too; the best of management crowned by the luckiest of accidents.[17]

Friedrich rested four hours on the Battle-field,—if that could be called rest, which was a new kind of diligence highly wonderful. Diligence of gathering up accurately the results of the Battle; packing them into portable shape; and marching off with them in one's pocket, so to speak. Major-General Saldern had charge of this, a man of many talents; and did it consummately. The wounded, Austrian as well as Prussian, are placed in the empty meal-wagons; the more slightly wounded are set on horseback, double in possible cases: only the dead are left lying: 100 or more meal-wagons are left, their teams needed for drawing our 82 new cannon;—the wagons we split up, no Austrians to have them; useable only as firewood for the poor Country-folk. The 4 or 5,000 good muskets lying on the field, shall not we take them also? Each cavalry soldier slings one of them across his back, each baggage-driver one: and the muskets too are taken care of. About 9 A.M., Friedrich, with his 6,000 prisoners, new cannon-teams, sick-wagon teams, trophies, properties, is afoot again. One of the succinctest of Kings.

I should have mentioned the joy of poor Regiment Bernburg; which rather affected me. Loudon gone, the miracle of Battle done, and this miraculous packing going on,—Friedrich riding about among his people, passed along the front of Bernburg, the eye of him per-

[17] Tempelhof, iv. 151-171; Archenholtz, ubi suprà; *Hofbericht von der Schlacht so am* 15 *August* 1760, *bey Liegnitz, vorgefallen* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 698-703); &c. &c.

haps intimating, "I saw you, *Bürsche;*" but no word coming from him. The Bernburg Officers, tragically tressless in their hats, stand also silent, grim as blackened stones (all Bernburg black with gunpowder): "In us also is no word; unless our actions perhaps speak?" But a certain Sergeant, Fugleman, or chief Corporal, stept out, saluting reverentially: "Regiment Bernburg, *Ihro Majestät—?*"—"Hm; well, you did handsomely. Yes, you shall have your side-arms back; all shall be forgotten and washed out!" "And you are again our Gracious King, then?" says the Sergeant, with tears in his eyes.—"*Gewiss*, Yea, surely!"[18] Upon which, fancy what a peal of sound from the ecstatic throat and heart of this poor Regiment. Which I have often thought of; hearing mutinous blockheads, "glorious Sons of Freedom" to their own thinking, ask their natural commanding Officer, "Are not we as good as thou? Are not all men equal?" Not a whit of it, you mutinous blockheads; very far from it indeed!

This was the breaking of Friedrich's imprisonment in the deadly rock-labyrinths; this success at Liegnitz delivered him into free field once more. For twenty-four hours more, indeed, the chance was still full of anxiety to him; for twenty-four hours Daun, could he have been rapid, still had the possibilities in hand;—but only Daun's Antagonist was usually rapid. About 9 in the morning, all road-ready, this latter Gentleman 'gave three Salvoes, as Joy-fire, on the Field of Liegnitz;' and, in the above succinct shape,—leaving Ziethen to come on, 'with the prisoners, the sick-wagons, and captured cannon,' in the afternoon,—marched rapidly away. For Parchwitz, with our best speed: Parchwitz is the road

[18] Tempelhof, iv. 162-164.

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to Breslau, also to Glogau,—to Breslau, if it be humanly possible! Friedrich has but two-days bread left: on the Breslau road, at Auras, there is Czernichef with 24,000; there are, or there may be, the Loudon Remnants rallied again, the Lacy Corps untouched, all Daun's Force, had Daun made any despatch at all. Which Daun seldom did. A man slow to resolve, and seeking his luck in leisure.

All judges say, Daun ought now to have marched, on this enterprise of still intercepting Friedrich, without loss of a moment. But he calculated Friedrich would probably spend the day in *Te-Deum*-ing on the Field (as is the manner of some); and that, by tomorrow, things would be clearer to one's own mind. Daun was in no haste; gave no orders,—did not so much as send Czernichef a Letter. Czernichef got one, however. Friedrich sent him one; that is to say, sent him one *to intercept*. Friedrich, namely, writes a Note addressed to his Brother Henri: "Austrians totally beaten this day; now "for the Russians, dear Brother; and swift, do what we "have agreed on!"[19] Friedrich hands this to a Peasant, with instructions to let himself be taken by the Russians, and give it up to save his life. Czernichef, it is thought, got this Letter; and perhaps rumour itself, and the delays of Daun, would, at any rate, have sent him across. Across he at once went, with his 24,000, and burnt his Bridge. A vanished Czernichef;—though Friedrich is not yet sure of it: and as for the wandering Austrian Divisions, the Loudons, Lacys, all is dark to him.

So that, at Parchwitz, next morning (August 16th), the question, "To Glogau? To Breslau?" must have been a kind of sphinx-enigma to Friedrich; dark as that, and, in case of error, fatal. After some brief paroxysm of consideration, Friedrich's reading was, "To Breslau,

[19] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 67.

then!" And, for hours, as the march went on, he was noticed 'riding much about,' his anxieties visibly great. Till at Neumarkt (not far from the Field of *Leuthen*), getting on the Heights there,—towards noon, I will guess,—what a sight! Before this, he had come upon Austrian Out-parties, Beck's or somebody's, who did not wait his attack: he saw, at one point, 'the whole Aus-'trian Army on march (the tops of its columns visible 'among the knolls, three miles off, impossible to say 'whitherward);' and fared on all the faster, I suppose, such a bet depending;—and, in fine, galloped to the Heights of Neumarkt for a view: "Dare we believe it? Not an Austrian there!" And might be, for the moment, the gladdest of Kings. Secure now of Breslau, of junction with Henri: fairly winner of the bet;—and can at last pause, and take breath, very needful to his poor Army, if not to himself, after such a mortal spasm of sixteen days! Daun had taken the Liegnitz accident without remark; usually a stoical man, especially in other people's misfortunes; but could not conceal his painful astonishment on this new occasion,—astonishment at unjust fortune, or at his own sluggardly cunctations, is not said.

Next day (August 17th), Friedrich encamps at Hermannsdorf, headquarter the Schloss of Hermannsdorf, within seven miles of Breslau; continues a fortnight there, resting his wearied people, himself not resting much, watching the dismal miscellany of entanglements that yet remain, how these will settle into groups,—especially what Daun and his Soltikof will decide on. In about a fortnight, Daun's decision did become visible; Soltikof's not in a fortnight, nor ever clearly at all. Unless it were To keep a whole skin, and gradually edge

home to his victuals. As essentially it was, and continued to be; creating endless negotiations, and futile overtures and messagings from Daun to his barbarous Friend, endless suasions and trouble from poor Montalembert,—of which it would weary every reader to hear mention, except of the result only.

Friedrich, for his own part, is little elated with these bits of successes at Liegnitz or since; and does not deceive himself as to the difficulties, almost the impossibilities, that still lie ahead. In answer to D'Argens, who has written ('at midnight,' starting out of bed, 'the instant the news came'), in zealous congratulation on Liegnitz, here is a Letter of Friedrich's: well worth reading,—though it has been oftener read than almost any other of his. A Letter which D'Argens never saw in the original form; which was captured by the Austrians or Cossacks;[20] which got copied everywhere, soon stole into print, and is ever since extensively known.

Friedrich to Marquis D'Argens (at Berlin).

"Hermannsdorf, near Breslau, 27th August 1760.

"In other times, my dear Marquis, the Affair of the 15th "would have settled the Campaign; at present it is but a scratch. "There will be needed a great Battle to decide our fate: such, by "all appearance, we shall soon have; and then you may rejoice, "if the event is favourable to us. Thank you, meanwhile, for all "your sympathy. It has cost a deal of scheming, striving, and "much address to bring matters to this point. Don't speak to me "of dangers; the last Action costs me only a Coat" (torn useless, only one skirt left, by some rebounding cannon-ball?) "and a "Horse" (shot under me): "that is not paying dear for a victory.

"In my life, I was never in so bad a posture as in this Cam- "paign. Believe me, miracles are still needed if I am to over-

[20] See *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 198 (D'Argens himself, '19th October' following), and ib. 191n.; Rödenbeck, ii. 31, 36;—mention of it, in Voltaire, Montalembert, &c.

"come all the difficulties which I still see ahead. And one is "growing weak withal. 'Herculean' labours to accomplish at "an age when my powers are forsaking me, my weaknesses in- "creasing, and, to speak candidly, even hope, the one comfort of "the unhappy, begins to be wanting. You are not enough ac- "quainted with the posture of things, to know all the dangers "that threaten the State: I know them, and conceal them; I keep "all the fears to myself, and communicate to the Public only the "hopes, and the trifle of good news I may now and then have. "If the stroke I am meditating succeed" (stroke on Daun's Anti-Schweidnitz strategies, of which anon), "then, my dear "Marquis, it will be time to expand one's joy; but till then, let "us not flatter ourselves, lest some unexpected bit of bad news "depress us too much.

"I live here" (Schloss of Hermannsdorf, a 7 miles west of Breslau) "like a Military Monk of La Trappe: endless busi- "nesses, and these done, a little consolation from my Books. I "know not if I shall outlive this War: but should it so happen, "I am firmly resolved to pass the remainder of my life in soli- "tude, in the bosom of Philosophy and Friendship. When the "roads are surer, perhaps you will write me oftener. I know "not where our winter-quarters this time are to be! My House "in Breslau is burnt down in the Bombardment" (Loudon's, three weeks ago). "Our enemies grudge us everything, even "daylight, and air to breathe: some nook, however, they must "leave us; and if it be a safe one, it will be a true pleasure to "have you again with me.

"Well, my dear Marquis, what has become of the Peace with "France" (English Peace)! "Your Nation, you see, is blinder "than you thought: those fools will lose their Canada and Pon- "dichery, to please the Queen of Hungary and the Czarina. "Heaven grant Prince Ferdinand may pay them for their zeal! "And it will be the innocent that suffer, the poor officers and "soldiers, not the Choiseuls and"— * * "But here is business "come on me. Adieu, dear Marquis; I embrace you.—F."[21]

Two Events, of opposite complexion, a Russian and a Saxon, Friedrich had heard of while at Hermannsdorf,

[21] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 191.

before writing as above. The Saxon Event is the pleasant one, and comes first:

Hülsen on the Dürrenberg, August 20th. 'August 20th, at 'Strehla, in that Schlettau-Meissen Country, the Reichsfolk 'and Austrians made attack on Hülsen's Posts, principal Post 'of them the Dürrenberg (*Dry-Hill*) there,—in a most exten- 'sive manner; filling the whole region with vague artillery- 'thunder, and endless charges, here, there, of foot and horse; 'which all issued in zero and minus quantities; Hülsen standing 'beautifully to his work, and Hussar Kleist especially, at one 'point, cutting in with masterly execution, which proved general 'overthrow to the Reichs Project; and left Hülsen master of 'the field and of his Dürrenberg, *plus* 1,217 prisoners and one 'Prince among them, and one cannon: a Hülsen who has 'actually given a kind of beating to the Reichsfolk and Aus- 'trians, though they were 30,000 to his 10,000, and had counted 'on making a new Maxen of it.'[22] Friedrich writes a glad laudatory Letter to Hülsen: "Right, so; give them more of that when they apply next!"[23]

This is a bit of sunshine to the Royal mind, dark enough otherwise. Had Friedrich got done here, right fast would he fly to the relief of Hülsen, and recovery of Saxony. Hope, in good moments, says, "Hülsen will be able to hold out till then!" Fear answers, "No, he cannot, unless you get done here extremely soon!"—The Russian Event, full of painful anxiety to Friedrich, was a new Siege of Colberg. That is the sad fact; which, since the middle of August, has been becoming visibly certain.

Second Siege of Colberg, August 26th. 'Under siege again, 'that poor Place; and this time the Russians seem to have made 'a vow that take it they will. Siege by land and by sea; land- 'troops direct from Petersburg, 15,000 in all (8,000 of them 'came by ship), with endless artillery; and near 40 Russian and

[22] Archenholtz, ii. 114; *Bericht von der am* 20 *August* 1760 *bey Strehla vorgefallenen Action* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 703-719).

[23] Letter in *Schöning*, ii. 396, 'Hermsdorf' (Hermannsdorf), '27th August 1760.'

'Swedish ships-of-war, big and little, blackening the waters of 'poor Colberg. August 26th' (the day before Friedrich's writing as above), 'they have got all things adjusted,—the land-'troops covered by redoubts to rearward, ships moored in their 'battering-places;—and begin such a bombardment and firing 'of redhot balls, upon Colberg, as was rarely seen. To which, 'one can only hope old Heyde will set a face of gray-steel 'character, as usual; and prove a difficult article to deal with, 'till one get some relief contrived for him.'[24]

[24] Archenholtz, ii. 116: in *Helden-Geschichte* (vi. 73-83), '*Tagebuch* of Siege, 26th August—18th September,' and other details.

CHAPTER IV.

DAUN IN WRESTLE WITH FRIEDRICH IN THE SILESIAN HILLS.

In spite of Friedrich's forebodings, an extraordinary recoil, in all Anti-Friedrich affairs, ensued upon Liegnitz; everything taking the backward course, from which it hardly recovered, or indeed did not recover at all, during the rest of this Campaign. Details on the subsequent Daun-Friedrich movements,—which went all aback for Daun, Daun driven into the Hills again, Friedrich hopeful to cut off his bread, and drive him quite through the Hills, and home again,—are not permitted us. No human intellect in our day could busy itself with understanding these thousandfold marchings, manœuverings, assaults, surprisals, sudden facings about (retreat changed to advance); nor could the powerfullest human memory, not exclusively devoted to study the Art Military under Friedrich, remember them when understood. For soldiers, desirous not to be sham-soldiers, they are a recommendable exercise; for them I do advise Tempelhof and the excellent German Narratives and Records. But in regard to others—A sample has been given: multiply that by the ten, by the three-score and ten; let the ingenuous imagination get from it what will suffice. Our first duty here to poor readers, is to elicit from that sea of small things the fractions which are cardinal, or which give human physiognomy and memorability to it; and carefully suppress all the rest.

Understand, then, that there is a general going-back on the Austrian and Russian part. Czernichef we already saw at once retire over the Oder. Soltikof bodily, the second day after, deaf to Montalembert, lifts himself to rearward; takes post behind bogs and bushy grounds more and more inaccessible;[1] followed by Prince Henri with his best impressiveness for a week longer, till he seem sufficiently remote and peaceably-minded: "Making home for Poland, he," thinks the sanguine King; "leave Goltz with 12,000 to watch him. The rest of the Army over hither!" Which is done, August 27th; General Forcade taking charge, instead of Henri,—who is gone, that day or next, to Breslau, for his health's sake. "Prince Henri really ill," say some; "Not so ill, but in the sulks," say others:—partly true, both theories, it is now thought; impossible to settle in what degree true. Evident it is, Henri sat quiescent in Breslau, following regimen, in more or less pathetic humour, for two or three months to come; went afterwards to Glogau, and had private theatricals; and was no more heard of in this Campaign. Greatly to his Brother's loss and regret; who is often longing for "your recovery" (and return hither), to no purpose.

Soltikof does, in his heart, intend for Poland; but has to see the Siege of Colberg finish first; and, in decency even to the Austrians, would linger a little: "Willing I always, if only *you* prove feasible!" Which occasions such negotiating, and messaging across the Oder, for the next six weeks, as—as shall be omitted in this place. By intense suasion of Montalembert, Soltikof even consents to undertake some sham movement on Glogau, thereby to alleviate his Austrians across the

[1] 'August 18th, to Trebnitz, on the road to Militsch' (Tempelhof, iv. 167).

30th Aug. 1760.

River; and staggers gradually forward a little in that direction:—sham merely; for he has not a siege-gun, nor the least possibility on Glogau; and Goltz with the 12,000 will sufficiently take care of him in that quarter.

Friedrich, on junction with Forcade, has risen to perhaps 50,000; and is now in some condition against the Daun-Loudon-Lacy Armies, which cannot be double his number. These still hang about, in the Breslau-Parchwitz region; gloomy of humour; and seem to be aiming at Schweidnitz,—if that could still prove possible with a Friedrich present. Which it by no means does; though they try it by their best combinations;—by 'a 'powerful Chain of Army-posts, isolating Schweidnitz, 'and uniting Daun and Loudon;' by 'a Camp on the 'Zobtenberg, as crown of the same;'—and put Friedrich on his mettle. Who, after survey of said Chain, executes (night of August 30th) a series of beautiful manœuvres on it, which unexpectedly conclude its existence:—'with unaccountable hardihood' (as Archenholtz has it, physiognomically *true* to Friedrich's general style just now, if a little incorrect as to the case in hand), 'sees 'good to march direct, once for all, athwart said Chain; 'right across its explosive cannonadings and it,—coun-'ter-cannonading, and marching rapidly on; such a 'march for insolence, say the Austrians!'[2] Till, in this way, the insolent King has Schweidnitz under his protective hand again; and forces the Chain to coil itself wholly together, and roll into the Hills for a safe lodging. Whither he again follows it: with continual changes of position, vying in inaccessibility with your own; threatening your meal-wagons; trampling on your

[2] Archenholtz (ii. 115-116); who is in a hurry, dateless, and rather confuses a subsequent *day* (September 18th) with this 'night of August 30th.' See *Retzow*, ii. 26; and still better, *Tempelhof*, iv. 203.

skirts in this or the other dangerous manner; marching insolently up to your very nose, more than once ('Dittmannsdorf, September 18th,' for a chief instance), and confusing your best schemes.[3]

This "insolent" style of management, says Archenholtz, was practised by Julius Cæsar on the Gauls; and since his time by nobody,—till Friedrich, his studious scholar and admirer, revived it 'against another enemy.' 'It is of excellent efficacy,' adds Tempelhof; 'it dis-'heartens your adversary, and especially his common 'people, and has the reverse effect on your own; con-'fuses him in endless apprehensions, and details of self-'defence; so that he can form no plan of his own, and 'his overpowering resources become useless to him.' Excellent efficacy,—only you must be equal to doing it; not unequal, which might be very fatal to you!

For about five weeks, Friedrich, eminently practising this style, has a most complex multifarious Briarean wrestle with big Daun and his Lacy-Loudon satellites; who have a troublesome time, running hither, thither, under danger of slaps, and finding nowhere an available mistake made. The scene is that intricate Hill-Country between Schweidnitz and Glatz (kind of *glacis* from Schweidnitz to the Glatz Mountains): Daun, generally speaking, has his back on Glatz, Friedrich on Schweidnitz; and we hear of encampings at Kunzendorf, at *Bunzelwitz*, at *Burkersdorf*,—places which will be more famous in a coming Year. Daun makes no complaint of his Lacy-Loudon or other satellite people; who are diligently circumambient all of them, as bidden; but are unable, like Daun himself, to do the least good; and have perpetually, Daun and they, a bad

[3] Tempelhof, iv. 193-231; &c. &c.: in *Anonymous of Hamburg*, iv. 222-235, 'Diary of the *Austrian* Army' (3d-8th September).

18th Sept.—4th Oct. 1760.

life of it beside this Neighbour. The outer world, especially the Vienna outer world, is naturally a little surprised: "How is this, Feldmarschall Daun? Can you do absolutely nothing with him, then; but sit pinned in the Hills, eating sour herbs!"

In the Russians appears no help. Soltikof on Glogau, we know what that amounts to! Soltikof is evidently intending home, and nothing else. To all Austrian proposals,—and they have been manifold, as poor Montalembert knows too well,—the answer of Soltikof was and is: "Above 90,000 of you circling about, helping one another to do Nothing. Happy were you, not a doubt of it, could *we* be wiled across to you, to get worried in your stead!" Daun begins to be extremely ill off; provisions scarce, are far away in Bohemia; and the roads daily more insecure, Friedrich aiming evidently to get command of them altogether. Think of such an issue to our once-flourishing Campaign 1760! Daun is vigilance itself against such fatality; and will do anything, except risk a Fight? Here, however, is the fatal posture: Since September 18th, Daun sees himself considerably cut off from Glatz, his provision-road more and more insecure;—and for fourteen days onward, the King and he have got into a dead-lock, and sit looking into one another's faces; Daun in a more and more distressed mood, his provender becoming so uncertain, and the Winter season drawing nigh. The sentries are in mutual view: each Camp could cannonade the other; but what good were it? By a tacit understanding they don't. The sentries, outposts, and vedettes forbear musketry; on the contrary, exchange tobaccos sometimes, and have a snatch of conversation. Daun is growing more and more unhappy. To which of the gods, if not to Soltikof again, can he apply?

Friedrich himself, successful so far, is abundantly dissatisfied with such a kind of success;—and indeed seems to be less thankful to his stars than in present circumstances he ought. Profoundly wearied we find him, worn down into utter disgust in the Small War of Posts: "Here we still are, nose to nose," exclaims he (see Letters *to Henri*), "both of us in unattackable "camps. This Campaign appears to me more unsup- "portable than any of the foregoing. Take what trouble "and care I like, I can't advance a step in regard to "great interests; I succeed only in trifles." "Oh for "good news of your health: I am without all assist- "ance here; the Army must divide again before long, "and I have none to intrust it to."[4]

And *to D'Argens*, in the same bad days: "Yes, yes, "I escaped a great danger there" (at Liegnitz). "In "a common War, it would have signified something; "but in this it is a mere skirmish; my position little "improved by it. I will not sing Jeremiads to you; "nor speak of my fears and anxieties, but can assure "you they are great. The crisis I am in has taken an- "other shape; but as yet nothing decides it, nor can "the development of it be foreseen. I am getting con- "sumed by slow fever; I am like a living body losing "limb after limb. Heaven stand by us: we need it "much."[5] * * "You talk always of my person, of "my dangers. Need I tell you, it is not necessary that "I live; but it is that I do my duty, and fight for my "Country to save it if possible. In many *little* things "I have had luck: I think of taking for my motto, "*Maximus in minimis, et minimus in maximis.* A worse

[4] Schöning, ii. 416.

[5] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 193 ('Dittmannsdorf, 18th September,' day after, or day of finishing, that cannonade).

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"Campaign than any of the others: I know not some-
"times what will become of it. But why weary you
"with such details of my labours and my sorrows?
"My spirits have forsaken me. All gaiety is buried
"with the Loved Noble Ones whom my heart was
"bound to. Adieu."

Or, again, *to Henri:* 'Berlin? Yes; I am trying 'something in bar of that. Have a bad time of it, in 'the interim. "Our means, my dear Brother, are so "eaten away; far too short for opposing the prodigious "number of our enemies set against us:—if we must "fall, let us date our destruction from the infamous Day "of Maxen!"

Is in such health, too, all the while: "Am a little "better, thank you; yet have still the"—what shall we say (dreadful biliary affair)?—"*hémorrhoïdes aveugles:* "nothing that, were it not for the disquietudes I feel: "but all ends in this world, and so will these." * * "I flatter myself your health is recovering. For these "three days in continuance I have had so terrible a "cramp, I thought it would choke me;—it is now a "little gone. No wonder the chagrins and continual "disquietudes I live in should undermine and at length "overturn the robustest constitution."[6]

Friedrich, we observe, has heard of certain Russian-Austrian intentions on Berlin; but, after intense consideration, resolves that it will behove him to continue here, and try to dislodge Daun, or help Hunger to dislodge him; which will be the remedy for Berlin and all things else. There are news from Colberg of welcome tenor; could Daun be sent packing, Soltikof, it is probable, will not be in much alacrity for Berlin!—Sep-

[6] Schöning, ii. 419: '2d October.' Ibid. ii. 410: '16th September.' Ibid. ii. 408.

tember 18th, at Dittmannsdorf, was the first day of Daun's dead-lock: ever since, he has had to sit, more and more hampered, pinned to the Hills, eating sour herbs; nothing but Hunger ahead, and a retreat (battle we will not dream of), likely to be very ruinous, with a Friedrich sticking to the wings of it. Here is the Note on Colberg:

September 18th, Colberg Siege raised. 'The same September '18th, what a day at Colberg too! It is the twenty-fourth day 'of the continual bombardment there. Colberg is black ashes, 'most of its houses ruins, not a house in it uninjured. But 'Heyde and his poor Garrison, busy day and night, walk about 'in it as if fire-proof; with a great deal of battle still left in 'them. The King, I know not whether Heyde is aware, has 'contrived something of relief; General Werner coming:—the 'fittest of men, if there be possibility. When, see, September '18th, uneasy motion in the Russian entrenchments (for the 'Russians too are entrenched against attack): Something that 'has surprised the Russians yonder. Climb, some of you, to the 'highest surviving steeple, highest chimney-top if no steeple sur-'vive:—"Yonder *is* Werner come to our relief, oh God the 'Merciful!"

'Werner, with 5,000, was detached from Glogau (September '5th), from Goltz's small Corps there; has come as on wings, 200 'miles in thirteen days. And attacks now, as with wings, the 'astonished Russian 15,000, who were looking for nothing like 'him,—with wings, with claws, and with beak; and in a highly 'aquiline manner, fierce, swift, skilful, storms these entrenched 'Russians straightway, scatters them to pieces,—and next day is 'in Colberg, the Siege raising itself with great precipitation; 'leaving all its artilleries and furnitures, rushing on shipboard 'all of it that can get,—the very ships-of-war, says Archenholtz, 'hurrying dangerously out to sea, as if the Prussian Hussars 'might possibly take *them*. A glorious Werner! A beautiful de-'fence, and ditto rescue; which has drawn the world's attention.'[7]

[7] Seyfarth, ii. 634; Archenholtz, ii. 116: in *Helden-Geschichte* (vi. 73-83), *Tagebuch* of Siege.

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Heyde's defence of Colberg, Werner's swift rescue of it, are very celebrated this Autumn. Medals were struck in honour of them at Berlin, not at Friedrich's expense, but under Friedrich's patronage; who purchased silver or gold copies, and gave them about. Veteran Heyde had a Letter from his Majesty, and one of these gold Medals;—what an honour! I do not hear that Heyde got any other reward, or that he needed any. A beautiful old Hero, voiceless in History; though very visible in that remote sphere, if you care to look.

That is the news from Colberg; comfortable to Friedrich; not likely to inspire Soltikof with new alacrity in behalf of Daun. It remains to us only to add, that Friedrich, with a view to quicken Daun, shot out (September 24th, after nightfall, and with due mystery) a Detachment towards Neisse,—4,000 or so, who call themselves 15,000, and affect to be for Mähren ultimately. "For Mähren, and my bit of daily bread!" Daun may well think; and did for some time think, or partly did. Pushed off one small detachment really thither, to look after Mähren; and (September 29th) pushed off another bigger; Lacy namely, with 15,000, pretending to be thither,—but who, the instant they were out of Friedrich's sight, have whirled, at a rapid pace, quite into the opposite direction: as will shortly be seen! Daun has now other irons in the fire. Daun, ever since this fatal Dead-lock in the Hills, has been shrieking hoarsely to the Russians, day and night; who at last take pity on him,—or find something feasible in his proposals.

The Russians make a Raid on Berlin, for Relief of Daun, and their own Behoof (October 3d-12th, 1760).

Powerful entreaties, influences are exercised at Petersburg, and here in the Russian Camp: "Noble Rus-

sian Excellencies, for the love of Heaven, take this man off my windpipe! A sally into Brandenburg: oh, could not you? Lacy shall accompany; seizure of Berlin, were it only for one day!" Soltikof has fallen sick,—and, indeed, practically vanishes from our affairs, at this point;—Fermor, who has command in the interim, finally consents: "Our poor siege of Colberg, what an end is come to it! What an end is the whole Campaign like to have! Let us at least try this of Berlin, since our hands are empty." The joy of Daun, of Montalembert, and of everybody in Austrian Court and Camp may be conceived.

Russians to the amount of 20,000, Czernichef Commander; Tottleben, Second in command, a clever soldier, who knows Berlin: these are to start from Sagan Country, on this fine Expedition, and to push on at the very top of their speed. September 20th, Tottleben, with 3,000 of them as Vanguard, does accordingly cross Oder, at Beuthen in Sagan Country; and strides forward direct upon Berlin: Lacy, with 15,000, has started from Silesia, we saw how, above a week later (September 29th), but at a still more furious rate of speed. Soltikof,—theoretically Soltikof, but practically Fermor, should the dim German Books be ambiguous to any studious creature,—with the Main Army (which by itself is still a 20,000 odd), moves to Frankfurt, to support the swift Expedition, and be within two marches of it. Here surely is a feasibility! Berlin, for defence, has nothing but weak palisades; and of effective garrison 1,200 men.

And feasible, in a sort, this thing did prove; indisputably delivering Daun from strangulation in the Silesian Mountains; filling the Gazetteer mind with loud emotion of an empty nature; and very much affecting

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many poor people in Berlin and neighbourhood. Making a big Chapter in Berlin Local History; though compressible to small bulk for strangers, who have no specific sympathies in that locality.

'*Friday*, 3*d October* 1760, Tottleben, with his hasty Van-'guard of 3,000, preceded by hastier rumour, comes circling 'round Berlin environs; takes post at the Halle Gate' (west side of the City); 'summons Rochow' (the same old Commandant of Haddick's time);—'requires instant admittance; 'ransom of Four million Thalers, and other impossible things. 'Berlin has been putting itself in some posture; repairing its 'palisades, throwing up bits of redoubts in front of the gates; 'and, though sounding with alarms and uncertainties, shows a 'fine spirit of readiness for the emergency. Rochow is still 'Commandant, the same old Rochow who shrunk so question-'ably in Haddick's time: but Rochow has no Court to tremble 'for at present; Queen and Royal Family, Archives, Principal 'Ministries, Directorium in a body, went all to Magdeburg 'again, on the Kunersdorf Disaster last year, and are safe from 'such insults. The spirit of the population, it appears, even 'of the rich classes, some of whom are very rich, is extra-'ordinary. Besides Rochow, moreover, there are, by accident, 'certain Generals in Berlin: Seidlitz and two others, recover-'ing from their Kunersdorf hurts, who step into the breach with 'heart admirably willing, if with limbs still lame. Then there 'is old Fieldmarshal Lehwald' (Anti-Russian at Gross Jägersdorf, but dismissed as too old), 'who is official Governor of Berlin, 'who succeeded poor Keith in that honourable office: all these 'were strong for defence;—and do not now grudge, great men 'as they are, to take each his Gate of Berlin, his small redoubt 'thrown up there, and pass the night and the day in doing his 'utmost with it.

'Rochow refuses the surrender and the Four-millions pure 'specie; and Tottleben, about 3 P.M. in an intermittent way, and 'about 5 in a constant, begins bombarding,—grenadoes, red-hot 'balls, what he can;—and continues the same till 3 next morn-'ing. Without result to speak of; Seidlitz and Consorts making

'good counter-play; the poor old 1,200 of Garrison growing 'almost young again with energy, under their Seidlitzes; and 'the population zealously coöperating, especially quenching all 'fires that rose. What greatly contributed withal was the 'arrival of Prince Eugen overnight. Eugen of Würtemberg' (cadet of that bad Duke) 'had been engaged driving home 'the Swedes, but instantly quitted that with a 5,000 he had; 'and has marched this day,—his Vanguard has, mostly Horse, 'whom the Foot will follow tomorrow,—a distance of forty 'miles, on this fine errand. Delicate manœuvering, by these 'wearied horsemen, to enter Berlin amid uncertain jostlings, 'under the shine of Russian bombardment; ecstatic welcome to 'them, when they did get in,—instant subscription for fat oxen 'to them; a just abundance of beef to them, of generous beer 'I hope not more than an abundance: phenomena which, with 'others of the like, could be dwelt on, had we room.[8]

'Tottleben, under these omens, found it would not do; 'wended off towards his Czernichef, next morning; eastward 'again as far as Cöpenik, Prince Eugen attending him in a 'minatory manner: and, in Berlin for the moment, the bad ten 'hours were over. For four days more, the fate of things hung 'dubious; hope soon fading again, but not quite going out till 'the fifth day. And this, in fact, was mainly all of bombard-'ment that the City had to suffer; though its fate of capture 'was not to be averted. Is not Tottleben gone? Yes; but 'Lacy, marching at a rate he never did before (except from 'Bischofswerda), is arrived in the environs this same evening, 'cautious but furious. The King is far away; what are Eugen's '5,000 against these?

'On the other hand, Hülsen, leaving his Saxon affairs to 'their chance,—which, alas, are about extinct, at any rate; ex-'cept Wittenberg, all Saxony gone from us!—Hülsen is on 'winged march hitherward with about 9,000. "How would the 'King come on wings, like an eagle from the Blue, if he were 'but aware!" thought everybody, and said. Hülsen did arrive 'on the 8th; so that there are now 14,000 of us. Hülsen did;

[8] Tempelhof, iv. 266-290; Archenholtz, ii. 122-148; *Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 103-149, 350-352; &c. &c.

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'—but no King could; the King is just starting (October 4th, 'the King, on these bad rumours about Saxony, about Berlin, 'quitted the attempt on Daun; October 7th, got on march 'hitherward; has finished his first march hitherward,—Daun 'gradually preparing to attend him in the distance),—when 'Hülsen arrives. And here are all their Lacys, Czernichefs 'fairly assembled; five to two of us,—35,000 of them against 'our 14,000.

'Hülsen and Eugen, drawn out in their skilfullest way, 'manœuvered about, all this Wednesday 8th; attempted, did 'not attempt; found on candid examination, That 14,000 *versus* '35,000 ran a great risk of being worsted; that, in such case, 'the fate of the City might be still more frightful; and that, 'on the whole, their one course was that of withdrawing to 'Spandau, and leaving poor Berlin to capitulate as it could. 'Capitulation starts again with Tottleben that same night; 'Gotzkowsky, a magnanimous Citizen and Merchant-Prince, 'stepping forth with beautiful courageous furtherances of every 'kind; and it ends better than one could have hoped: Ransom '—not of Four-millions pure specie (which would have been '600,000*l.*): "Gracious Sir, it is beyond our utmost possibility!" '—but of One and a Half million in modern Ephraim coin; 'with a 30,000*l.* of douceur-money to the common man, Russian 'and Austrian, for his forbearance;—"for the rest, we are at 'your Excellency's mercy, in a manner!" And so,

'*Thursday, October 9th*, About 7 in the morning, Tottle- 'ben marches in; exactly six days since he first came circling 'to the Halle Gate, and began bombarding. Tottleben, 'knowing Friedrich, knew the value of despatch; and, they 'say, was privately no enemy to Berlin, remembering old 'grateful days here. For Tottleben has himself been in 'difficulties; indeed, was never long out of them, during the 'long stormy life he had. Not a Russian at all; though 'I suppose Father of the now Russian Tottlebens whom one 'hears of: this one was a poor Saxon Gentleman, Page once 'to poor old drunken Weissenfels, whom, for a certain fair 'soul's sake, we sigh to remember! Weissenfels dying, Tottle- 'ben became a soldier of Polish Majesty's;—acceptable soldier,

'but disagreed with Brühl, for which nobody will like him 'worse. Disagreed with Brühl; went into the Dutch service '(may have been in Fontenoy for what I know); was there till 'Aix-la-Chapelle, till after Aix-la-Chapelle; kindly treated, and 'promoted in the Dutch Army; but with outlooks, I can fancy, 'rather dull. Outlooks probably dull in such an element,— 'when, being a handsome fellow in epaulettes (Major-General, 'in fact, though poor), he, diligently endeavouring, caught the 'eye of a Dutch West-Indian Heiress; soft creature with no 'end of money; whom he privately wedded, and ran away with. 'To the horror of her appointed Dutch Lover and Friends; who 'prosecuted the poor Major-General with the utmost rigour, not 'of Law only. And were like to be the ruin of his fair West-'Indian and him; when Friedrich, about 1754 as I guess, gave 'him shelter in Berlin; finding no insupportable objection in 'what the man had done. The rather, as his Heiress and he 'were rich. Tottleben gained general favour in Berlin society; 'wished, in 1756, to take service with Friedrich on the breaking 'out of this War. "A Colonel with me, yes," said Friedrich. 'But Tottleben had been Major-General among the Dutch, and 'could not consent to sink; had to go among the Russians for 'a Major-Generalcy; and there and elsewhere, for many years 'coming, had many adventures, mostly troublesome, which shall 'not be memorable to us here.[9]

'Lacy, who, after hovering about in these vicinities for 'four days, had now actually come up, so soon as Eugen and 'Hülsen withdrew,—was deeply disgusted at the Terms of Capi-'tulation; angry to find that Tottleben had concluded without 'him; and, in fact, flew into open rage at the arrangements 'Tottleben had made for himself and for others. "No admit-'tance, except on order from his Excellency!" said the Russian 'Sentry to Lacy's Austrians: upon which Lacy forced the Gate, 'and violently marched in. Took lodging, to his own mind, in 'the Friedrichstadt quarter; and was fearfully truculent upon 'person and property, during his short stay. A scandal to be 'seen, how his Croats and loose hordes went openly ravening

[9] Sketch of Tottleben's Life, in *Rödenbeck*, ii. 69-72.

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'about, bent on mere housebreaking, street-robbery, and insolent 'violence. So that Tottleben had fairly to fire upon the vaga-'bonds once or twice; and force, on the unwilling Lacy, some 'coercion of them within limits. For the three days of his con-'tinuance,—it was but three days in all,—Lacy was as the evil 'genius of Berlin; Tottleben and his Russians the good. Their 'discipline was so excellent; all Cossacks and loose rabble 'strictly kept out beyond the Walls. To Bachmann, Russian 'Commandant, the Berliners, on his departure, had gratefully 'got ready a money-gift of handsome amount: "By no means," 'answered Bachmann: "your treatment was according to the 'mildness of our Sovereign Czarina. For myself, if I have 'served you in anything, the fact that for three days I have 'been Commandant of the Great Friedrich's Capital is more 'than a reward to me."

'Tottleben and Lacy, during those three days of Russian 'and Austrian joint dominion, had a stormy time of it together. "Destroy the *Lager-Haus*," said Lacy: Lager-Haus, where they 'manufacture their soldiers' uniforms; it is the parent of all 'cloth-manufacturing in Prussia; set up by Friedrich-Wilhelm, '—not on free-trade principles. "The Lager-Haus," say you? "I doubt, it is now private property; screened by our Ca-'pitulation;"—which it proves to be. "You shall blow up 'the Arsenal!" said Lacy, with vehemence and truculence. A 'noble edifice, as travellers yet know: fancy its fragments fly-'ing about among the populous streets, plunging through the 'roofs of Palaces, and great houses all round. Lacy was in-'exorable; Tottleben had to send a Russian Party (one wishes 'they had been Croats) on this sad errand. They proceeded 'to the Powder-Magazine, for explosive material, as preliminary; 'they were rash in handling the gunpowder there, which blew 'up in their hands; sent itself and all of them into the air; and 'saved the poor Arsenal: "Not powder enough now left for our 'own artillery uses," urged Tottleben.

'Saxon and Austrian Parties were in the Palaces about,—at 'Potsdam, at Charlottenburg, Schönhausen (the Queen's), at 'Friedrichsfeld (the Margraf Karl's), some of whom behaved 'well, some horribly ill. In Charlottenburg, certain Saxon

'Brühl-Dragoons, who by their conduct might have been Dra-
'goons of Attila, smashed the furnitures, the doors, cutting the
'Pictures, much maltreating the poor people; and, what was
'reckoned still more tragical, overset the poor Polignac Col-
'lection of Antiques and Classicalities; not only knocking off
'noses and arms, but beating them small, lest reparation by
'cement should be possible. Their Officers, Pirna people, look-
'ing quietly on. A scandalous proceeding thought everybody,
'friend or foe,—especially thought Friedrich; whose indigna-
'tion at this ruin of Charlottenburg came out in way of reprisal
'by and by. At Potsdam, on the other hand, Prince Ester-
'hazy, with perhaps Hungarians among his people, behaved like
'a very Prince; received from the Castellan an Attestation that
'he had scrupulously respected everything; and took, as sou-
'venir, only one Picture of little value; Prince de Ligne, who
'was under him, carrying off, still more daintily, one goose-quill,
'immortal by having been a pen of the Great Friedrich's.

'Tottleben, with no feeling other than Official tempered by
'Human, was in great contrast with Lacy, and very beneficent
'to Berlin, during the three days it lay under the *tribula*, or
'harrow of War. But the Tutelary Angel of Berlin, then and
'afterwards for weeks and months, till all scores got settled,
'was the Gotzkowsky mentioned above.' Whom we shall see again helpful at Leipzig; a man worth marking, in these tumults. 'If Tottleben was the temporal Armed King, this
'Gotzkowsky was the Spiritual King, *Papa* or Universal Father,
'armed only with charities, pieties, prayers, ever shiningly at-
'tended by self-sacrifices on Gotzkowsky's part; which averted
'woes innumerable (Lager-Haus only one of a long list); and
'which "surpassed all belief," write the Berlin Magistracy, as if
'in tears over such heroism. Truly a Prince of Merchants, this
'Gotzkowsky, not for his vast enterprises, and the mere 1,500
'workmen he employs, but for the still greater heart that dwells
'in him. Had begun as a travelling Pedlar; used to call
'at Reinsberg, with female haberdasheries exquisitely chosen
'("*gallanterie*-wares" the Germans call them), for the then
'Princess Royal; not unnoticed by Friedrich, who recognised
'the broad sense, solidity, and great thoughts of the man. Of

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'all which Friedrich has known far more since then, in various 'branches of Prussian commerce improved by Gotzkowsky's 'managements. A truly notable Gotzkowsky; became bank-'rupt at last, one is sorry to hear; and died in affliction and 'neglect,—short of the humblest wages for so much good work 'done in the world!'[10]

'Gotzkowsky's House was like a general store-room for 'everybody's preciosities; his time, means, self, were the refuge 'of all the needy. In Zorndorf time, when this Czernichef' (if readers can remember), 'who is now so supreme,—Czernichef, 'Soltikof, and others,—had nothing for it but to lodge in the 'cellars of burnt Cüstrin, Gotzkowsky, with ready money, with 'advice, with assuagement, had been their *Deus ex Machinâ:* 'and now Czernichef remembers it; and Gotzkowsky, as Papa, 'has to go with continual prayers, negotiations, counsellings, 'expedients, and be the refuge of all unjustly suffering men. 'Berlin has immensities of trade in war-furnitures: the capitals 'circulating are astonishing to Archenholtz; million on the 'back of million; no such city in Germany, for trade. The 'desire of the Three-days Lacy government is towards any 'Lager-Haus; any mass of wealth, which can be construed as 'Royal or connected with Royalty. Ephraim and Itzig, mint-'masters of that copper-coinage; rolling in foul wealth by the 'ruin of their neighbours; ought not these to bleed? Well, 'yes,—if anybody; and copiously if you like! I should have 'said so: but the generous Gotzkowsky said in his heart, "No;" 'and again pleaded and prevailed. Ephraim and Itzig, foul 'swollen creatures, were not broached at all; and their grati-'tude was, That, at a future day, Gotzkowsky's day of bank-'ruptcy, they were hardest of any on Gotzkowsky.

'Archenholtz and the Books are enthusiastically copious upon 'Gotzkowsky and his procedures; but we must be silent. This 'Anecdote only, in regard to Freedom of the Press,—to the so-'called "air we breathe, not having which we die!" Would 'modern Friends of Progress believe it? Because, in former 'stages of this War, the Berlin Newspapers have had offensive

[10] Preuss, ii. 257, &c. &c.; *Geschichte eines Patriotischen Kaufmanns* (Berlin, 1769, by Gotzkowsky himself).

'expressions (scarcely noticeable to the microscope, in our day, 'and below calculation for smallness) upon the Russian and 'Austrian Sovereigns or Peoples,—the Able Editors (there are 'only Two) shall now in person, here in the Market-place 'of Berlin, actually run the gauntlet for it,—"run the rods '(*Gassen-laufen*"), as the fashion now is;—which is worse than '*gauntlet*, not to speak of the ignominy. That is the barbaric 'Russian notion: "Who are you, ill-informed insolent persons, 'that give a loose to your tongue in that manner? Strip to the 'waistband, swift! Here is the true career opened for you: on 'each hand, one hundred sharp rods ranked waiting you; run 'your courses there,—no hurry more than you like!" The alter-'native of death, I suppose, was open to these Editors; Roman 'death at least, and martyrdom for a new Faith (Faith in the 'Loose Tongue), very sacred to the Democratic Ages now at 'hand. But nobody seems to have thought of it; Editors and 'Public took the thing as a sorrow incident to this dangerous 'Profession of the Tongue Loose (or looser than usual); which 'nobody yet knew to be divine. The Editors made passionate 'enough lamentation, in the stript state; one of them, with loud 'weeping, pulled off his wig, showed ice-gray hair; "I am in 'my 68th year!" But it seems nothing would have steaded 'them, had not Gotzkowsky been busy interceding. By virtue 'of whom there was pardon privately in readiness: to the ice-'gray Editor complete pardon; to the junior, quasi-complete; 'only a few switches to assert the principle, and dismissal with 'admonition.'[11]

The pleasant part of the fact is, that Gotzkowsky's powerful intercessions were thenceforth no farther needed. The same day, Saturday, October 11th, a few hours after this of the *Gassen-laufen*, news arrived full gallop: "The King is coming!" After which it was beautiful to see how all things got to the gallop; and in a no-time Berlin was itself again. That same evening,

[11] *Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 103-148; Rödenbeck, ii. 41-54; Archenholtz, ii. 130-147; Preuss, *ubi suprà*; &c. &c.

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Saturday, Lacy took the road, with extraordinary velocity, towards Torgau Country, where the Reichsfolk, in Hülsen's absence, are supreme; and, the second evening after, was got 60 miles thitherward. His joint dominion had been of Two days. On the morning of Sunday 12th, went Tottleben, who had businesses, settlements of ransom and the like, before marching. Tottleben, too, made uncommon despatch; marched, as did all these invasive Russians, at the rate of thirty miles a day; their Main Army likewise moving off from Frankfurt to a safer distance. Friedrich was still five marches off; but there seemed not a moment to lose.

The Russian spoilings during the retreat were more horrible than ever: "The gallows gaping for us; and only this one opportunity, if even this!" thought the agitated Cossack to himself. Our poor friend Nüssler had a sad tale to tell of them;[12] as who had not? Terror and murder, incendiary fire and other worse unnameable abominations of the Pit. One old Half-pay gentleman, whom I somewhat respect, desperately barricaded himself, amid his domestics and tenantries, Wife and Daughters assisting: "Human Russian Officers can enter here; Cossacks no, but shall kill us first. Not a Cossack till all of us are lying dead!"[13] And kept his word; the human Russians owning it to be proper.

In Guben Country, 'at Gross-Muckro, October 15th,' the day after passing Guben, Friedrich first heard for certain, That the Russians had been in Berlin, and also that they were gone, and that all was over. He made two marches farther,—not now direct for Berlin, but

[12] In Büsching, *Beytrage*, i. 400, 401, account of their sacking of Nüssler's pleasant home and estate, 'Weissensee, near Berlin.'

[13] Archenholtz, ii. 150.

direct for Saxony *and* it;—to Lübben, 50 or 60 miles straight south of Berlin; and halted there some days, to adjust himself for a new sequel. "These are the "things," exclaims he, sorrowfully, to D'Argens, "which "I have been in dread of since Winter last; this is what "gave the dismal tone to my Letters to you. It has "required not less than all my philosophy to endure "the reverses, the provocations, the outrages, and the "whole scene of atrocious things that have come to "pass."[14] Friedrich's grief about Berlin we need not paint; though there were murmurs afterwards, "Why did not he start sooner?" which he could not, in strict reason, though aware that these savageries were on march. He had hoped the Eugen-Hülsen appliances, even should all else fail, might keep them at bay. And indeed, in regard to these latter, it turned only on a hair. Montalembert calculating, vows, on his oath, "Can assure you, M. l'Ambassadeur, *puis bien vous* "*assurer comme si j'étais devant Dieu*, as if I stood "before God,"[15] that, from first to last, it was my doing; that, but for me, at the very last, the Russians, on sight of Hülsen and Eugen, and no Lacy come, would have marched away!

Friedrich's orderings and adjustings, dated Lübben, where his Army rested after this news from Berlin, were manifold; and a good deal still of wrecks from the Berlin Business fell to his share. For instance, one thing he had at once ordered: "Your Bill of a Million-and-half to the Russians, don't pay it, or any part of it! When Bamberg was ransomed, Spring gone a year,—Reich and Kaiser, did they respect our Bill we had on Bamberg? Did not they cancel it, and flatly refuse?" Friedrich is positive on the point,

[14] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 199: '22d Oct.' [15] Montalembert, ii. 108.

17th Oct. 1760.

"Reprisal our clear remedy!" But Berlin itself was in alarm, for perhaps another Russian visit; Berlin and Gotzkowsky were humbly positive the other way. Upon which a visit of Gotzkowsky to the Royal Camp: "Merchants' Bills are a sacred thing, Your Majesty!" urged Gotzkowsky. Who, in his zeal for the matter, undertook dangerous visits to the Russian Quarters, and a great deal of trouble, peril and expense, during the weeks following. Magnanimous Gotzkowsky, 'in 'mere bribes to the Russian Officials, spent about '6,000*l.* of his own,' for one item. But he had at length convinced his Majesty that Merchants' Bills were a sacred thing, in spite of Bamberg and desecrative individualities; and that this Million-and-half must be paid. Friedrich was struck with Gotzkowsky and his view of the facts. Friedrich, from his own distressed funds, handed to Gotzkowsky the necessary Million-and-half, commanding only profound silence about it; and to Gotzkowsky himself a present of 150,000 thalers (20,000*l.* odd);[16] and so the matter did at last end.

It had been a costly business to Berlin, and to the King, and to the poor harried Country. To Berlin, bombardment of ten hours; alarm of discursive siege-work in the environs for five days; foreign yoke for three days; lost money to the amounts above stated; what loss in wounds to body or to peace of mind, or whether any loss that way, nobody has counted. The Berlin people rose to a more than Roman height of temper, testifies D'Argens;[17] so that perhaps it was a gain. The King's Magazines and War-furnitures about Berlin are wasted utterly,—Arsenal itself not blown

[16] Archenholtz, ii. 146.

[17] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 195-199: 'D'Argens to the King: Berlin, 19th October 1760,'—an interesting Letter of details.

up, we well know why ;—and much Hunnish ruin in Charlottenburg, with damage to Antiques,—for which latter clause there shall, in a few months, be reprisal, if it please the Powers!

Of all this, Montalembert declares, "Before God, that he, Montalembert, is and was the mainspring." And indeed, Tempelhof, without censure of Montalembert and his vocation, but accurately computing time and circumstance, comes to the same conclusion;—as thus: '*October* 8*th*, seeing no Lacy come, Czernichef, 'had it not been for Montalembert's eloquence, had 'fixed for returning to Cöpenik: whom cautious Lacy 'would have been obliged to imitate. Suppose Czer-'nichef had, *October* 9*th*, got to Cöpenik,—Eugen and 'Hülsen remain at Berlin; Czernichef could not have 'got back thither before the 11th; on the 11th was 'news of Friedrich's coming; which set all on gallop 'to the right about.'[18] So that really, before God, it seems Montalembert must have the merit of this fine achievement:—the one fruit, so far as I can discover, of his really excellent reasonings, eloquences, patiences, sown broadcast, four or five long years, on such a field as fine human talent never had before. I declare to you, M. l'Ambassadeur, this excellent vulture-swoop on Berlin, and burning or reburning of the Peasantry of the Mark, is due solely to one poor zealous gentleman!—

What was next to follow out of *this*,—in Torgau neighbourhood, where Daun now stands expectant,—poor M. de Montalembert was far from anticipating; and will be in no haste to claim the merit of before God or man.

[18] Tempelhof, iv. 277.

CHAPTER V.

BATTLE OF TORGAU.

AFTER Hülsen's fine explosion on the Dürrenberg, August 20th, on the incompetent Reichs Generals, there had followed nothing eminent; new futilities, attemptings and desistings, advancings and recoilings, on the part of the Reich; Hülsen solidly maintaining himself, in defence of his Torgau Magazine and Saxon interests in those regions, against such overwhelming odds, till relief and reinforcement for them and him should arrive; and gaining time, which was all he could aim at in such circumstances. Had the Torgau Magazine been bigger, perhaps Hülsen might have sat there to the end. But having solidly eaten out said Magazine, what could Hülsen do but again move rearward?[1] Above all, on the alarm from Berlin, which called him off double-quick, things had to go their old road in that quarter. Weak Torgau was taken, weak Wittenberg besieged. Leipzig, Torgau, Wittenberg, all that Country, by the time the Russians left Berlin, was again the Reich's. Eugen and Hülsen, hastening for relief of Wittenberg, the instant Berlin was free, found Wittenberg a heap of ruins, out of which the Prussian garrison, very hunger urging, had issued the day before, as prisoners of war. Nothing more to be done by Eugen, but take post, within reach of Magdeburg and victual, and wait new Order from the King.

[1] *Hofbericht von dem Rückzug des General-Lieutenants von Hülsen aus dem Lager bey Torgau* (in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 755-784).

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The King is very unquestionably coming on; leaves Lübben thitherward October 20th.[2] With full fixity of purpose as usual; but with as gloomy an outlook as ever before. Daun, we said, is now arrived in those parts: Daun and the Reich together are near 100,000; Daun some 60,000,—Loudon having stayed behind, and gone southward, for a stroke on Kosel (if Goltz will permit, which he won't at all!),—and the Reich 35,000. Saxony is all theirs; cannot they maintain Saxony? Not a Town or a Magazine now belongs to Friedrich there, and he is in number as 1 to 2. "Maintain Saxony; indisputably you can!" that is the express Vienna Order, as Friedrich happens to know. The Russians themselves have taken Camp again, and wait visibly, about Landsberg and the Warta Country, till they see Daun certain of executing said Order; upon which they intend, they also, to winter in those Elbe Prussian parts, and conjointly to crush Friedrich into great confinement indeed. Friedrich is aware of this Vienna Order; which is a kind of comfort in the circumstances. The intentions of the hungry Russians, too, are legible to Friedrich; and he is much resolved that said Order shall be impossible to Daun. "Were it to be possible, we are landless. Where are our recruits, our magazines, our resources for a new Campaign? We may as well die, as suffer that to be possible!" Such is Friedrich's fixed view. He says to D'Argens:

"You, as a follower of Epicurus, put a value on "life; as for me, I regard death from the Stoic point of "view. Never shall I see the moment that forces me "to make a disadvantageous Peace; no persuasion, no

[2] Rödenbeck, ii. 35: in *Anonymous of Hamburg* (iv. 241-245) Friedrich's Two Marches, towards and from Berlin (7th-17th October, to Lübben; thence, 20th October—3d November, to Torgau).

" eloquence, shall ever induce me to sign my dishonour. " Either I will bury myself under the ruins of my " Country, or if that consolation appears too sweet to " the Destiny that persecutes me, I shall know how to " put an end to my misfortunes when it is impossible " to bear them any longer. I have acted, and continue " to act, according to that interior voice of conscience " and of honour which directs all my steps: my conduct " shall be, in every time, conformable to those principles. " After having sacrificed my youth to my Father, my " ripe years to my Country, I think I have acquired the " right to dispose of my old age. I have told you, and " I repeat it, Never shall my hand sign a humiliating " Peace. Finish this Campaign I certainly will, resolved " to dare all, and to try the most desperate things either " to succeed or to find a glorious end (*fin glorieuse*)."[3]

Friedrich had marched from Lübben, after three-days settling of affairs, *October 20th;* arrived at Jessen, on the Elbe, within wind of Wittenberg, in two days more. 'He formed a small magazine at Düben,' says Archenholtz; 'and was of a velocity, a sharpness,'—like lightning, in a manner! Friedrich is uncommonly dangerous when crushed into a corner, in this way; and Daun knows that he is. Friedrich's manœuverings upon Daun—all readers can anticipate the general type of them. The studious military reader, if England boasts any such, will find punctual detail of them in *Tempelhof* and the German Books. For our poor objects, here is a Summary which may suffice:

From Lübben, having winded up these bad businesses,—and reinforced Goltz, at Glogau, to a 20,000 for Silesia's sake, to look towards Kosel and Loudon's attempts there,—Friedrich gathered

[3] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 202 ('Kemberg, 28th October 1760,' a week and a day before Torgau).

himself into proper concentration; and with all the strength now left to him, pushed forward (20th October) towards Wittenberg, and recovery of those lost Saxon Countries. To Wittenberg from Lübben is some 60 miles;—can be done, nearly, in a couple of days. With the King, after Goltz is furnished, there are about 30,000; Eugen and Hülsen, not idle for their own part, wait in those far Western or Ultra-Wittenberg regions (in and beyond Dessau Country), to join him with their 14,000, when they get signal. Joined with these, he will be 44,000; he will then cross Elbe somewhere, probably not where Daun and the Reich imagine, and be in contact with his Problem; with what a pitch of willingness nobody need be told! Daun, in Torgau Country, has one of the best positions; nor is Daun a man for getting flurried.

The poor Reichs Army, though it once flattered itself with intending to dispute Friedrich's passage of the Elbe, and did make some detachings and manœuverings that way, on his approach to Wittenberg (October 22d-23d),—took a safer view, on his actual arrival there, on his re-seizure of that ruined place, and dangerous attitude on the right bank below and above. Safer view, on salutary second thoughts;—and fell back Leipzig-way, southward to Düben, 30 or 40 miles. Whence rapidly to Leipzig itself, 30 or 40 more, on his actually putting down his bridges over Elbe. Friedrich's crossing-place was Schanzhaus, in Dessau Country, between Roslau and Klikau, 12 or 15 miles below Wittenberg; about midway between Wittenberg and the inflow of the Mulda into Elbe.* He crossed, *October 26th*, no enemy within wind at all; Daun at Torgau in his inexpugnable Camp, Reichsfolk at Düben, making towards Leipzig at their best pace. And is now wholly between Elbe and Mulda; nothing but Mulda and the Anhalt Countries and the Halle Country now to rear of him.

At Jonitz, next march southward, he finds the Eugen-Hülsen people ready. We said they had not been idle while waiting signal: of which here is one pretty instance. Eugen's Brother, supreme Reigning Duke of Würtemberg,—whom we parted with at Fulda, last Winter, on sore terms; but who again, zealous

* Map at p. 130 *a*.

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creature, heads his own little Army in French-Austrian service, in still more eclipsed circumstances ("No subsidy at all, this Year, say your august Majesties? Well, I must do without: a volunteer; and shall need only what I can make by forced contributions!" which of course he is diligent to levy wherever possible),—has latterly taken Halle Country in hand, very busy raising contributions there: and Eugen hears, not without interest, that certain regiments or detachments of his, pushed out, are lying here, there, superintending that salutary work,—within clutch, perhaps, of Kleist the Hussar! Eugen despatches Kleist upon him; who pounces with his usual fierce felicity upon these people. To such alarm of his poor Serenity and poor Army, that Serenity flies off homeward at once, and out of these Wars altogether; where he never had other than the reverse of business to be, and where he has played such a farce-tragedy for four years back. Eugen has been heard to speak,—theoretically, and in excited moments,—of "running such a fellow through the body, were one near him:" but it is actually Eugen in person that sends him home from these Wars: which may be counted a not unfraternal or unpatriotic procedure; being of indisputable benefit to the poor Sovereign man himself, and to everybody concerned with him.

Hearing that Friedrich was across, Daun came westward that same day (October 26th), and planted himself at Eilenburg; concluding that the Reichsfolk would now be in jeopardy first of all. Which was partly the fact; and indeed this Daun movement rather accelerated the completion of it. Without this the Reichs Army might have lived another day. It had quitted Düben (which is well ahead of Eilenburg), and gone for Leipzig, at 1 in the morning, so soon as news could reach it, at the gallop, That Friedrich was across. And now Friedrich, seeing Daun out in this manner, judged that a junction was contemplated; and that one could not be too swift in preventing it. October 29th, with one diligent march, Friedrich posted himself at Düben; there, between Daun and the Reichsfolk, detached Hülsen with a considerable force to visit these latter in Leipzig itself; and began with all diligence forming 'a small Magazine in Düben,' Magdeburg and the current of the Elbe being hitherto

his only resource in that kind. By the time of Hülsen's return, this little operation will be well forward, and Daun will have declared himself a little.

Hülsen, evening of October 30th, found Leipzig in considerable emotion, the Reichsfolk taking refuge in it: not the least inclined to stand a push, when Hülsen presented himself. Night of 30th-31st, there was summoning and menacing; Reich endeavouring to answer in firm style; but all the while industriously packing up to go. By 5 in the morning, things had come to extremity;—morning, happily for some of us, was dark mist. But about 5 o'clock, Hülsen (or Hülsen's Second) coming on with menace of fire and sword upon these poor Reichspeople, found the Reichspeople wholly vanished in the mist. Gone bodily; in full march for the spurs of the Metal-Mountain Range again;—concluding, for the fourth time, an extremely contemptible Campaign. Daun, with the King ahead of him, made not the least attempt to help them in their Leipzig difficulty; but retired to his strong Camp at Torgau; feels his work to lie *there*,—as Friedrich perceives of him, with some interest.

Hülsen left a little garrison in Leipzig (friend Quintus a part of it);[4] and returned to the King; whose small Magazine at Düben, and other small affairs there,—Magdeburg with boats, and the King with wagons, having been so diligent in carrying grain thither,—are now about completed. From Daun's returning to Torgau, Friedrich infers that the cautious man has got Order from Court to maintain Torgau at all costs,—to risk a battle rather than go. "Good: he shall have one!" thinks Friedrich. And, *November* 2*d*, in four columns, marches towards Torgau; to Schilda, that night, which is some seven miles on the southward side of Torgau. The King, himself in the vanguard as usual, has watched with eager questioning eye the courses of Daun's advanced parties, and by what routes

[4] Tempelhof, iv. 290.

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they retreat; discerns for certain that Daun has no views upon Düben or our little Magazine; and that the tug of wrestle for Torgau, which is to crown this Campaign into conquest of Saxony, or shatter it into zero like its foregoers on the Austrian part, and will be of death-or-life nature on the Prussian part, ought to ensue to-morrow. Forward, then!

This Camp of Torgau is not a new place to Daun. It was Prince Henri's Camp, last Autumn; where Daun tried all his efforts to no purpose; and though hugely outnumbering the Prince, could make absolutely nothing of it. Nothing, or less; and was flowing back to Dresden and the Bohemian Frontier, uncheered by anything, till that comfortable Maxen Incident turned up. Daun well knows the strength of this position. Torgau and the Block of Hill to West, called Hill of Siptitz:—Hülsen, too, stood here this Summer; not to mention Finck and Wunsch, and their beating the Reichspeople here. A Hill and Post of great strength; not unfamiliar to many Prussians, nor to Friedrich's studious considerations, though his knowledge of it was not personal on all points;—as Tomorrow taught him, somewhat to his cost.

'Tourists, from Weimar and the Thüringian Countries,' says a Notebook, sometimes useful to us, 'have most likely omitted 'Rossbach, in their screaming railway flight eastward; and 'done little in Leipzig but endeavour to eat dinner, and, still 'more vainly, to snatch a little sleep in the inhuman dormi-'tories of the Country. Next morning, screaming Dresden-'ward, they might, especially if military, pause at Oschatz, a 'stage or two before Meissen, where again are objects of inte-'rest. You can look at Hubertsburg, if given that way,—a 'Royal Schloss, memorable on several grounds;—at Huberts-

'burg, and at other features, in the neighbourhood of Oschatz. 'This done, or this left not done, you strike off leftward, that is 'northward, in some open vehicle, for survey of Torgau and its 'vicinities and environs. Not above fifteen miles for you; a 'drive singular and pleasant; time enough to return and be in 'Dresden for dinner.

'Torgau is a fine solid old Town; Prussian military now 'abundant in it. In ancient Heathen times, I suppose, it meant 'the *Gau*, or District, of *Thor;* Capital of that Gau,—part of 'which, now under Christian or quasi-Christian circumstances, 'you have just been traversing, with Elbe on your right hand. 'Innocent rural aspects of Humanity, Boor's life, Gentry's life, 'all the way, not in any holiday equipment; on the contrary, 'somewhat unkempt and scraggy, but all the more honest and 'inoffensive. There is sky, earth, air, and freedom for your 'own reflexions: a really agreeable kind of Gau; pleasant, 'though in part ugly. Large tracts of it are pine-wood, with 'pleasant Villages and fine arable expanses interspersed. Schilda 'and many Villages you leave to right and left. Old-fashioned 'Villages, with their village industries visible around; labour-'ing each in its kind,—not too fast; probably with extinct 'tobacco-pipe hanging over its chin (*kalt-rauchend*, "smoking '*cold*," as they phrase it).

'Schilda has an absurd celebrity among the Germans: it is 'the Gotham of Teutschland; a fountain of old broad-grins, 'and homely and hearty rustic banter; welling up from the 'serious extinct Ages to our own day; "*Schilt*bürger" (Inha-'bitant of *Schilda*) meaning still, among all the Teutsch popu-'lations, a man of calmly obstinate whims and delusions, of 'notions altogether contrary to fact, and agreeable to himself 'only; resolutely pushing his way through life on those terms: 'amid horse-laughter, naturally, and general wagging of beards 'from surrounding mankind. Extinct mirth, not to be growled 'at or despised, in Ages running to the shallow, which have lost 'their mirth, and become all one snigger of mock-mirth. For it 'is observable, the more solemn is your background of *dark*, the 'brighter is the play of all human genialities and coruscations 'on it,—of genial mirth especially, in the hour for mirth. Who

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'the *Doctor Bordel* of Schilda was, I do not know: but they 'have had their Bordel, as Gotham had;—probably various Bor- 'dels; industrious to pick up those Spiritual fruits of the earth. 'For the records are still abundant and current; fully more alive 'than those of Gotham here are.—And yonder, then, is actu- 'ally Schilda of the absurd fame. A small, cheerful-looking 'human Village, in its Island among the Woods; you see it 'lying to the left:—a clean brick-slate congeries, with faint 'smoke-canopy hanging over it, indicating frugal dinner-kettles 'on the simmer;—and you remember kindly those good old grin- 'nings, over good *Schiltbürger*, good *Wise Men of Gotham*, and 'their learned Chroniclers, and unlearned Peasant Producers, 'who have contributed a wrinkle of human Fun to the earnest 'face of Life.

'After Schilda, and before, you traverse long tracts of Pine 'Forest, all under forest management; with long straight stretches 'of sandy road (one of which is your own), straight like red 'tape-strings, intersecting the wide solitudes: dangerous to 'your topographies,—for the finger-posts are not always there, 'and human advice you can get none. Nothing but the stripe 'of blue sky overhead, and the brown one of tape (or sand) 'under your feet: the trees poor and mean for most part, but 'so innumerable, and all so silent, watching you all like mute 'witnesses, mutely whispering together; no voice but their com- 'bined whisper or big forest *sough* audible to you in the world: '—on the whole, your solitary ride there proves, unexpectedly, a 'singular deliverance from the mad railway, and its iron bed- 'lamisms and shrieking discords and precipitances; and is sooth- 'ing, and pensively welcome, though sad enough, and in outward 'features ugly enough. No wild boars are now in these woods, 'no chance of a wolf:'—what concerns us more is, that Fried- rich's columns, on the 3d of November, had to march-up through these long lanes, or tape-stripes of the Torgau Forest; and that one important column, one or more, took the wrong turn at some point, and was dangerously wanting at the expected moment!—

'Torgau itself stands near Elbe; on the shoulder, eastern or 'Elbe-ward shoulder, of a big mass of Knoll, or broad Height, 'called of Siptitz, the main Eminence of the Gau. Shoulder,

'I called it, of this Height of Siptitz; but more properly it is 'on a continuation, or lower ulterior height dipping into Elbe 'itself, that Torgau stands. Siptitz Height, nearly a mile from 'Elbe, drops down into a straggle of ponds; after which, on a 'second or final rise, comes Torgau dipping into Elbe. Not a 'shoulder strictly, but rather a *cheek*, with *neck* intervening;— 'neck *goitry* for that matter, or quaggy with ponds! The old 'Town stands high enough, but is enlaced on the western and 'southern side by a set of lakes and quagmires, some of which 'are still extensive and undrained. The course of the waters 'hereabouts, and of Elbe itself, has had its intricacies: close to 'north-west, Torgau is bordered, in a straggling way, by what 'they call *Old Elbe;* which is not now a fluent entity, but a 'stagnant congeries of dirty waters and morasses. The Hill of 'Siptitz abuts in that aqueous or quaggy manner; its fore feet 'being, as it were, at or in Elbe River, and its sides, to the 'South and to the North for some distance each way, consider- 'ably enveloped in ponds and boggy difficulties.

'Plenty of water all about, but I suppose mostly of bad 'quality; at least Torgau has declined drinking it, and been at 'the trouble to lay a pipe, or *Röhrgraben*, several miles long, to 'bring its culinary water from the western neighbourhoods of 'Siptitz Height. Along the southern side of Siptitz Height 'goes leisurely an uncomfortable kind of Brook, called the "*Röhrgraben* (Pipe-Ditch);" the meaning of which unexpected 'name you find to be, That there is a *Service-Pipe* laid cun- 'ningly at the bottom of this Brook; lifting the Brook at its 'pure upper springs, and sending it along, in secret tubular 'quasi-bottled condition; leaving the fouler drippings from the 'neighbourhood to make what "brook" they still can, over its 'head, and keep it out of harm's way till Torgau get it. This 'is called the *Röhrgraben*, this which comes running through 'Siptitz Village, all along by the southern base of Siptitz Hill; 'to the idle eye, a dirtyish Brook, ending in certain notable 'Ponds eastward: but to the eye of the inquiring mind, which 'has pierced deeper, a Tube of rational Water, running into 'the throats of Torgau, while the so-called Brook disembogues 'at discretion into the *Entefang* (Duck-trap), and what Ponds

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'or reedy Puddles there are,'—of which, in poor Wunsch's fine bit of fighting, last Year, we heard mention. Let readers keep mind of them.

The Hill Siptitz, with this *Röhrgraben* at the southern basis of it, makes a very main figure in the Battle now imminent. Siptitz Height is, in fact, Daun's Camp; where he stands entrenched to the utmost, repeatedly changing his position, the better to sustain Friedrich's expected attacks. It is a blunt broad-backed Elevation, mostly in vineyard, perhaps on the average 200 feet above the general level, and of five or six square miles in area: length, east to west, from Grosswig neighbourhood to the environs of Torgau, may be about three miles; breadth, south to north, from the Siptitz to the Zinna neighbourhoods, above half that distance. The Height is steepish on the southern side, all along to the south-west angle (which was Daun's left flank in the great Action coming), but swells up with easier ascent on the west, north and other sides. Let the reader try for some conception of its environment and it, as the floor or arena of a great transaction this day.

Daun stands fronting southward along these Siptitz Heights, looking towards Schilda and his dangerous neighbour; heights, woods, ponds, and inaccessibilities, environing his Position and him. One of the strongest positions imaginable; which, under Prince Henri, proved inexpugnable enough to some of us. A position not to be attacked on that southern front, nor on either of its flanks:—where can it be attacked? Impregnable, under Prince Henri in far inferior force: how will you take it from Daun in decidedly superior? A position not to be attacked at all, most military men would say;—though One military man, in his extreme necessity, must and will find a way into it.

One fault, the unique military man, intensely pondering, discovers that it has: it is too small for Daun; not area enough for manœuvering 65,000 men in it; who will get into confusion if properly dealt with. A most comfortable light-flash, the *eureka* of this terrible problem. "We will attack it on rear and on front simultaneously; that is the way to handle it!" Yes; simultaneously, though that is difficult, say military judges; perhaps to Prussians it may be possible. It is the opinion of military judges who have studied the matter, that Friedrich's plan, could it have been perfectly executed, might have got not only victory from Daun, but was capable to fling his big Army and him pellmell upon the Elbe Bridge, that is to say, in such circumstances, into Elbe River, and swallow him bodily at a frightful rate! That fate was spared poor Daun.

Monday, 3*d November* 1760, at half-past 6 in the morning, Friedrich is on march for this great enterprise. The march goes northward, in Three Columns, with a Fourth of Baggage; through the woods, on four different roads; roads, or combinations of those intricate sandy avenues already noticed. Northward all of it, at first; but at a certain point ahead (at crossing of the Eilenburg-Torgau Road, namely), the March is to divide itself in two. Half of the force is to strike off rightward there with Ziethen, and to issue on the south side of Siptitz Hill; other half, under Friedrich himself, to continue northward, long miles farther, and then at last bending round, issue,—simultaneously with Ziethen, if possible,—upon Siptitz Hill from the north side.* We are about 44,000 strong, against Daun, who is 65,000.

* See Map and Plan at p. 130 *a*.

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Simultaneously with Ziethen, so far as humanly possible: that is the essential point! Friedrich has taken every pains that it shall be correct, in this and all points; and to take double assurance of hiding it from Daun, he yesternight, in dictating his Orders on the other heads of method, kept entirely to himself this most important Ziethen-portion of the Business. And now, at starting, he has taken Ziethen in his carriage with him a few miles, to explain the thing by word of mouth. At the Eilenburg road, or before it, Ziethen thinks he is clear as to everything; dismounts; takes in hand the mass intrusted to him; and strikes off by that rightward course: "Rightward, Herr Ziethen; rightward till you get to Klitschen, your first considerable island in this sea of wood; at Klitschen strike to the left into the woods again,—your road is called the Butter-Strasse (*Butter Street*); goes by the north-west side of Siptitz Height; reach Siptitz by the Butter Street, and then do your endeavour!"

With the other Half of his Army, specially with the First Column of it, Friedrich proceeds northward on his own part of the adventure. Three Columns he has, besides the Baggage one: in number about equal to Ziethen's; if perhaps otherwise, rather the chosen Half; about 8,000 grenadier and footguard people, with Kleist's Hussars, are Friedrich's own Column. Friedrich's Column marches nearest the Daun positions; the Baggage-column farthest; and that latter is to halt, under escort, quite away to left or westward of the disturbance coming; the other Two Columns, Hülsen's of foot, Holstein's mostly of horse, go through intermediate tracks of wood, by roads more or less parallel; and are all, Friedrich's own Column, still more the others, to leave Siptitz several miles to right, and to end, not *at* Siptitz Height, but

several miles past it, and then wheeling round, begin business from the northward or rearward side of Daun, while Ziethen attacks or menaces his front,—simultaneously, if possible. Friedrich's march, hidden all by woods, is more than twice as far as Ziethen's,—some 14 or 15 miles in all; going straight northward 10 miles; thence bending eastward, then southward through woods; to emerge about Neiden, there to cross a Brook (Striebach), and strike home on the north side of Daun. The track of march is in the shape somewhat of a shepherd's crook; the long *handle* of it, well away from Siptitz, reaches up to Neiden, this is the straight or wooden part of said crook; after which comes the bent, catching, or iron part,—intended for Daun and his fierce flock. Ziethen has hardly above six miles; and ought to be deliberate in his woodlands, till the King's party have time to get round.

The morning, I find, is wet; fourteen miles of march: fancy such a Promenade through the dripping Woods; heavy, toilsome, and with such errand ahead! The delays were considerable; some of them accidental. Vigilant Daun has Detachments watching in these Woods:—a General Ried, who fires cannon and gets off: then a General St. Ignon and the St. Ignon Regiment of Dragoons; who, being *between* Column First and Column Second, cannot get away; but, after some industry by Kleist and those of Column Two, are caught and pocketed, St. Ignon himself prisoner among the rest. This delay may perhaps be considered profitable: but there were other delays absolutely without profit. For example, that of having difficulties with your artillery-wagons in the wet miry lanes; that of missing your road, at some turn in the solitary woods,—which latter was the sad chance of Column Third, fatally delaying it for many hours.

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Daun, learning by those returned parties from the Woods what the Royal intentions on him are, hastily whirls himself round, so as to front north, and there receive Friedrich: best line northward for Friedrich's behoof; rear line or second-best will now receive Ziethen or what may come. Daun's arrangements are admitted to be prompt and excellent. Lacy, with his 20,000,—who lay, while Friedrich's attack was expected from south, at Loswig, as advanced guard, east side of the *Grosse Teich* (supreme pond of all, which is a continuation of the Duck-trap, *Entefang*, and hangs like a chief goitre on the goitry neck of Torgau),—Lacy is now to draw himself north and westward, and looking into the Entefang over his left shoulder (so to speak), be rearguard against any Ziethen or Prussian party that may come. Daun's baggage is all across the Elbe, all in wagons since yesterday; three Bridges hanging for Daun and it, in case of adverse accident. Daun likewise brings all or nearly all his cannon to the new front, for Friedrich's behoof: 200 new pieces hither; Archenholtz says 400 in whole; certainly such a weight of artillery as never appeared in Battle before. Unless Friedrich's arrangements prove punctual, and his stroke be emphatic, Friedrich may happen to fare badly.

On the latter point, of emphasis, there is no dubiety for Friedrich: but on the former,—things are already past doubt, the wrong way! For the last hour or so of Friedrich's march, there has been continual storm of cannonade and musketry audible from Ziethen's side:—"Ziethen engaged!" thinks everybody; and quickens step here, under this marching music from the distance. Which is but a wrong reading or mistake, nothing more; the real phenomenon being as follows: Ziethen punctually got to Klitschen at the due hour; struck into the

Butter Strasse, calculating his paces; but, on the edge of the Wood, found a small Austrian party, like those in Friedrich's route; and, pushing into it, the Austrian party replied with cannon before running. Whereupon Ziethen, not knowing how inconsiderable it was, drew out in battle-order; gave it a salvo or two; drove it back on Lacy, in the Duck-trap direction,—a long way east of Butter Street, and Ziethen's real place;—unlucky that he followed it so far! Ziethen followed it; and got into some languid dispute with Lacy: dispute quite distant, languid, on both sides, and consisting mainly of cannon; but lasting in this way many precious hours. This is the phenomenon which friends in the distance read to be, "Ziethen engaged!" Engaged, yes, and alas with what? What Ziethen's degree of blame was, I do not know. Friedrich thought it considerable:—"Stupid, stupid, *mein lieber!*" which Ziethen never would admit; —and, beyond question, it was of high detriment to Friedrich this day. Such accidents, say military men, are inherent, not to be avoided, in that double form of attack: which may be true, only that Friedrich had no choice left of forms just now.

About noon, Friedrich's Vanguard (Kleist and Hussars), about 1 o'clock Friedrich himself, 7 or 8,000 Grenadiers, emerged from the Woods about Neiden. This Column, which consists of choice troops, is to be Front-line of the Attack. But there is yet no Second Column under Hülsen, still less any Third under Holstein, come in sight: and Ziethen's cannonade is but too audible. Friedrich halts; sends Adjutants to hurry on these Columns;—and rides out reconnoitering, questioning peasants; earnestly surveying Daun's ground and his own. Daun's now right wing well eastward about

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Zinna, had been Friedrich's intended point of attack; but the ground, out there, proves broken by boggy brooks and remnant stagnancies of the Old Elbe: Friedrich finds he must return into the Wood again; and attack Daun's left. Daun's left is carefully drawn down *en potence*, or gallows-shape there; and has, within the Wood, carefully built by Prince Henri last year, an extensive Abatis, or complete western wall,—only the north part of which is perhaps now passable, the Austrians having in the cold time used a good deal of it as firewood lately. There, on the north-west corner of Daun, across that weak part of the Abatis, must Friedrich's attack lie. But Friedrich's Columns are still fatally behind,—Holstein, with all the cavalry we have, so precious at present, is wandering by wrong paths; took the wrong turn at some point, and the Adjutant can hardly find him at all, with his precept of "Haste, Haste!"

We may figure Friedrich's humour under these ill omens. Ziethen's cannonade becomes louder and louder; which Friedrich naturally fancies to be death or life to him,—not to mean almost nothing, as it did. "*Mein* "*Gott*, Ziethen is in action, and I have not my Infantry "up!"[5] cried he. And at length decided to attack as he was: Grenadiers in front, the chosen of his Infantry; Ramin's Brigade for second line; and, except about 800 of Kleist, no Cavalry at all. His battalions march out from Neiden hand, through difficult brooks, Streibach and the like, by bridges of Austrian build, which the Austrians are obliged to quit in hurry. The Prussians are as yet perpendicular to Daun, but will wheel rightward, into the Domitsch Wood again; and then form,—parallel to Daun's north-west shoulder; and to Prince Henri's Abatis, which will be their first ob-

[5] Tempelhof, iv. 303.

stacle in charging. Their obstacles in forming were many and intricate; ground so difficult, for artillery especially: seldom was seen such expertness, such willingness of mind. And seldom lay ahead of men such obstacles *after* forming! Think only of one fact: Daun, on sight of their intention, has opened 400 pieces of artillery on them, and these go raging and thundering into the hem of the Wood, and to whatever issues from it, now and for hours to come, at a rate of deafening uproar and of sheer deadliness, which no observer can find words for.

Archenholtz, a very young officer of fifteen, who came into it perhaps an hour hence, describes it as a thing surpassable only by Doomsday: clangorous rage of noise risen to the infinite; the boughs of the trees raining down on you, with horrid crash; the Forest, with its echoes, bellowing far and near, and reverberating in universal deathpeal; comparable to the Trump of Doom. Friedrich himself, who is an old hand, said to those about him: "What an infernal fire (*höllisches "Feuer*)! Did you ever hear such a cannonade before? "I never."[6] Friedrich is between the Two Lines of his Grenadiers, which is his place during the attack: the first Line of Grenadiers, behind Prince Henri's Abatis, is within 800 yards of Daun; Ramin's Brigade is to rear of the Second Line, as a Reserve. Horse they have none, except the 800 Kleist Hussars; who stand to the left, outside the Wood, fronted by Austrian Horse in hopeless multitude. Artillery they have, in effect, none: their Batteries, hardly to be got across these last woody difficulties of trees growing and trees felled, did rank outside the Wood, on their left; but could do absolutely nothing (gun-carriages and gunners, officers and men,

[6] Tempelhof, iv. 304; Archenholtz, ii. 164.

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being alike blown away); and when Tempelhof saw them afterwards, they never had been fired at all. The Grenadiers have their muskets, and their hearts and their right-hands.

With amazing intrepidity, they, being at length all ready in rank within 800 yards, rush into the throat of this Fire-volcano; in the way commanded,—which is the alone way: such a problem as human bravery seldom had. The Grenadiers plunge forward upon the throat of Daun; but it is into the throat of his iron engines and his tearing billows of cannon-shot that most of them go. Shorn down by the company, by the regiment, in those terrible 800 yards,—then and afterwards. Regiment *Stutterheim* was nearly all killed and wounded, say the Books. You would fancy it was the fewest of them that ever got to the length of selling their lives to Daun, instead of giving them away to his 400 cannon. But it is not so. The Grenadiers, both Lines of them, still in quantity, did get into contact with Daun. And sold him their lives, hand to hand, at a rate beyond example in such circumstances;—Daun having to hurry up new force in streams upon them; resolute to purchase, though the price, for a long while, rose higher and higher.

At last the 6,000 Grenadiers, being now reduced to the tenth man, had to fall back. Upon which certain Austrian Battalions rushed down in chase, counting it Victory come: but were severely admonished of that mistake; and driven back by Ramin's people, who accompanied them into their ranks, and again gave Daun a great deal of trouble before he could overpower them. This is Attack First, issuing in failure first: one of the stiffest bits of fighting ever known. Began about 2 in the afternoon; ended, I should guess, rather after 3.

Daun, by this time, is in considerable disorder of line; though his 400 fire-throats continue belching ruin, and deafening the world, without[9] abatement. Daun himself had got wounded in the foot or leg during this Attack, but had no time to mind it: a most busy, strong and resolute Daun; doing his very best. Friedrich, too, was wounded,—nobody will tell me in which of these attacks;—but I think not now, at least will not speak of it now. What his feelings were, as this Grenadier Attack went on,—a struggle so unequal, but not to be helped, from the delays that had risen,—nobody, himself least of all, records for us: only by this little symptom: Two Grandsons of the Old Dessauer's are Adjutants of his Majesty, and well loved by him; one of them now at his hand, the other heading his regiment in this charge of Grenadiers. Word comes to Friedrich that this latter one is shot dead. On which, Friedrich, turning to the Brother, and not hiding his emotion as was usual in such moments, said: "All goes ill today; "my friends are quitting me. I have just heard that "your Brother is killed (*Tout va mal aujourd'hui; "mes amis me quittent. On vient de m'annoncer la mort "de votre frère*)!"[7] Words which the Anhalt kindred, and the Prussian military public, treasured up with a reverence strange to us. Of Anhalt perhaps some word by and by, at a fitter season.

Shortly after 3, as I reckon the time, Hülsen's Column did arrive: choice troops these too, the Pomeranian *Manteuffel*, one regiment of them;—young Archenholtz of *Forcade* (first Battalion here, second and third are with Ziethen, making vain noise) was in this Column; came, with the others, winding to the Wood's edge, in such circuits, poor young soul; rain pouring,

[7] Preuss, ii. 226.

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if that had been worth notice; cannon-balls plunging, boughs crashing, such a *Todes-Posaune*, or Doomsday-Thunder, broken loose:—they did emerge steadily, nevertheless, he says, 'like sea-billows or flow of tide, under the smoky hurricane.' Pretty men are here too, Manteuffel Pommerners; no hearts stouter. With these, and the indignant Remnants which waited for them, a new assault upon Daun is set about. And bursts out, on that same north-west corner of him; say about half-past 3. The rain is now done, 'blown away by the tremendous artillery,' thinks Archenholtz, if that were any matter.

The Attack, supported by a few more Horse (though Column Three still fatally lingers), and, I should hope, by some practicable weight of Field-batteries, is spurred by a grimmer kind of indignation, and is of fiercer spirit than ever. Think how Manteuffel of Foot will blaze out; and what is the humour of those once-overwhelmed Remnants, now getting air again! Daun's line is actually broken in this point, his artillery surmounted and become useless; Daun's potence and north front are reeling backwards, Prussians in possession of their ground. "The field to be ours!" thinks Friedrich, for some time. If indeed Ziethen had been seriously busy on the southern side of things, instead of vaguely cannonading in that manner! But resolute Daun, with promptitude, calls in his Reserve from Grosswig, calls in whatsoever of disposable force he can gather; Daun rallies, rushes again on the Prussians in overpowering number; and, in spite of their most desperate resistance, drives them back, ever back; and recovers his ground.

A very desperate bout, this Second one; probably the toughest of the Battle: but the result again is

Daun's; the Prussians palpably obliged to draw back. Friedrich himself got wounded here;—poor young Archenholtz too, *only* wounded, not killed, as so many were:—Friedrich's wound was a contusion on the breast; came of some spent bit of case-shot, deadened farther by a famed pelisse he wore,—"which saved my life," he said afterwards to Henri. The King himself little regarded it (mentioning it only to Brother Henri, on inquiry and solicitation), during the few weeks it still hung about him. The Books intimate that it struck him to the earth, void of consciousness for some time, to the terror of those about him; and that he started up, disregarding it altogether in this press of business, and almost as if ashamed of himself, which imposed silence on people's tongues. In military circles there is still, on this latter point, an Anecdote; which I cannot confirm or deny, but will give for the sake of Berenhorst and his famed Book on the *Art of War*. Berenhorst,—a natural son of the Old Dessauer's, and evidently enough a chip of the old block, only gone into the articulate-speaking or intellectual form,—was, for the present, an Adjutant or Aide-de-camp of Friedrich's; and at this juncture was seen bending over the swooned Friedrich, perhaps with an over-pathos or elaborate something in his expression of countenance; when Friedrich re-opened his indignant eyes: "*Was macht Er hier?*" cried Friedrich: "*Er "sammle Fuyards!* What have you to do here? Go "and gather runaways" (be of some real use, can't you)! —which unkind cut struck deep into Berenhorst, they say; and could never after be eradicated from his gloomy heart. It is certain he became Prince Henri's Adjutant soon after, and that in his *Kriegskunst*, amidst the clearest orthodox admiration, he manifests, by little touches up and down, a feeling of very fell and pallid quality

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against the King; and belongs, in a peculiarly virulent though taciturn way, to the Opposition Party. His Book, next to English Lloyd's (or perhaps superior, for Berenhorst is of much the more cultivated intellect, highly condensed too, though so discursive and far-read, were it not for the vice of perverse diabolic temper), seemed, to a humble outsider like myself, greatly the strongest-headed, most penetrating, and humanly illuminative, I had had to study on that subject. Who the weakest-headed was (perhaps *Jomini*, among the widely-circulating kind?), I will not attempt to decide, so great is the crush in that bad direction. To return.

This Second Attack is again a repulse to the indignant Friedrich; though he still persists in fierce effort to recover himself: and indeed Daun's interior, too, it appears, is all in a whirl of confusion; his losses too having been enormous:—when, see, here at length, about half-past 4, Sun now down, is the tardy Holstein, with his Cavalry, emerging from the Woods. Comes wending on yonder, half a mile to north of us; straight eastward or Elbe-ward (according to the order of last night), leaving us and our death-struggles unregarded, as a thing that is not on his tablets, and is no concern of Holstein's. Friedrich halts him, not quite too late; organises a new and third Attack. Simultaneous universal effort of foot and horse upon Daun's Front; Holstein himself, who is almost at Zinna by this time, to go upon Daun's right wing. This is Attack Third; and is of sporadic intermittent nature, in the thickening dusk and darkness: part of it successful, none of it beaten, but nowhere the success complete. Thus, in the extreme west or leftmost of Friedrich's attack, *Spaen* Dragoons,—one of the last Horse Regiments of Holstein's Column,—*Spaen* Dragoons, under their Lieu-

tenant-Colonel Dalwig (a beautiful manœuverer, who has stormed through many fields, from Möllwitz onwards), cut in, with an admired impetuosity, with an audacious skill, upon the Austrian Infantry Regiments there; broke them to pieces, took two of them in the lump prisoners; bearded whole torrents of Austrian cavalry rushing up to the rescue,—and brought off their mass of prisoner regiments and six cannon;—the Austrian rescuers being charged by some new Prussian party, and hunted home again.[8] 'Had these Prussian 'Horse been on their ground at 2 o'clock, and done 'as now, it is very evident,' says Tempelhof, 'what the 'Battle of Torgau had by this time been!'

Near by, too, farther rightwards, if in the bewildering indistinctness I might guess where (but the where is not so important to us), Bayreuth Dragoons, they of the 67 standards at Striegau long since, plunged into the Austrian Battalions at an unsurpassable rate; tumbled four regiments of them (Regiment *Kaiser*, Regiment *Neipperg*,—nobody now cares which four) heels over head, and in few minutes took the most of them prisoners; bringing them home too, like Dalwig, through crowds of rescuers. Eastward, again, or Elbe-ward, Holstein has found such intricacies of ground, such boggy depths and rough steeps, his Cavalry could come to no decisive sabering with the Austrian; but stood exchanging shot;—nothing to be done on that right wing of Daun.

Daun's left flank, however, does appear, after Three such Attacks, to be at last pretty well ruined: Tempelhof says, 'Daun's whole Front Line was tumbled to 'pieces; disorder had, sympathetically, gone rearward, 'even in those eastern parts; and on the western and

[8] Tempelhof, iv. 305.

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'north-western the Prussian Horse Regiments were now 'standing in its place.' But indeed such charging and recharging, pulsing and repulsing, has there been hereabouts for hours past, the rival Hosts have got completely interpenetrated; Austrian parties, or whole regiments, are to rear of those Prussians who stand ranked here, and in victorious posture, as the Night sinks. Night is now sinking on this murderous day: "Nothing more to be made of it; try it again tomorrow!" thinks the King; gives Hülsen charge of bivouacking and re-arranging these scattered people; and rides with escort north-westward to Elsnig, north of Neiden, well to rear of this bloody arena,—in a mood of mind which may be figured as gloomy enough.

Daun, too, is home, to Torgau,—I think, a little earlier,—to have his wound dressed, now that the day seems to him secure. Buccow, Daun's second, is killed; Daun's third is an Irish Graf O'Donnell, memorable only on this one occasion; to this O'Donnell, and to Lacy, who is firm on his ground yonder, untouched all day, the charge of matters is left. Which cannot be a difficult one, hopes Daun. Daun, while his wound is dressing, speeds off a courier to Vienna. Courier did enter duly there, with glorious trumpeting postillions, and universal Hep-hep-hurrah; kindling that ardently loyal City into infinite triumph and illumination,—for the space of certain hours following.

Hülsen meanwhile has been doing his best to get into proper bivouac for the morrow; has drawn back those eastward horse regiments, drawn forward the infantry battalions; forward, I think, and well rightward, where, in the daytime, Daun's left flank was. On the whole, it is north-westward that the general Prussian Bivouac for this night is; the extremest *south*-western-

most portion of it is Infantry, under General Lestwitz; a gallant useful man, who little dreams of becoming famous, this dreary uncertain night.

It is 6 o'clock. Damp dusk has thickened down into utter darkness, on these terms:—when, lo, cannonade and musketade from the south, audible in the Lestwitz-Hülsen quarters: seriously loud; red glow of conflagration visible withal,—some unfortunate Village going up ("Village of Siptitz, think you?"); and need of Hülsen at his fastest! Hülsen, with some readiest Foot Regiments, circling round, makes thitherward; Lestwitz in the van. Let us precede him thither, and explain a little what it was.

Ziethen, who had stood all day making idle noises, —of what a fatal quality we know, if Ziethen did not, —waiting for the King's appearance, must have been considerably displeased with himself at nightfall, when the King's fire gradually died out farther and farther north, giving rise to the saddest surmises. Ziethen's Generals, Saldern and the Leuthen Möllendorf, are full of gloomy impatience, urgent on him to try something. "Push westward, nearer the King? Some stroke at the enemy on their south or south-western side, where we have not molested them all day? No getting across the Röhrgraben on them, says your Excellenz? Siptitz Village, and their Battery there, is on *our* side of the Röhrgraben:—*um Gottes Willen*, something, Herr General!" Ziethen does finally assent: draws leftward, westward; unbuckles Saldern's people upon Siptitz; who go like sharp hounds from the slip; fasten on Siptitz and the Austrians there, with a will; wrench these out, force them to abandon their Battery, and to set Siptitz on fire, while they run out of it. Comfortable

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bit of success, so far,—were not Siptitz burning, so that we cannot get through. "Through, no: and were we through, is not there the Röhrgraben?" thinks Ziethen, not seeing his way.

How lucky that, at this moment, Möllendorf comes in, with a discovery to westward; discovery of our old friend "the Butter Street,"—it is nothing more,—where Ziethen should have marched this morning: there would he have found a solid road across the Röhrgraben, free passage by a bridge between two bits of ponds, at the *Schäferei* (Sheep-Farm) of Siptitz yonder. "There still," reports Möllendorf, "the solid road is; unbeset hitherto, except by me Möllendorf!" Thitherward all do now hasten, Austrians, Prussians: but the Prussians are beforehand; Möllendorf is master of the Pass, deploying himself on the other side of it, and Ziethen and everybody hastening through to support him there, and the Austrians making fierce fight in vain. The sound of which has reached Hülsen, and set Lestwitz and him in motion thither.

For the thing is vital, if we knew it. Close ahead of Möllendorf, when he is through this Pass, close on Möllendorf's left, as he wheels round on the attacking Austrians, is the south-west corner of Siptitz Height. South-west corner, highest point of it; summit and key of all that Battle area; rules it all, if you get cannon thither. It hangs steepish on the southern side, over the Röhrgraben, where this Möllendorf-Austrian fight begins; but it is beautifully accessible, if you bear round to the west side,—a fine saddle-shaped bit of clear ground there, in shape like the outside or seat of a saddle; Domitsch Wood the crupper part; summit of this Height the pommel, only nothing like so steep:—it is here (on the southern saddle-flap, so to speak), gra-

dually mounting westward to the crupper-and-pommel part, that the agony now is.

And here, in utter darkness, illuminated only by the musketry and cannon blazes, there ensued two hours of stiff wrestling in its kind: not the fiercest spasm of all, but the final which decided all. Lestwitz, Hülsen, come sweeping on, led by the sound and the fire; 'beating the Prussian march, they,' sharply on all their drums, —Prussian march, rat-tat-tan, sharply through the gloom of Chaos in that manner; and join themselves, with no mistake made, to Möllendorf's, to Ziethen's, left and the saddle-flap there, and fall on. The night is pitch-dark, says Archenholtz; you cannot see your hand before you. Old Hülsen's bridle-horses were all shot away, when he heard this alarm, far off: no horse left; and he is old, and has his own bruises. He seated himself on a cannon; and so rides, and arrives; right welcome the sight of him, doubt not! And the Fight rages still for an hour or more.

To an observant Möllendorf, watching about all day, the importance and all-importance of Siptitz Summit, if it can be got, is probably known; to Daun it is alarmingly well known, when he hears of it. Daun is zealously urgent on Lacy, on O'Donnell; who do try what they can; send reinforcements, and the like; but nothing that proves useful. O'Donnell is not the man for such a crisis: Lacy, too, it is remarked, has always been more expert in ducking out of Friedrich's way than in fighting anybody.[9] In fine, such is the total darkness, the difficulty, the uncertainty, most or all of the reinforcements sent halted short, in the belly of the Night, uncertain where; and their poor friends got altogether beaten and driven away.

[9] Archenholtz's sour remark.

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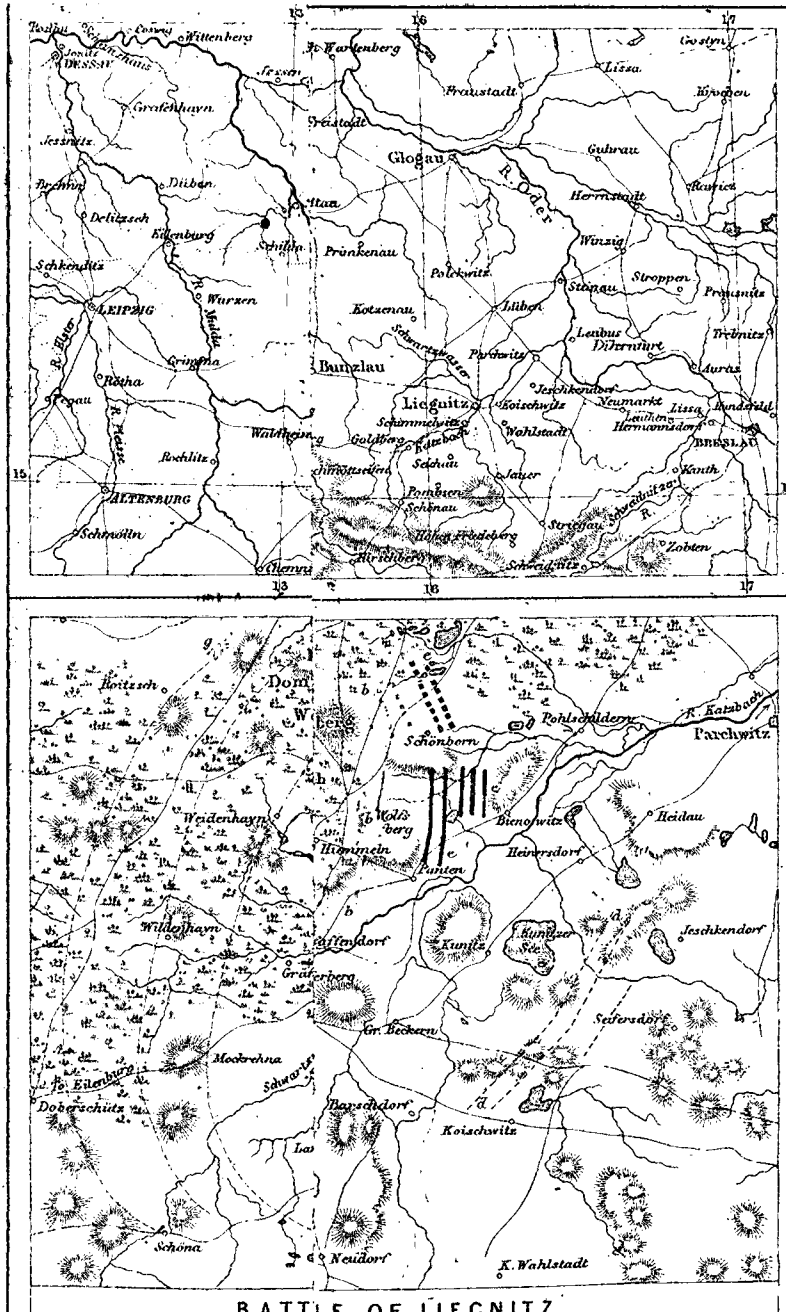
About 9 at night, all the Austrians are rolling off, eastward, eastward. Prussians goading them forward what they could (firing not quite done till 10); and that all-important pommel of the saddle is indisputably won. The Austrians settled themselves, in a kind of half-moon shape, close on the suburbs of Torgau; the Prussians in a parallel half-moon posture, some furlongs behind them. The Austrians sat but a short time; not a moment longer than was indispensable. Daun perceives that the key of his ground is gone from him; that he will have to send a second Courier to Vienna. And, above all things, that he must forthwith get across the Elbe and away. Lucky for him that he has Three Bridges (or Four, including the Town Bridge), and that his Baggage is already all across and standing on wheels. With excellent despatch and order Daun winds himself across, —all of him that is still coherent; and indeed, in the distant parts of the Battle-field, wandering Austrian parties were admonished hitherward by the River's voice in the great darkness,—and Daun's loss in prisoners, though great, was less than could have been expected: 8,000 in all.

Till towards one in the morning, the Prussians, in their half-moon, had not learned what he was doing. About one they pushed into Torgau, and across the Town Bridge; found 26 pontoons,—all the rest packed off except these 26;—and did not follow farther. Lacy retreated by the other or left bank of the River, to guard against attempts from that side. Next day there was pursuit of Lacy; some prisoners and furnitures got from him, but nothing of moment: Daun and Lacy joined at Dresden; took post, as usual, behind their inaccessible Plauen Chasms. Sat there, in view of the chasing Prussians, without farther loss than this of Torgau, and of a

Campaign gone to water again. What an issue, for the third time![10]—

On Torgau-field, behind that final Prussian half-moon, there reigned, all night, a confusion which no tongue can express. Poor wounded men by the hundred and the thousand, weltering in their blood, on the cold wet ground; not surgeons or nurses, but merciless predatory sutlers, equal to murder if necessary, waiting on them and on the happier that were dead. "Unutterable!" says Archenholtz; who, though wounded, had crawled or got carried to some village near. The living wandered about in gloom and uncertainty; lucky he whose haversack was still his, and a crust of bread in it: water was a priceless luxury, almost nowhere discoverable. Prussian Generals roved about with their Staff-Officers, seeking to re-form their Battalions; to little purpose. They had grown indignant, in some instances, and were vociferously imperative and minatory; 'but in 'the dark who needed mind them?—they went raving 'elsewhere, and, for the first time, Prussian word-of-'command saw itself futile.' Pitch darkness, bitter cold, ground trampled into mire. On Siptitz Hill there is nothing that will burn: farther back, in the Domitsch Woods, are numerous fine fires, to which Austrians and Prussians alike gather: "Peace and truce between us; tomorrow morning, we will see which are prisoners, which are captors." So pass the wild hours, all hearts longing for the dawn, and what decision it will bring.

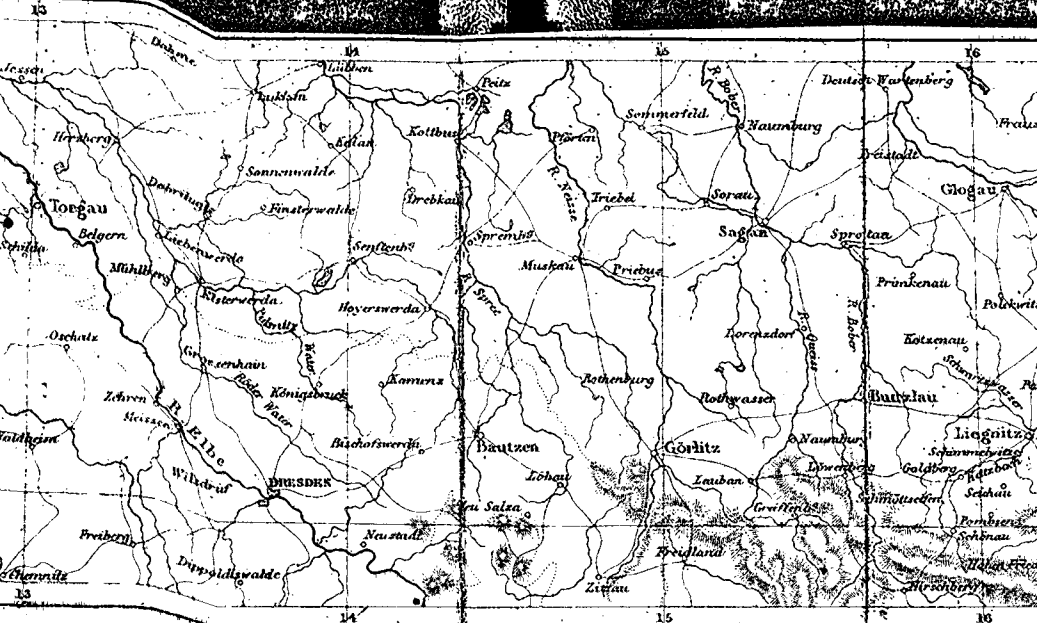
[10] Tempelhof, iv. 291-318; Archenholtz, ii. 159-174; Retzow, ii. 299 et seq.; *Umständliche Beschreibung des &c.* (in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 823-848): in *Helden-Geschichte*, or in *Anonymous of Hamburg* (iv. 245-300), the Daun *Despatches*, the Lists, &c.



BATTLE OF LIEGNITZ.

15th AUGUST, 1760.

a. a. Prussian Camp with fires burning.
b. b. b. Austrian Army. c. c. Ziethen's Division.
d. Prussian Detd also left with fires burning.
e. Friedrich's Div attacked by the Prussians.
f. Hulsen's Infan. g. g. Lacy's Cavalry.



ATTLE OF TORGAU.

3rd NOVEMBER, 1760.

Camp at Schilda.
n Army. c. c. c. Rearguard under Lacy.
n Detachment under Ziethen.
's Division beginning the attack.
Infantry. g. Holstein's Cavalry.

BATTLE OF LIEG

15th AUGUST, 1760.

a. a. Prussian Camp, left with fires burn
b. b. b. Prussian Main Army.
d. d. Loudon's Camp, also left with fir
c. e. c. Loudon's Army attacked by the Pr
f. f. f. Approach of Daun.

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Friedrich, at Elsnig, found every hut full of wounded, and their surgeries, and miseries silent or loud. He himself took shelter in the little Church; passed the night there. Busy about many things;—'using the altar,' it seems, 'by way of writing-table' (self or secretaries kneeling, shall we fancy, on those new terms?), 'and the stairs of it as seat.' Of the final Ziethen-Lestwitz effort he would scarcely hear the musketry or cannonade, being so far away from it. At what hour, or from whom first, he learned that the Battle of Torgau had become Victory in the night-time, I know not: the Anecdote-Books send him out in his cloak, wandering up and down before daybreak; standing by the soldiers' fires; and at length, among the Woods, in the faint incipiency of dawn, meeting a Shadow which proves to be Ziethen himself in the body, with embraces and congratulations:—evidently mythical, though dramatic. Reach him the news soon did; and surely none could be welcomer. Headquarters change from the altar-steps in Elsnig Church to secular rooms in Torgau. Ziethen has already sped forth on the skirts of Lacy; whole Army follows next day; and, on the War-theatre it is, on the sudden, a total change of scene. Conceivable to readers without the details.

Hopes there were of getting back Dresden itself; but that, on closer view, proved unattemptable. Daun kept his Plauen Chasm, his few square miles of ground beyond; the rest of Saxony was Friedrich's, as heretofore. Loudon had tried hard on Kosel for a week; storming once, and a second time, very fiercely, Goltz being now near; but could make nothing of it; and, on wind of Goltz, went his way.[11] The Russians, on sound

[11] *Hofbericht von der Belagerung von Kosel, im October* 1760 (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 798-104): began, 'October 21st;' ended, 'at daybreak, October 27th.'

of Torgau, shouldered arms, and made for Poland. Daun, for his own share, went to Vienna this Winter; in need of surgery, and other things. The population there is rather disposed to be grumbly on its once heroic Fabius; wishes the Fabius were a little less cunctatory. But Imperial Majesty herself, one is proud to relate, drove out, in Old Roman spirit, some miles, to meet him, her defeated ever-honoured Daun, and to inquire graciously about his health, which is so important to the State.[12]

Torgau was Daun's last Battle: Daun's last Battle; and, what is more to the joy of readers and their Editor here, was Friedrich's last,—so that the remaining Two Campaigns may fairly be condensed to an extreme degree; and a few Chapters more will deliver us altogether from this painful element!—

Daun lost at Torgau, by his own account, "about 11,000 men,"—should have said, according to Tempelhof, and even to neutral persons, 'above 12,000 killed 'and wounded, *plus* 8,000 prisoners, 45 cannon, 29 'flags, 1 standard (or horse-flag),'[13] which brings him to at least 20,000 minus;—the Prussian loss, heavy enough too, being, by Tempelhof's admission, 'between 13 and 14,000, of whom 4,000 prisoners.' The sore loss, not so computable in arithmetic,—but less sore to Daun, perhaps, than to most people,—is that of being beaten, and having one's Campaign reduced to water again. No Conquest of Saxony, any more than of Silesia, possible to Daun, this Year. In Silesia, thanks to Loudon, small thanks to Loudon's Chief, they have got Glatz: Kosel they could not get; fiery Loudon himself stormed and blazed to no purpose there, and had to

[12] Archenholtz, ii. 179. [13] Tempelhof, iv. 213; Kausler, p. 726.

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hurry home on sight of Goltz and relief. Glatz is the net sum-total. Daun knows all this; but in a stoical arithmetical manner, and refuses to be flurried by it.

Friedrich, as we said, had hoped something might be done in Saxony on the defeated Daun;—perhaps Dresden itself be got back from him, and his Army altogether sent to winter in Bohemia again? But it proved otherwise. Daun showed not the least disposition to quit his Plauen Chasm, or fall into discouragement: and after some weeks of diligent trial, on Friedrich's part, and much running about in those central and Hill-ward parts, Friedrich found he would have to be content with his former allotment of Saxon territory, and to leave the Austrians quiet in theirs. Took winter-quarters accordingly, and let the Enemy take. Cantoned himself, in that Meissen-Freyberg-Country, in front of the Austrians and their impassable Plauens and Chasms;—pretty much as in the past Year, only that the Two Armies lay at a greater distance, and were more peaceable, as if by mutual consent.

Headquarter of the King is Leipzig; where the King did not arrive till December 8th,—such adjusting and arranging has he had, and incessant running to and fro. He lived in the 'Apel House, *New* Neumarkt, No. 16;'[14] the same he had occupied in 1757, in the Rossbach time. "*Ach!* how lean your Majesty has "grown!" said the Mistress of it, at sight of him again (mythically, I should fancy, though it is in the Anecdote-Books). "Lean, *ja wohl*," answered he: "and "what wonder, with Three Women" (Theresa, Czarina, Pompadour) "hanging on the throat of me all this "while!" But we propose to look in upon him our-

[14] Rödenbeck, ii. 65.

selves, in this Apel House, on more authentic terms, by and by. Read, meanwhile, these Two bits of Autograph, thrown off incidentally, at different places, in the previous busy journeyings over Meissen-Freyberg Country:

1. *Friedrich to Marquis D'Argens* (at Berlin).

"Meissen, 10th November 1760.

* * "I drove the enemy to the Gates of Dresden; they "occupy their Camp of last Year; all my skill is not enough to "dislodge them,"—(Chasm of Plauen, 'a place impregnable, 'were it garrisoned by chimney-sweeps,' says the King once). "We have saved our reputation by the Day of Torgau: but "don't imagine our enemies are so disheartened as to desire "Peace. Duke Ferdinand's affairs are not in a good way" (missed Wesel, of which presently;—and, alas also, George II. died, this day gone a fortnight, which is far worse for us, if we knew it!)—"I fear the French will preserve through Winter "the advantages they gained during the Campaign.

"In a word, I see all black, as if I were at the bottom of a "tomb. Have some compassion on the situation I am in; con- "ceive that I disguise nothing from you, and yet that I do not "detail to you all my embarrassments, my apprehensions and "troubles. Adieu, dear Marquis; write to me sometimes,—don't "forget a poor devil, who curses ten times a day his fatal exist- "ence, and could wish he already were in those Silent Countries "from which nobody returns with news."[15]

2. The Second, of different complexion, is a still more interesting little Autograph, date elsewhere, farther on, in those wanderings. Madame Camas, Widow of the Colonel Camas whom we knew twenty years ago, is "Queen's *Ober-Hofmeisterinn* (Lady in Chief),"—to whom the King's Letters are always pretty:

[15] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 204, 5.

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Friedrich to Madame Camas (at Magdeburg, with the Queen's Majesty).

"Neustadt, 18th November 1760.

"I am exact in answering, and eager to satisfy you" (in that matter of the porcelain): "you shall have a breakfast-set, "my good Mamma; six coffee-cups, very pretty, well diapered, "and tricked out with all the little embellishments which in- "crease their value. On account of some pieces which they are "adding to the set, you will have to wait a few days; but I "flatter myself this delay will contribute to your satisfaction, "and produce for you a toy that will give you pleasure, and "make you remember your old Adorer. It is curious how old "people's habits agree. For four years past I have given up "suppers, as incompatible with the Trade I am obliged to fol- "low; and in marching days, my dinner consists of a cup of "chocolate.

"We hurried off, like fools, quite inflated with our Victory, "to try if we could not chase the Austrians out of Dresden: "they made a mockery of us from the tops of their mountains. "So I have withdrawn, like a bad little boy, to conceal myself, "out of spite, in one of the wretchedest villages in Saxony. "And here the first thing will be to drive the Circle gentle- "men" (Reichs Army) "out of Freyberg into Chemnitz, and "get ourselves room to quarter and something to live upon. "It is, I swear to you, a dog of a life" (or even a she-dog, *chienne de vie*), "the like of which nobody but Don Quixote "ever led before me. All this tumbling and toiling, and bother "and confusion that never ceases, has made me so old that you "would scarcely know me again. On the right side of my head "the hair is all gray; my teeth break and fall out; I have got "my face wrinkled like the falbalas of a petticoat; my back "bent like a fiddle-bow; and spirit sad and downcast like a "monk of La Trappe. I forewarn you of all this, lest, in case "we should meet again in flesh and bone, you might feel your- "self too violently shocked by my appearance. There remains "to me nothing but the heart,—which has undergone no change, "and which will preserve, so long as I breathe, its feelings

"of esteem and of tender friendship for my good Mamma. "Adieu."[16]— — To which add only this on Duke Ferdinand, 'whose affairs,' we just heard, 'are not in a good way:'

Fight of Kloster Kampen (Night of October 15th-16th); *Wesel not to be had by Duke Ferdinand.*

After *Warburg* (July 31st, while Friedrich was on the eve of crossing Elbe on new adventures, Dresden Siege having failed him), Duke Ferdinand made no figure to the Gazetteers; fought no Battle farther; and has had a Campaign, which is honourable only to judges of a higher than the Gazetteer sort.

By Warburg Ferdinand had got the Diemel; on the north bank of which he spread himself out, impassable to Broglio, who lay trying on the opposite bank:—"No Hanover by this road." Broglio thereupon drew back a little; pushed out circuitously from his right wing, which reaches far eastward of Ferdinand, a considerable Brigade,—circuitously, round by the Weser-Fulda Country, and beyond the embouchure of Diemel,—to try it by that method. Got actually a few miles into Hanoverian territory, by that method; laid hold of Göttingen, also of Münden, which secures a road thither: and at Göttingen there, 'ever since August 4th,' Broglio has been throwing up works, and shooting out hussar parties to a good distance;—intending, it would seem, to maintain himself, and to be mischievous, in that post. Would, in fact, fain entice Ferdinand across the Weser, to help Göttingen. "Across Weser, yes;—and so leave Broglio free to take Lippstadt from me, as he might after a short siege," thinks Ferdinand always; "which would beautifully shorten Broglio's communication" (quite direct then, and without interruption, all the way to Wesel), "and make Hanover itself, Hanover and Brunswick, the central Seat of War!" Which Ferdinand, grieved as he is for Göttingen, will by no means consent to.

Ferdinand, strong only as one to two, cannot hinder Broglio, though he tries variously; and is much at a loss, seeing Broglio irrepressibly busy this way, all through August and on into Sep-

[16] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xviii. 144.

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tember;—has heard, however, from Wesel, through secret partisans there, That Wesel, considered altogether out of risk, is left in a very weak condition; weak in garrison, weak even in gunners. Reflecting upon which, in his difficulties, Ferdinand asks himself, "A sudden stroke at Wesel, 200 miles away, might it not astonish Broglio, who is so busy on us just here?"—and, September 22d, despatches the Hereditary Prince on that errand. A man likely for it, if there be one in the world:—unable to do it, however, as the issue told. Here is what I find noted.

'*September* 22*d*, the Erbprinz, with a chosen Corps of 15,000, 'mostly English, left these Diemel regions towards Wesel, at his 'speediest. September 29th, Erbprinz and vanguard, Corps ra- 'pidly following, are got to Dorsten, within 20 miles of Wesel. 'A most swift Erbprinz; likely for such work. And it is 'thought by judges, Had he had either siege-artillery or scaling 'apparatus, he might really have attacked Wesel with good 'chance upon it. But he has not even a ladder ready, much 'less a siege-gun. Siege-guns are at Bielefeld' (come from Bremen, I suppose, by English boating, up the Weser so far); 'but 'that is six-score miles of wheel-carriage; roads bad, and threat- 'ening to be worse, as it is equinoctial weather. There is no- 'thing for it but to wait for those guns.

'The Erbprinz, hopefully waiting, does his endeavour in the 'interim; throws a bridge over the Rhine, pounces upon Cleve 'garrison (prisoners, with their furnitures), pounces upon this 'and that; "spreads terror" on the French thereabouts "up to 'Düsseldorf and Köln,"—and on Broglio himself, so far off, the 'due astonishment. "Wesel to be snatched,—ye Heavens! 'Our Netherlands road cut off: Düsseldorf, Köln, our Rhine 'Magazines, all and sundry, fallen to the hawks,—who, the 'lighter-winged of them, might pay visits in France itself!" 'Broglio has to suspend his Göttingen operations, and detach 'Marquis de Castries with (say ultimately, for Castries is to 'grow and gather by the road) 35,000, to relieve Wesel. Cas- 'tries marches double-quick; weather very rainy;—arrives in 'those parts, *October* 13*th*;—hardly a gun from Bielefeld come 'to hand yet, Erbprinz merely filling men with terror. And so,

'*October* 14*th*, after two weeks and a day, the Hereditary

'Prince sees, not guns from Bielefeld, but Castries pushing into 'Wesel a 7,000 of additional garrison,—and the Enterprise on 'Wesel grown impossible. Impossible, and probably far more; 'Castries in a condition to devour us, if he prove sharp. It 'behoves the Hereditary Prince to be himself sharp;—which 'he undoubtedly was, in this sharp crisis. Next day, our Erb-'prinz, taking survey of Castries in his strong ground of Kloster 'Kampen, decides, like a gallant fellow, to attack *him*;—and 'straightway does it. Breaks, that same night (October 15th-'16th, 1760), stealthily, through woods and with precautions, into 'Castries' Post;—intending surprisal, and mere ruin to Castries. 'And there ensued, not the *Surprisal* as it turned out, but the '*Battle* of *Kloster Kampen;* which again proved unsuccessful, or 'only half successful, to the Hereditary Prince. A many-winged, 'intricate Night-Battle; to be read of in Books. This is where 'the Chevalier D'Assas, he or Somebody, gave the alarm to the 'Castries people at the expense of his life. "*À moi, Auvergne*, 'Ho, Auvergne!" shouted D'Assas (if it was D'Assas at all), 'when the stealthy English came upon him; who was at once 'cut down.[17] It is certain, Auvergne gave fire; awoke Castries 'bodily; and saved him from what was otherwise inevitable. 'Surprise now there was none farther; but a complex Fight, 'managed in the darkness with uncommon obstinacy; ending 'in withdrawal of the Erbprinz, as from a thing that could not 'be done. His loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners, was 1,638;

[17] Preuss (ii. 270 n.) asserts it to be proved, in '*Miscellen aus den neuesten ausländischen Litteratur* (1824, No. 3, p. 409),' a Book which none of us ever saw, 'That the real hero' (equal to a Roman Decius or more) 'was not Captain D'Assas, of the Regiment Auvergne, but a poor Private 'Soldier of it, called Dubois'!—Is not this a strange turn, after such be-*pension*ing, be-painting, singing and celebrating, as rose upon poor D'Assas, or the Family of D'Assas, twenty years afterwards (1777-1790)!—Both Dubois and D'Assas, I conclude, lay among the slain at Kloster Kampen, silent they forever:—and a painful doubt does rise, As to the miraculous operation of Posthumous Rumour and Wonder; and Whether there was any 'miracle of heroism,' or other miracle at all, and not rather a poor nocturnal accident,—poor sentry in the edge of the wood, shrieking out, on apparition of the stealthy English, "Ho, Auvergne, help!" probably firing withal; and getting killed in consequence? *Non nostrum est.*

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'that of Castries, by his own counting, 2,036: but Kloster Kam-
'pen, in the wide-awake state, could not be won.

'During the Fight, the Erbprinz's Rhine-Bridge had burst in
'two: his ammunition was running short;—and, it would seem,
'there is no retreat, either! The Erbprinz put a bold face on
'the matter, stood to Castries in a threatening attitude; man-
'œuvered skilfully for two days longer, face still to Castries, till
'the Bridge was got mended; then, night of October 18th-19th,
'crossed to his own side; gathered up his goods; and at a deli-
'berate pace marched home, on those terms;—doing some useful
'fighting by the road.'[18]

Had lost nothing, say his admirers, 'but one cannon, which burst.' One burst cannon left on the field of Kloster Kampen;—but also, as we see, his errand along with it; and 1,600 good fighters lost and burst: which was more important! Criticisms there were on it in England, perhaps of the *un*wise sort generally; sorrow in the highest quarter. "An unaccountable expe-
"dition," Walpole calls it, "on which Prince Ferdinand suddenly
"dispatched his Nephew, at the head of a considerable force,
"towards the frontiers of Holland,"—merely to see the country there?—"which occasioned much solicitude in England, as the
"Main Army, already unequal to that of France, was thus
"rendered much weaker. King George felt it with much anx-
"iety."[19] An unaccountable Enterprise, my poor Gazetteer friends,—very evidently an unsuccessful one, so far as Wesel went. Many English fallen in it, too: "the English showed here again a *ganz ausnehmende Tapferkeit*," says Mauvillon; and probably their share of the loss was proportionate.

Clearly enough there is no Wesel to be had. Neither could Broglio, though disturbed in his Göttingen fortifyings and operations, be ejected out of Göttingen. Ferdinand, on failure of Wesel, himself marched to Göttingen, and tried for some days; but found he could not, in such weather, tear out that firmly-rooted French Post, but must be content to "mask it," for the present; and, this done, withdrew (December 13th) to his win-

[18] Mauvillon, ii. 120-129; Tempelhof, ii. 325-332.
[19] Walpole's *George Second*, iii. 299.

ter-quarters near by, as did Broglio to his,—about the time Friedrich and Daun had finally settled in theirs.

Ferdinand's Campaigns henceforth, which turn all on the defence of Hanover, are highly recommended to professional readers; but, to the laic sort, do not prove interesting in proportion to the trouble. In fact, the huge War henceforth begins everywhere, or everywhere except in Pitt's department of it, to burn lower, like a lamp with the oil getting done; and has less of brilliancy than formerly. "Let us try for Hanover," the Belleisles, Choiseuls, and wise French heads had said to themselves: "Canada, India, everything is lost; but were dear Hanover well in our clutch, Hanover would be a remedy for many things!" Through the remaining Campaigns, as in this now done, that is their fixed plan. Ferdinand, by unwearied effort, succeeded in defending Hanover,—nothing of it but that inconsiderable slice or skirt round Göttingen, which they kept long, could ever be got by the French. Ferdinand defended Hanover; and wore out annually the big French Armies which were missioned thither, as in the spasm of an expiring last effort by this poor hag-ridden France,—at an expense to her, say, of 50,000 men per year. Which was good service on Ferdinand's part; but done less and less in the shining or universally notable way.

So that with him too we are henceforth, thank Heaven, permitted and even bound to be brief. Hardly above two Battles more from him, if even two:—and mostly the wearied Reader's imagination left to conceive for itself those intricate strategies, and endless manœuverings on the Diemel and the Dill, on the Ohm River and the Schwalm and the Lippe, or wherever they may be, with small help from a wearied Editor!—

CHAPTER VI.

WINTER-QUARTERS 1760-61.

A MELANCHOLY little event, which afterwards proved unexpectedly unfortunate for Friedrich, had happened in England, ten days before the Battle of Torgau. Saturday, 25th October 1760, George II., poor old gentleman, suddenly died. He was in his 77th year; feeble, but not feebler than usual,—unless, perhaps, the unaccountable news from Kloster Kampen may have been too agitating to the dim old mind? On the Monday of this week he had, 'from a tent in Hyde Park,' presided at a Review of dragoons; and on Thursday, as his Coldstream Guards were on march for Portsmouth and foreign service, 'was in his Portico at Kensington to see them pass;'—full of zeal always in regard to military matters, and to this War in particular. Saturday, by sunrise he was on foot; took his cup of chocolate; inquired about the wind, and the chances of mails arriving; opened his window, said he would have a turn in the Gardens, the morning being so fine. It was now between 7 and 8. The Valet then withdrew with the chocolate apparatus; but had hardly shut the door, when he heard a deep sigh, and fall of something,—"billet of wood from the fire?" thought he;—upon which, hurrying back, he found it was the King, who had dropt from his seat, 'as if in attempting to ring the bell.' King said faintly, "Call Amelia," and instantly died. Poor deaf Amelia (Friedrich's old love,

now grown old and deaf) listened wildly for some faint sound from those lips now mute forever. George Second was no more; his grandson George Third was now King.[1]

Intrinsically taken, this seemed no very great event for Friedrich, for Pitt, for England or mankind: but it proved otherwise. The merit of this poor King deceased, who had led his Nation stumbling among the chimney-pots at such a rate in these mad German Wars for Twenty Years past, was, That he did now stand loyal to the Enterprise, now when it had become sane indeed; now when the Nation was broad awake, and a Captain had risen to guide it out of that perilous posture, into never-expected victory and triumph! Poor old George had stood by his Pitt, by his Ferdinand, with a perfect loyalty at all turns; and been devoted, heart and soul and breeches-pocket, to completely beating Bourbon's oppressive ideas out of Bourbon's head. A little fact, but how important, then and there! Under the Successor, all this may be different:—ghastly beings, Old Tutors, Favourites, Mother's-Favourites, flit, as yet invisible, on the new back-stairs;—should Bute and Company get into the fore-ground, people will then know how important it was. Walpole says:

'The Yorkes' (Ex-Chancellor Hardwicke people) 'had long 'distasted this War:' yes, and been painfully obliged to hold their tongues: 'but now,' within a month or so of the old King's death, 'there was published, under Lord Hardwicke's counte-'nance, a Tract setting forth the burden and ill-policy of our 'German measures. It was called *Considerations on the German 'War;* was ably written, and changed many men's minds.' This is the famous "Mauduit Pamphlet:" first of those small stones, from the sling of Opposition *not* obliged to be dormant, which are now beginning to rattle on Pitt's Olympian Dwelling-place,

[1] Old Newspapers (in *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxx. 486-88).

—high really as Olympus, in comparison with others of the kind, but which unluckily is made of *glass* like the rest of them! The slinger of this first resounding little missile, Walpole informs us, was 'one Mauduit, formerly a Dissenting Teacher,'—son of a Dissenting Minister in Bermondsey, I hear, and perhaps himself once a Preacher, but at present concerned with Factorage of Wool on the great scale; got soon afterwards promoted to be Head of the Customhouse in Southampton, so lovely did he seem to Bute and Company. 'How agreeable his politics were to the 'interior of the Court, soon appeared by a place' (Southampton Customhouse) 'being bestowed on him by Lord Bute.' A fortunate Mauduit, yet a stupidly tragical; had such a destiny in English History! Hear Walpole a little farther, on Mauduit, and on other things then resonant to Arlington Street in a way of their own. '*To Sir Horace Mann*' (at Florence):

'*November 14th*, 1760' (tenth night after Torgau). * * 'We 'are all in guns and bonfires for an unexpected victory of the 'King of Prussia over Daun'; but as no particulars are yet 'arrived, there are doubters.'

'*December 5th*, 1760. I have received the samples of broca-'della.' * * 'I shall send you a curious Pamphlet, the only 'work I almost ever knew that changed the opinions of many. 'It is called *Considerations on the Present German War*,[2] and is 'written by a wholesale Woollen-Draper' (connected with Wool, in some way; "Factor at Blackwell Hall," if that mean Draper: —and a growing man ever after; came to be "Agent for Massachusetts," on the Boston-*Tea* occasion, and again did Tracts; was "President of the"—in short, was a conspicuous *Vice*-president, so let us define him, of The general Anti-Penalty or Life-made-Soft Association, with Cause of civil and religious Liberty all over the World, and such like; and a Mauduit comfortably resonant in that way till he died[3]); 'but the materials are sup-'posed to be furnished by the faction of the Yorkes. The con 'firmation of the King of Prussia's victory near Torgau does

[2] "London: Printed for John Wilkie, at the Bible, in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1761," adds my poor Copy (a frugal 12mo, of pp. 144), not adding of what edition.

[3] Chalmers, *Biog. Dictionary*; Nichols, *Literary Anecdotes*; &c. &c.

'not prevent the disciples of the Pamphlet from thinking that 'the best thing which could happen for us would be to have 'that Monarch's head shot off.' (Hear, hear!)—

'There are Letters from the Hague' (what foolish Letters do fly about, my friend!), 'that say Daun is dead of his wounds. If 'he is, I shall begin to believe that the King of Prussia will end 'successfully at last.' (Oh!) 'It has been the fashion to cry 'down Daun; but, as much as the King of Prussia may admire 'himself' (does immensely, according to our Selwyn informations), 'I dare say he would have been glad to be matched with one 'much more like himself than one so opposite as the Marshal.'

'*January* 2*d*, 1761. The German War is not so popular as 'you imagine, either in the Closet or in the Nation.'[4] (Enough, enough.)

The Mauduit Pamphlet, which then produced such an effect, is still to be met in old Collections and on Book-stalls; but produces little save weariness to a modern reader. 'Hanover not in real danger,' argues he; 'if 'the French had it, would not they, all Europe ordering 'them, have to give it up again?' Give it up,—*gratis*, or in return for Canada and Pondichery, Mauduit does not say. Which is an important omission! But Mauduit's grand argument is that of expense; frightful outlay of money, aggravated by ditto mismanagement of same.

A War highly expensive, he says—(and the truth is, Pitt was never stingy of money: "Nearly the one thing we have in any plenty; be frank in use of that, in an Enterprise so ill provided otherwise, and involving life and death!" thinks Pitt);—'dreadfully expensive,' urges Mauduit, and gives some instances of Commissariat moneys signally wasted,—not by Pitt, but by the stupidity of Pitt's War Offices, Commissariat Offices, Offices of all kinds; not to be cured at once by any Pitt:—How magazines of hay were shipped and re-shipped,

[4] Walpole, *Letters to Sir Horace Mann* (Lond. 1843), i. 6, 7.

carried hither, thither, up this river, down that (nobody knowing where the war-horses would be that were to eat it); till at length, when it had reached almost the value of bohea tea, the right place of it was found to be Emden (nearest to Britain from the first, had one but known), and not a horse would now taste it, so spoiled was the article; all horses snorted at it, as they would have done at bohea, never so expensive.[5] These things are incident to British warfare; also to Swedish, and to all warfares that have their War Offices in an imaginary state,—state much to be abhorred by every sane creature; but not to be mended all at once by the noblest of men, into whose hands they are suddenly thrust for saving his Nation. Conflagration to be quenched; and your buckets all in hideous leakage, like buckets of the Danaïdes:—your one course is, ply them, pour with them, such as they are.

Mauduit points out farther the enormous fortunes realised by a swindling set of Army-Furnishers, Hebrews mainly, and unbeautiful to look on. Alas, yes; this too is a thing incident to the case; and in a degree to all such cases, and situations of sudden crisis;—have not we seen Jew Ephraim growing rich by the copper money even of a Friedrich? Christian Protestants there are, withal, playing the same game on a larger scale. Herr Schimmelmann ("*Mouldy*-man") the Dane, for instance,—Dane or Holsteiner,—is coining false money for a Duke of Holstein-Plön, who has not a Seven-Years War on his hands. Diligently coining, this Mouldy Individual; still more successfully, is trading in Friedrich's Meissen China (bought in the cheapest market, sold in the dearest); has at Hamburg his "Auction of

[5] Mauduit (towards the end) has a story of that tenor,—particulars not worth verifying.

Meissen Porcelain," steadily going on, as a new commercial institution of that City;—and, in short, by assiduously labouring in such harvest-fields, gathers a colossal fortune, 100,000*l.*, 300,000*l.*, or I will not remember what. Gets "ennobled," furthermore, by a Danish Government prompt to recognise human merit: Elephant Order, Dannebrog Order; no Order good enough for this Mouldyman of merit;[6]—and is, so far as I know, begetting "Nobles," that is to say, Vice-Kings and monitory Exemplars, for the Danish People, to this day. Let us shut down the iron lid on all that.

Mauduit's Pamphlet, if it raised in the abhorrent unthinking English mind some vague notion, as probably it did, that Pitt was responsible for these things, or was in a sort the cause or author of them, might produce some effect against him. "What a splash is this you are making, you Great Commoner; wetting everybody's feet,—as our Mauduit proves;—while the Conflagration seems to be going out, if you let it alone!" For the heads of men resemble—My friend, I will not tell you what they, in multitudinous instances, resemble.

But thus has woollen Mauduit, from his private camp ('Clement's Lane, Lombard Street,' say the Dictionaries), shot, at a very high object, what pigeon's-egg or small pebble he had; the first of many such that took that aim; with weak though loud-sounding impact, but with results—results on King Friedrich in particular, which were stronger than the Cannonade of Torgau! As will be seen. For within year and day,—Mauduit and Company making their noises from without, and the Butes and Hardwickes working incessantly with such rare power of leverage and screwage in the interior parts,—a certain Quasi-Olympian House, made

[6] Preuss, ii. 391, 282, &c.

of glass, will lie in sherds, and the ablest and noblest man in England see himself forbidden to do England any service farther: "Not needed more, Sir! Go you, —and look at *us* for the remainder of your life!"

King Friedrich in the Apel House at Leipzig (8th December 1760—17th March 1761).

Friedrich's Winter in the Apel House at Leipzig is of cheerfuller character than we might imagine. Endless sore business he doubtless has, of recruiting, financiering, watching and providing, which grows more difficult year by year; but he has subordinates that work to his signal, and an organised machinery for business such as no other man. And solacements there are withal: his Books he has about him; welcomer than ever in such seasons: Friends too,—he is not solitary; nor neglectful of resources. Faithful D'Argens came at once (stayed till the middle of March)[7]: D'Argens, Quintus Icilius, English Mitchell; these three almost daily bore him company. Till the middle of January, also, he had his two Nephews with him (Sons of his poor deceased Brother, the late tragic Prince of Prussia), —the elder of whom, Friedrich Wilhelm, became King afterwards; the second, Henri by name, died suddenly of small-pox within about seven years hence, to the King's deep and sore grief, who liked him the better of the two. Their ages respectively are now about 16 and 14.[8] Their appetite for dancing, and their gay young ways,

[7] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 212, 213. Sends a Courier to conduct D'Argens '*for* December 8th;' '21st March,' D'Argens is back at Berlin.

[8] Henri, born 30th December 1747, died 26th May 1767;—Friedrich Wilhelm, afterwards Friedrich Wilhelm II. (sometimes called *Der Dicke*, The Big), born 25th December 1744; King, 17th August 1786; died 16th November 1797.

are pleasant now and afterwards to the old Uncle in his grim element.[9]

Music, too, he had; daily evening Concert, though from himself there is no fluting now. One of his Berlin Concert people who had been sent for, was Fasch, a virtuoso on I know not what instrument,—but a man given to take note of things about him. Fasch was painfully surprised to see his King so altered in the interim past: 'bent now, sunk into himself, grown old; 'to whom these five years of war-tumult and anxiety, 'of sorrow and hard toil, had given a dash of gloomy 'seriousness and melancholy, which was in strong con-'trast with his former vividly bright expression, and 'was not natural to his years.'[10]

From D'Argens there is one authentic Anecdote, worth giving. One evening D'Argens came to him; entering his Apartment, found him in a situation very unexpected; which has been memorable ever since. 'One evening' (there is no date to it, except vaguely, as above, December 1760—March 1761), 'D'Argens, 'entering the King's Apartment, found him sitting 'on the ground with a big platter of fried meat, from 'which he was feeding his dogs. He had a little rod, 'with which he kept order among them, and shoved 'the best bits to his favourites. The Marquis, in asto-'nishment, recoiled a step, struck his hands together, 'and exclaimed: "The Five Great Powers of Europe, 'who have sworn alliance, and conspired to undo the 'Marquis de Brandebourg, how might they puzzle their 'heads to guess what he is now doing! Scheming some 'dangerous plan for the next Campaign, think they; 'collecting funds to have money for it; studying about

[9] Letters, &c. in *Schöning*.

[10] Zelter's *Life of Fasch* (cited in *Preuss*, ii. 278).

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'magazines for man and horse; or he is deep in nego-
'tiations to divide his enemies, and get new allies for
'himself? Not a bit of all that. He is sitting peace-
'ably in his room, and feeding his dogs!"'[11]

Interview with Herr Professor Gellert (Thursday, 18th December 1760).

Still more celebrated is the Interview with Gellert; though I cannot say it is now more entertaining to the ingenuous mind. One of Friedrich's many Interviews, this Winter, with the Learned of Leipzig University; for he is a born friend of the Muses so-called, and never neglects an opportunity. Wonderful to see how, in such an environment, in the depths of mere toil and tribulation, with a whole breaking world lying on his shoulders, as it were,—he always shows such appetite for a snatch of talk with anybody presumably of sense, and knowledge on something!

This Winter, say the Books, 'he had, in vacant in-
'tervals, a great deal of communing with the famed of
'Leipzig University;' this or other famed Professor,—
Winkler, Ernesti, Gottsched again, and others, coming to give account, each for himself, of what he professed to be teaching in the world: 'on the Natural Sciences,
'more especially the Moral; on Libraries, on Rare
'Books. Gottsched was able to satisfy the King on
'one point; namely, That the celebrated passage of
'St. John's Gospel—"*There are Three that bear record*"
'—was *not* in the famous Manuscript of the Vienna
'Library; Gottsched having himself examined that im-
'portant *Codex*, and found in the text nothing of said
'Passage, but merely, written on the margin, a legible
'intercalation of it, in Melanchthon's hand. Luther,

[11] Preuss, ii. 282.

'in his Version, never had it at all.'[12] A Gottsched inclined to the Socinian view? Not the least consequence to Friedrich or us! Our business is exclusively with Gellert here.

'Readers have heard of Gellert; there are, or there were, 'English Writings about him, *Lives*, or I forget what: and in 'his native Protestant Saxony, among all classes, especially the 'higher, he had, in those years and onwards to his death, such 'a popularity and real splendour of authority as no man before 'or since. Had risen, against his will in some sort, to be a real 'Pope, a practical Oracle in those parts. In his modest bachelor 'lodging' (age of him five-and-forty gone) 'he has sheaves of 'Letters daily,—about affairs of the conscience, of the house-'hold, of the heart: from some evangelical young lady, for 'example, "Shall I marry *him*, think you, O my Father?" and 'perhaps from her Papa, "Shall *she*, think you, O my ditto?"— 'Sheaves of Letters: and of oral consulters such crowds, that 'the poor Oracle was obliged to appoint special hours for that 'branch of his business. His class-room (he lectures on *Morals*, 'some *Theory of Moral Sentiment*, or suchlike) is crowded with "blue uniforms" (ingenuous Prussian Officers eager to hear a 'Gellert), in these Winters. Rugged Hülsen, this very season, 'who commands in Freyberg Country, alleviates the poor village 'of Hainichen from certain official inflictions, and bids the poor 'people say, "It is because Gellert was born among you!" Plainly 'the Trismegistus of mankind at that date:—who is now, as 'usual, become a surprising Trismegistus to the new generations!

'He had written certain thin Books, all of a thin languid 'nature; but rational, clear; especially a Book of *Fables in 'Verse*, which are watery, but not wholly water, and have still 'a languid flavour in them for readers. His Book *on Letter-'writing* was of use to the rising generation, in its time. Clearly 'an amiable, ingenious, correct, altogether good man; of pious 'mind,—and, what was more, of strictly orthodox, according to 'the then Saxon standard in the best circles. This was he figure 'of his Life for the last fifteen years of it; and he was now about

[12] *Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 596.

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'the middle of that culminating period. A modest, despondent 'kind of man, given to indigestions, dietetics, hypochondria: "of 'neat figure and dress; nose hooked, but not too much; eyes 'mournfully blue and beautiful, fine open brow;"—a fine coun-'tenance, and fine soul of its sort, poor Gellert: "punctual like 'the church-clock at divine service, in all weathers."[13]

'A man of some real intellect and melody; some, by no 'means much; who was of amiable meek demeanour; studious 'to offend nobody, and to do whatever good he could by the 'established methods;—and who, what was the great secret of 'his success, was of orthodoxy perfect and eminent. Whom, 'accordingly, the whole world, polite Saxon orthodox world, 'hailed as its Evangelist and Trismegistus. Essentially a com-'monplace man; but who employed himself in beautifying and 'illuminating the commonplace of his day and generation:— 'infinitely to the satisfaction of said generation. "How charm-'ing that you should make thinkable to us, make vocal, musical, 'and comfortably certain, what we were all inclined to think; you 'creature plainly divine!" And the homages to Gellert were 'unlimited and continual, not pleasant all of them to an idlish 'man in weak health.

'Mitchell and Quintus Icilius, who are often urging on the 'King that a new German Literature is springing up, of far 'more importance than the King thinks, have spoken much to him 'of Gellert the Trismegistus;—and, at length, in the course of a 'ten days from Friedrich's arrival here, actual Interview ensues. 'The *Dialogue*, though it is but dull and watery to a modern 'palate, shall be given entire, for the sake of one of the Interlo-'cutors. The Report of it, gleaned gradually from Gellert him-'self, and printed, not long afterwards, from his manuscripts or 'those of others, is to be taken as perfectly faithful. Gellert, 'writing to his inquiring Friend Rabener (a then celebrated 'Berlin Wit), describes, from Leipzig, "29th January 1760," 'or about six weeks after the event: "How, one day about the "middle of December, Quintus Icilius suddenly came to my poor "Lodging here, to carry me to the King." Am too ill to go.

[13] Jördens, *Lexikon Deutscher Dichter und Prosaisten* (Leipzig, 1807), ii. 54-68 (§ *Gellert*).

'Quintus will excuse me today; but will return tomorrow, when 'no excuse shall avail. Did go accordingly next day, Thurs-'day 18th December, 4 o'clock of the afternoon; and continued 'till a quarter to 6. "Had nothing of fear in speaking to the "King. Recited my *Maler zu Athen*." King said, at parting, 'he would send for me again. "The English Ambassador' '(Mitchell), "an excellent man, was probably the cause of the "King's wish to see me." . . . . "The King spoke sometimes "German, sometimes French; I mostly German."[14] As follows:

King. "Are you (*Er*) the Professor Gellert?" *Gellert.* "Yea, "*Ihro Majestät.*"

King. "The English Ambassador has spoken highly of you "to me. Where do you come from?" *Gellert.* "From "Hainichen, near Freyberg."

King. "Have not you a brother at Freyberg?"

Gellert. "Yea, *Ihro Majestät.*"

King. "Tell me why we have no good German Authors."

Major Quintus Icilius (puts in a word). "Your Majesty, you "see here one before you;—one whom the French themselves "have translated, calling him the German La Fontaine!"

King. "That is much. Have you read La Fontaine?"

Gellert. "Yes, your Majesty; but have not imitated: I am "original (*ich bin ein Original*)."

King. "Well, this is one good Author among the Germans; "but why have not we more?" *Gellert.* "Your Majesty "has a prejudice against the Germans."

King. "No; I can't say that (*Nein; das kann ich nicht sagen*)."

Gellert. "At least, against German writers."

King. "Well, perhaps. Why have we no good Historians? "Why does no one undertake a Translation of Tacitus?"

Gellert. "Tacitus is difficult to translate; and the French "themselves have but bad Translations of him."

King. "That is true (*Da hat Er Recht*)."

Gellert. "And, on the whole, various reasons may be given "why the Germans have not yet distinguished themselves in "every kind of writing. While Arts and Sciences were in their

[14] *Gellert's Briefwechsel mit Demoiselle Lucius; herausgegeben von F. A. Ebert* (Leipzig, 1823), pp. 629, 631.

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"flower among the Greeks, the Romans were still busy in War. "Perhaps this is the Warlike Era of the Germans:—perhaps also "they have yet wanted Augustuses and Louis-Fourteenths!"

King. "How, would you wish one Augustus, then, for all "Germany?" *Gellert.* "Not altogether that; I could wish "only that every Sovereign encouraged men of genius in his "own country."

King (starting a new subject). "Have you never been out of "Saxony?" *Gellert.* "I have been in Berlin."

King. "You should travel." *Gellert.* "*Ihro Majestät*, "for that I need two things,—health and means."

King. "What is your complaint? Is it *die gelehrte Krankheit* "(Disease of the Learned," Dyspepsia so-called)? "I have my- "self suffered from that. I will prescribe for you. You must "ride daily, and take a dose of rhubarb every week."

Gellert. "*Ach, Ihro Majestät:* if the horse were as weak as I "am, he would be of no use to me; if he were stronger, I should "be too weak to manage him." (Mark this of the Horse, how- ever; a tale hangs by it.)

King. "Then you must drive out." *Gellert.* "For that "I am deficient in the means."

King. "Yes, that is true; that is what Authors (*Gelehrte*) in "Deutschland are always deficient in. I suppose these are bad "times, are not they?" *Gellert.* "*Ja wohl;* and if your "Majesty would grant us Peace (*den Frieden geben wollten*)—"

King. "How can I? Have not you heard, then? There "are three of them against me (*Es sind ja drei wider mich*)!"

Gellert. "I have more to do with the Ancients and their "History than with the Moderns."

King (changing the topic). "What do you think, is Homer "or Virgil the finer as an Epic Poet?" *Gellert.* "Homer, "as the more original."

King. "But Virgil is much more polished (*viel polirter*)."

Gellert. "We are too far removed from Homer's times to "judge of his language. I trust to Quinctilian in that respect, "who prefers Homer."

King. "But one should not be a slave to the opinion of the "Ancients." *Gellert.* "Nor am I that. I follow them

"only in cases where, owing to the distance, I cannot judge for "myself."

Major Icilius (again giving a slight fillip or suggestion). "He," the Herr Professor here, "has also treated of *German* "*Letter-writing*, and has published specimens."

King. "So? But have you written against the *Chancery Style*, "then" (the painfully solemn style, of ceremonial and circumlocution; Letters written so as to be mainly wig and buckram)?

Gellert. "*Ach ja*, that have I, *Ihro Majestät!*"

King. "But why doesn't it change? The Devil must be in "it (*Es ist etwas Verteufeltes*). They bring me whole sheets of "that stuff, and I can make nothing of it!" *Gellert.* "If "your Majesty cannot alter it, still less can I. I can only re-"commend, where you command."

King. "Can you repeat any of your Fables?" *Gellert.* "I "doubt it; my memory is very treacherous."

King. "Bethink you a little; I will walk about" (Gellert bethinks him, brow puckered. King, seeing the brow unpucker itself). "Well, have you one?" *Gellert.* "Yes, your Ma-"jesty: *The Painter.*" Gellert recites ('voice plaintive and hollow;' somewhat *preachy*, I should doubt, but not cracked or shrieky);—we condense him into prose abridgment for English readers; German can look at the bottom of the page:[15]

"'A prudent Painter in Athens, more intent on excellence than on 'money, had done a God of War; and sent for a real Critic to give him 'his opinion of it. On survey, the Critic shook his head: "Too much Art 'visible; won't do, my friend!" The Painter strove to think otherwise; 'and was still arguing, when a young Coxcomb' (*Geck*, Gawk) 'stept 'in: "Gods, what a masterpiece!" cried he at the first glance: "Ah, that 'foot, those exquisitely-wrought toe-nails; helm, shield, mail, what opu-'lence of Art!" The sorrowful Painter looked penitentially at the real 'Critic, looked at his brush; and the instant this *Geck* was gone, struck 'out his God of War.'"

King. "And the Moral?"

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[15] "*Ein kluger Maler in Athen,*
Der minder, weil man ihn bezahlte,
Als weil er Ehre suchte, malte,
Liess einen Kenner einst den Mars im Bilde sehn,
Und bat sich seine Meinung aus.
Der Kenner sagt ihm frei heraus,
Dass ihm das Bild nicht ganz gefallen wollte,
Und dass es, um recht schön zu sein,

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Gellert (still reciting):

"'When the Critic does not like thy Bit of Writing, it is a bad sign for 'thee; but when the Fool admires, it is time thou at once strike it out.'"

King. "That is excellent; very fine indeed. You have a "something of soft and flowing in your verses; them I under-"stand altogether. But there was Gottsched, one day, reading "me his Translation of *Iphigénie;* I had the French Copy in my "hand, and could not understand a word of him" (a Swan of Saxony, labouring in vain, that day)! "They recommended me "another Poet, one Peitsch" (Herr Peitsch of Könisberg, Hofrath, Doctor and Professor there, Gottsched's Master in Art; edited by Gottsched thirty years ago; now become a dumb idol, though at one time a god confessed); "him I flung away."

Gellert. "*Ihro Majestät*, him I also fling away."

King. "Well, if I continue here, you must come again often; "bring your *Fables* with you, and read me something."

Gellert. "I know not if I can read well; I have the singing "kind of tone, native to the Hill Country."

King. "*Ja*, like the Silesians. No, you must read me the "*Fables* yourself; they lose a great deal otherwise. Come back "soon."[16] (*Exit Gellert.*)

Weit minder Kunst verrathen sollte.
Der Maler wandte vieles ein;
Der Kenner stritt mit ihm aus Gründen,
Und konnt ihn doch nicht überwinden.
Gleich trat ein junger Geck herein,
Und nahm das Bild in Augenschein.
'O,' rief er, 'bei dem ersten Blicke,
Ihr Götter, welch ein Meisterstücke!
Ach, welcher Fuss! O, wie geschickt
Sind nicht die Nägel ausgedrückt!
Mars lebt durchaus in diesem Bilde.
Wie viele Kunst, wie viele Pracht,
Ist in dem Helm und in dem Schilde,
Und in der Rüstung angebracht!'
Der Maler ward beschämt gerühret,
Und sah den Kenner kläglich an.
'Nun,' sprach er, 'bin ich überführet!
Ihr habt mir nicht zu viel gethan.'
Der junge Geck war kaum hinaus,
So strich er seinen Kriegsgott aus."

MORAL.

"Wenn deine Schrift dem Kenner nicht gefällt,
So ist es schon ein böses Zeichen;
Doch, wenn sie gar des Narren Lob erhält,
So ist es Zeit, sie auszustreichen."—

(Gellert's *Werke:* Leipzig, 1840: i. 135.)

[16] *Gellert's Briefwechsel mit Demoiselle Lucius* (already cited), pp. 632 et seq.

King (to Icilius, as we learn from a different Record). "That is quite another man than Gottsched!" (*Exeunt omnes.*)

The modest Gellert says he "remembered Jesus Sirach's advice, *Press not thyself on Kings*,—and never came back;" nor was specially sent for, in the hurries succeeding; though the King never quite forgot him. Next day, at dinner, the King said, "He is the rea- "sonablest man of all the German Literary People, "*C'est le plus raisonnable de tous les Savans Allemands.*" And to Garve, at Breslau, years afterwards: "Gellert "is the only German that will reach posterity; his de- "partment is small, but he has worked in it with real "felicity." And indeed the King had, before that, as practical result of the Gellert Dialogue, managed to set some Berlin Bookseller upon printing of these eligible *Fables*, "for the use of our Prussian Schools;" in which and other capacities the *Fables* still serve with acceptance, there and elsewhere.[17]

In regard to Gellert's Horse-exercise, I had still to remember that Gellert, not long after, did get a Horse; two successive Horses; both highly remarkable. The first especially; which was Prince Henri's gift: 'The 'Horse Prince Henri had ridden at the Battle of Frey- 'berg' (Battle to be mentioned hereafter);—quadruped that must have been astonished at itself! But a pretty enough gift from the warlike admiring Prince to his dyspeptic Great Man. This Horse having yielded to Time, the very Kurfürst (grandson of Polish Majesty that now is) sent Gellert another, housing and furniture complete; mounted on which, Gellert and it were among the sights of Leipzig;—well enough known here to young Goethe, in his College days, who used to meet the great man and princely horse, and do salutation, with perhaps

[17] Preuss, ii. 274.

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some twinkle of scepticism in the corner of his eye.[18] Poor Gellert fell seriously ill in December 1769; to the fear and grief of all the world: 'estafettes from the Kur-'fürst himself galloped daily, or oftener, from Dresden 'for the sick bulletin;' but poor Gellert died, all the same (13th of that month); and we have (really with pathetic thoughts, even we) to bid his amiable existence in this world, his bits of glories and him, adieu forever.

Dialogue with General Saldern (in the Apel House, Leipzig, 21st January 1761).

Four or five weeks after this of Gellert, Friedrich had another Dialogue, which also is partly on record, and is of more importance to us here: Dialogue with Major-General Saldern; on a certain business, delicate, yet profitable to the doer,—nobody so fit for it as Saldern, thinks the King. Saldern is he who did that extraordinary feat of packing the wrecks of battle on the Field of Liegnitz; a fine, clear-flowing, silent kind of man, rapid and steady, with a great deal of methodic and other good faculty in him,—more, perhaps, than he himself yet knows of. Him the King has sent for, this morning; and it is on the business of Polish Majesty's Royal Hunting-Schloss at Hubertsburg,—which is a thing otherwise worth some notice from us.

For three months long, the King had been representing, in the proper quarters, what plunderings, and riotous and even disgusting savageries, the Saxons had perpetrated at Charlottenburg, Schönhausen, Friedrichsfeld, in October last, while masters there for a few days: but neither in Reichs Diet, where Plotho was eloquent,

[18] *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, Theil ii. Buch 6 (in Goethe's *Werke*, xxv. 51 et seq.).

nor elsewhere by the Diplomatic method, could he get the least redress, or one civil word of regret. From Polish Majesty himself, to whom Friedrich remonstrated the matter, through the English Resident at Warsaw, Friedrich had expected regret; but he got none. Some think he had hoped that Polish Majesty, touched by these horrors of war, and by the reciprocities evidently liable to follow, might be induced to try something towards mediating a General Peace: but Polish Majesty did not; Polish Majesty answered simply nothing at all, nor would get into any correspondence: upon which Friedrich, possibly a little piqued withal, had at length determined on retaliation.

Within our cantonments, reflects Friedrich, here is Hubertsburg Schloss, with such a hunting apparatus in and around it; Polish Majesty's *Hertzblatt* ("lid of the *heart*," as they call it; breastbone, at least, and pit of his *stomach*, which inclines to nothing but hunting): let his Hubertsburg become as our Charlottenburg is; perhaps that will touch his feelings! Friedrich had formed this resolution; and, Wednesday January 21st, sends for Saldern, one of the most exact, deft-going, and punctiliously honourable of all his Generals, to execute it. Enter Saldern accordingly,—royal Audience-room 'in the *Apel'sche Haus*, New-Neumarkt, No. 16,' as above;—to whom (one Küster, a reliable creature, reporting for us on Saldern's behalf) the King says, in the distinct slowish tone of a King giving orders:

King. "Saldern, tomorrow morning you go" (*Er*, He goes) "with a detachment of Infantry and Cavalry, in all silence, "to Hubertsburg; beset the Schloss, get all the furnitures care- "fully packed up and invoiced. I want nothing with them; the "money they bring I mean to bestow on our Field Hospitals, "and will not forget *you* in disposing of it."

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'Saldern, usually so prompt with his "*Ja*" on any Order 'from the King, looks embarrassed, stands silent,—to the King's 'great surprise;—and after a moment or two says:

Saldern. "Forgive me, your Majesty: but this is contrary to "my honour and my oath."

King (still in a calm tone). "You would be right to think "so, if I did not intend this desperate method for a good object. "Listen to me: great Lords don't feel it in their scalp when "their subjects are torn by the hair; one has to grip their own "locks, as the only way to give them pain." ('These last words 'the King said in a sharper tone; he again made his apology for 'the resolution he had formed; and renewed his Order. With 'the modesty usual to him, but also with manliness, Saldern re-'plied:)

Saldern. "Order me, your Majesty, to attack the enemy and "his batteries, I will on the instant cheerfully obey: but against "honour, oath, and duty, I cannot, I dare not!"

'The King,' with voice gradually rising, I suppose, 'repeated 'his demonstration that the thing was proper, necessary in the 'circumstances; but Saldern, true to the inward voice, answered 'steadily:

Saldern. "For this commission your Majesty will easily find "another person in my stead."

King ('whirling hastily round, with an angry countenance,' but, I should say, an admirable preservation of his dignity in such extreme case). "*Saldern, Er will nicht reich werden,*—Saldern, "you refuse to become rich." And *exit*, leaving Saldern to his own stiff courses.[19]

Nothing remained for Saldern but to fall ill, and retire from the Service; which he did: a man honourably ruined, thought everybody;—which did not prove to be the case, by and by.

This surely is a remarkable Dialogue; far beyond any of the Gellert kind. An absolute King and Commander-in-Chief, and of such a type in both characters, getting flat refusal once in his life (this once only, so far

[19] Küster, *Charakterzüge des General-Lieutenant v. Saldern* (Berlin, 1793), p. 39-44.

as I know), and how he takes it:—one wishes Küster, or somebody, had been able to go into more details!—Details on the Quintus-Icilius procedure, which followed next day, would also have been rather welcome, had Küster seen good. It is well known, Quintus Icilius and his Battalion, on order now given, went cheerfully, next day, in Saldern's stead. And sacked Hubertsburg Castle, to the due extent or farther: 100,000 thalers (15,000*l.*) were to be raised from it for the Field-Hospital behoof; the rest was to be Quintus's own; who, it was thought, made an excellent thing of it for himself. And in hauling out the furnitures, especially in selling them, Quintus having an enterprising sharp head in trade affairs, 'it is certain,' says Küster, as says everybody, 'various *Schändlichkeiten* (scandals) occurred, which 'were contrary to the King's intention, and would not 'have happened under Saldern.' What the scandals particularly were, is not specified to me anywhere, though I have searched up and down; much less the net amount of money realised by Quintus. I know only, poor Quintus was bantered about it, all his life after, by this merciless King; and at Potsdam, in years coming, had ample time and admonition for what penitence was needful.

'The case was much canvassed in the Army,' says poor Küster; 'it was the topic in every tent among 'Officers and common Men. And among us Army-'Chaplains too,' poor honest souls, 'the question of con-'flicting duties arose: Your King ordering one thing, 'and your own Conscience another, what ought a man 'to do? What ought an Army-Chaplain to preach or 'advise? And considerable mutual light in regard to 'it we struck out from one another, and saw how a 'prudent Army-Chaplain might steer his way. Our

'general conclusion was, That neither the King nor 'Saldern could well be called wrong. Saldern listening 'to the inner voice; right he, for certain. But withal 'the King, in his place, might judge such a thing ex- 'pedient and fit; perhaps Saldern himself would, had 'Saldern been King of Prussia there in January 1761.'

Saldern's behaviour in his retirement was beautiful; and after the Peace, he was recalled, and made more use of than ever; being indeed a model for Army arrangements and procedures, and reckoned the completest General of Infantry now left, far and near. The outcries made about Hubertsburg, which still linger in Books, are so considerable, one fancies the poor Schloss must have been quite ruined, and left standing as naked walls. Such, however, we by no means find to be the case; but, on the contrary, shall ourselves see that everything was got refitted there, and put into perfect order again, before long.

There are some War-movements during Winter; general financiering Difficulties. Choiseul proposes Peace.

February 15th, there fell out, at Langensalza, on the Unstrut, in Gotha Country, a bit of sharp fighting; done by Friedrich's people and Duke Ferdinand's in concert; which, and still more what followed on it, made some noise in the quiet months. Not a great thing, this of Langensalza, but a sudden, and successfully done; costing Broglio some 2,000 prisoners; and the ruin of a considerable Post of his, which he had lately pushed out thither, "to sieze the Unstrut," as he hoped. A Broglio grasping at more than he could hold, in those Thüringen parts, as elsewhere! And, indeed,

the Fight of Langensalza was only the beginning of a series of such; Duke Ferdinand being now upon one of his grand Winter-Adventures: that of suddenly surprising and exploding Broglio's Winter-quarters altogether, and rolling him back to Frankfurt for a lodging. So that, since the first days of February, especially since Langensalza day, there rose suddenly a great deal of rushing about, in those regions, with hard bits of fighting, at least of severe campaigning;—which lasted two whole months;—filling the whole world with noise that Winter; and requiring extreme brevity from us here. It was specially Duke Ferdinand's Adventure; Friedrich going on it, as per bargain, to the Langensalza enterprise, but no farther; after which it did not much concern Friedrich, nor indeed come to much result for anybody:

'Strenuous Ferdinand, very impatient of the Göttingen business, and provoked to see Broglio's quarters extend into Hessen, 'so near hand, for the first time, silently determines to dislodge 'him. Broglio's chain of quarters, which goes from Frankfurt 'north as far as Marburg, then turns east to Ziegenhayn; thence 'north again to Cassel, to Münden with its Defiles; and again 'east, or south-east, to Langensalza even: this chain has above '150 miles of weak length; and various other grave faults to 'the eye of Ferdinand,—especially this, that it is in the form, 'not of an elbow only, or joiner's square, which is entirely to be 'disapproved, but even of two elbows; in fact, of the *profile of 'a chair*' (if readers had a Map at hand). ''*Foot* of the chair 'is Frankfurt; *seat* part is from Marburg to Ziegenhayn; *back* 'part, near where Ferdinand lies in chief force, is the Cassel 'region, on to Münden, which is *top* of the back,—still backwards from which, there is a kind of proud *curl* or overlapping, 'down to Langensalza in Gotha Country, which greedy Broglio 'has likewise grasped at! Broglio's friends say he himself knew 'the faultiness of this zigzag form, but had been overruled. 'Ferdinand certainly knows it, and proceeds to act upon it.

'In profound silence, namely, ranks himself (*February 1st-12th*) in three Divisions, wide enough asunder; bursts up sudden 'as lightning, at Langensalza and elsewhere; kicks to pieces 'Broglio's Chair-Profile, kicks out especially the bottom part, 'which ruins both foot and back, these being disjoined thereby, 'and each exposed to be taken in rear;—and of course astonishes 'Broglio not a little; but does not steal his presence of mind.

'So that, in effect, Broglio had instantly to quit Cassel and 'warm lodging, and take the field in person; to burn his Maga-'zines; and, at the swiftest rate permissible, condense himself, at 'first partially about Fulda (well down the leg of his chair), and 'then gradually all into one mass near Frankfurt itself;—with 'considerable losses, loss especially of all his Magazines, full or 'half-full. And has now, except Marburg, Ziegenhayn and 'Cassel, no post between Göttingen and him. Ferdinand, with 'his Three Divisions, went storming along in the wild weather, 'Granby as vanguard; pricking into the skirts of Broglio. Cap-'tured this and that of Corps, of Magazines that had not been 'got burnt; laid siege to Cassel, siege to Ziegenhayn; blocked 'Marburg, not having guns ready: and, for some three or four 'weeks, was by the Gazetteer world and general public thought 'to have done a very considerable feat;—though to himself, such 'were the distances, difficulties of the season, of the long roads, 'it probably seemed very questionable whether, in the end, any 'feat at all.

'Cassel he could not take, after a month's siege under the 'best of Siege-Captains; Ziegenhayn still less under one of the 'worst. Provisions, ammunitions, were not to be had by force 'of wagonry: scant food for soldiers, doubly scant the food of 'Sieges;'—"the road from Beverungen" (where the Weser-boats have to stop, which is 30 miles from Cassel, perhaps 60 from Ziegenhayn, and perhaps 100 from the outmost or southernmost of Ferdinand's parties) "is paved with dead horses," 'nor has even 'Cassel nearly enough of ammunition:—in a word, Broglio, 'finding the time come, bursts up from his Frankfurt Position '(March 14th-21st) in a sharp and determined manner; drives 'Ferdinand's people back, beats the Erbprinz himself one day '(by surprisal, "My compliment for Langensalza"), and sets his

'people running. Ferdinand sees the affair to be over; and 'deliberately retires; lucky, perhaps, that he still can delibe-'rately: and matters return to their old posture. Broglio re-'sumes his quarters, somewhat altered in shape, and not quite 'so grasping as formerly; and beyond his half-filled Magazines, 'has lost nothing considerable, or more considerable than has 'Ferdinand himself.'[20]

The vital element in Ferdinand's Adventure was the Siege of Cassel; all had to fail, when this, by defect of means, under the best of management, declared itself a failure. Siege-Captain was a Graf von Lippe-Bückeburg, Ferdinand's Ordnance-Master, who is supposed to be "the best Artillery Officer in the world,"—and is a man of great mark in military and other circles. He is Son and Successor of that fantastic Lippe-Bückeburg, by whom Friedrich was introduced to Free-Masonry long since. He has himself a good deal of the fantast again, but with a better basis of solidity beneath it. A man of excellent knowledge and faculty in various departments; strict as steel, in regard to discipline, to practice and conduct of all kinds; a most punctilious, silently supercilious gentleman, of polite but privately irrefragable turn of mind. A tall, lean, dusky figure; much seen to by neighbours, as he stalks loftily through this puddle of a world, on terms of his own. Concerning whom there circulates in military circles this Anecdote, among many others;—which is set down as a fact; and may be, whether quite believable or not, a symbol of all the rest, and of a man not unimportant in these Wars. 'Two 'years ago, on King Friedrich's birthday, 24th January '1759, the Count had a select dinner-party in his tent 'in Ferdinand's Camp, in honour of the occasion. Din-'ner was well over, and wine handsomely flowing, when

[20] Tempelhof, v. 15-45; Mauvillon, ii. 135-148.

'somebody at last thought of asking, "What is it, then, 'Herr Graf, that whistling kind of noise we hear every 'now and then overhead?" "That is nothing," said the 'Graf, in his calm, dusky way: "that is only my Artil-'lery-people practising; I have bidden them hit the 'pole of our tent if they can: unhappily there is not 'the slightest danger. Push the bottles on." "[21] Lippe-Bückeburg was Siege-Captain at Cassel; Commandant besieged was Comte de Broglio, the Marshal's younger Brother, formerly in the Diplomatic line;—whom we saw once, five years ago, at the Pirna Barrier, fly into fine frenzy, and kick vainly against the pricks. Friedrich says once, to D'Argens or somebody: "I hope we shall soon have Cassel, and M. le Comte de Broglio prisoner" (deserves it for his fine frenzies, at Pirna and since); —but that comfort was denied us.

Some careless Books say, Friedrich had at first good hopes of this Enterprise; and 'had himself lent 7,000 men to it:' which is the fact, but not the whole fact. Friedrich had approved, and even advised this plan of Ferdinand's, and had agreed to send 7,000 men to co-operate at Langensalza,—which, so far out in Thüringen, and pointing as if to the Reichsfolk, is itself an eye-sorrow to Friedrich. The issue we have seen. His 7,000 went accordingly, under a General Syburg; met the Ferdinand people (General Spörken head of these, and Walpole's 'Conway' one of them); found the Unstrut in flood, but crossed nevertheless; dashed in upon the French and Saxons there, and made a brilliant thing of it at Langensalza.[22] Which done, Syburg instantly withdrew, leaving Spörken and his Conways to complete

[21] Archenholtz, ii. 356.

[22] *Bericht von der bey Langensalza am* 15 *Februar* 1761 *vorgefallenen Action* (in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 75); Tempelhof, v. 22-27.

the Adventure; and, for his part, set himself with his whole might 'to raising contributions, recruits, horses, 'proviants, over Thüringen;' 'which,' says Tempelhof, 'had been his grand errand there, and in which he succeeded wonderfully.'

Towards the end of Ferdinand's Affair, Cassel Siege now evidently like to fail, Friedrich organised a small Expedition for his own behoof: expedition into Voigtland, or Frankenland, against the intrusive Reichs people,—who have not now a Broglio or Langensalza to look across to, but are mischievous upon our outposts on the edge of the Voigtland yonder. The expedition lasted only ten days (*April* 1*st*, it left quarters; *April* 11*th*, was home again); a sharp, swift and very pretty expedition;[23] of which we can here say only that it was beautifully impressive on the Reichs gentlemen, and sent their Croateries and them home again, to Bamberg, to Eger, quite over the horizon, in a considerably flurried state. After which there was no Small-War farther, and everybody rested in cantonment, making ready till the Great should come.

The Prussian wounded are all in Leipzig this Winter; a crowded stirring Town; young Archenholtz, among many others, going about in convalescent state, —not attending Gellert's course, that I hear of,—but noticing vividly to right and left. Much difficulty about the contributions, Archenholtz observes;—of course an ever-increasing difficulty, here as everywhere, in regard to finance! From Archenholtz chiefly, I present the following particulars; which, though in loose form, and without date, except the general one of Winter 1760-61, to any of them, are to be held substantially correct:

[23] Tempelhof, v. 48-57.

Dec. 1760—April 1761.

* * '"It is impossible to pay that Contribution," exclaim 'the Leipzigers: "you said, long since, it was to be 75,000*l.* on 'us by the year; and this year you rise to 160,000*l.*; more than 'double!"—"Perhaps that is because you favoured the Reichs-'folk while here?" answer the Prussians, if they answer any-'thing: "It is the King's order. Pay it you must."—"Cannot; 'simply impossible." "Possible, we tell you, and also certain; 'we will burn your Leipzig if you don't!" And they actually, 'these Collector fellows, a stony-hearted set, who had a percent-'age of their own on the sums levied, got soldiers drawn out 'more than once, pitch-link in hand, as if for immediate burn-'ing: but the Leipzigers thought to themselves, "King Fried-'rich is not a Soltikof!" and openly laughed at those pitch-'links. Whereupon about a hundred of their Chief Merchants 'were thrown into prison,—one hundred or so, riddled down in a 'day or two to Seventeen; which latter Seventeen, as they stood 'out, were detained a good many days, how many is not said, 'but only that they were amazingly firm. Black-hole for lodg-'ing, bread-and-water for diet, straw for bed: nothing would 'avail on the Seventeen: "Impossible," they answered always; 'each unit of them, in sight of the other sixteen, was upon his 'honour, and could not think of flinching. "You shall go for 'soldiers, then;—possibly you will prefer that, you fine powdered 'velvet gentlemen? Up, then, and march; here are your fire-'locks, your seventeen knapsacks: to the road with us; to Mag-'deburg, there to get on drill!" Upon which the Seventeen, 'horror-struck at such quasi-*actual* possibility, gave in.

'Magnanimous Gotzkowsky, who had come to Leipzig on 'business at the time' (which will give us a date for this by and by), 'and been solemnly applied to by Deputation of the 'Rath, pleaded with his usual zealous fidelity in their behalf; 'got various alleviations, abatements; gave bills:—"Never 'was seen such magnanimity!" said the Leipzig Town-Council 'solemnly, as that of Berlin, in October last, had done.'[24]

Of course the difficulties, financial and other, are increasing every Winter;—not on Friedrich's side only.

[24] Archenholtz, ii. 187-192.

Here, for instance, from the Duchy of Göttingen, are some items in the French Account current, this Winter, which are also furnished by Archenholtz:

'For bed-ticking, 13,000 webs; of shirts ready-made, 18,000; 'shoes,' I forget in what quantity; but 'from the poor little 'Town of Duderstadt 600 pairs,—liability to instant flogging if 'they are not honest shoes; flogging, and the whole shoemaker 'guild summoned out to see it.' Hardy women the same Duderstadt has had to produce: 300 of them, 'each with basket on 'back, who are carrying cannon-balls from the foundry at Lauterberg to Göttingen, the road being bad.'[25] 'These French 'are in such necessity,' continues Archenholtz, 'they spare 'neither friend nor foe. The Frankish Circle, for example, 'pleads piteously in Reichs Diet that it has already smarted by 'this War to the length of 2,230,000*l.*, and entreats the Kaiser 'to bid Most Christian Majesty cease *his* exactions,—but without the least result.' Result! If Most Christian Majesty and his Pompadour will continue this War, is it he, or is it you, that can furnish the Magazines? 'Magazine-furnishings, over all 'Hessen and this part of Hanover, are enormous. Recruits too, 'native Hessian, native Hanoverian, you shall furnish,—and "We will hang them, and do, if caught deserting" (to their own 'side)!'

I add only one other item from Archenholtz: 'Mice being 'busy in these Hanover Magazines, it is decided to have cats, 'and a requisition goes out accordingly' (cipher not given): 'cats do execution for a time,' but cannot stand the confine-'ment,' are averse to the solitary system, and object (think with what vocality!): 'upon which Hanover has to send foxes and 'weasels.'[26] These guardian animals, and the 300 women laden with cannon-balls from the forge, are the most peculiar items in the French Account current, and the last I will mention.

Difficulty, quasi-impossibility, on the French side, there evidently is, perhaps more than on any other. But Choiseul has many arts;—and his Official existence,

[25] Archenholtz, ii. 237. [26] Ibid. ii. 240.

were there nothing more, demands that he do the impossible now if ever. This Spring (26th March 1761), to the surprise and joy of mankind, there came formal Proposal, issuing from Choiseul, to which Maria Theresa and the Czarina had to put their signatures; regretting that the British-Prussian Proposal of last Year had, by ill accident, fallen to the ground, and now repeating it themselves (real "Congress at Augsburg," and all things fair and handsome) to Britannic and Prussian Majesties. Who answer (April 3d) as before, "Nothing with more willingness, we!"[27]

And there actually did ensue, at Paris, a vivid Negotiating all Summer; which ended, not quite in nothing, but in less, if we might say so. Considerably less, for some of us. We shall have to look what end *it* had, and Mauduit will look!—Most people, Pitt probably among the others, came to think that Choiseul, though his France is in beggary, had no real view from the first, except to throw powder in the eyes of France and mankind, to ascertain for himself on what terms those English would make Peace, and to get Spain drawn into his quarrel. A Choiseul with many arts. But we will leave him and his Peace-Proposals, and the other rumours and futilities of this Year. They are part of the sound and smoke which fill all Years; and which vanish into next to nothing, oftenest into pure nothing, when the Years have waited a little. Friedrich's finances, copper and other, were got completed; his Armies too were once more put on a passable footing;—and this Year will have its realities withal.

Gotzkowsky, in regard to those Leipzig Finance

[27] The "Declaration" (of France &c.), with the Answer or "Counter-Declaration," in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 12-16.

difficulties, yields me a date, which is supplementary to some of the Archenholtz details. I find it was 'January 20th, 1761,'—precisely while the Saldern Interview, and subsequent wreck of Hubertsburg, went on,—that 'Gotzkowsky arrived in Leipzig,'[28] and got those unfortunate Seventeen out of ward, and the contributions settled.

And withal, at Paris, in the same hours, there went on a thing worth noting. That January day, while Icilius was busy on the Schloss of Hubertsburg, poor old Maréchal de Belleisle,—mark him, reader!—'in the 'Rue de Lille at Paris,' lay sunk in putrid fever; and on the fourth day after, 'January 26th, 1761,' the last of the grand old Frenchmen died. 'He had been re-'ported dead three days before,' says Barbier: 'the 'public wished it so; they laid the blame on him of 'this apparent' (let a cautious man write it, 'apparent) 'derangement in our affairs,'—instead of thanking him for all he had done and suffered (loss of so much, including reputation and an only Son) to repair and stay the same. 'He was in his 77th year. Many people say, "We must wait three months, to see if we shall not "regret him,"'—even him![29] So generous are Nations.

Maréchal Duc de Belleisle was very wealthy: in Vernon Country, Normandy, he had estates and châteaux to the value of about 24,000*l.* annually. All these, having first accurately settled for his own debts, he, in his grand old way, childless, forlorn, but loftily polite to the last, bequeathed to the King. His splendid Paris Mansion he expressly left 'to serve in perpetuity 'as a residence for the Secretary of State in the Depart-'ment of War:' a magnificent Town-House it is, '*hôtel* '*magnifique*, at the end of the Pont-Royal,'—which, I

[28] Rödenbeck, ii. 77. [29] Barbier, iv. 373; i. 154.

notice farther, is in our time called 'Hôtel de *Choiseul-Praslin*,'—a house latterly become horrible in men's memory, if my guess is right.

And thus vanishes, in sour dark clouds, the once great Belleisle. Grandiose, something almost of great in him, of sublime,—alas, yes, of too sublime; and of unfortunate beyond proportion, paying the debt of many foregoers! He too is a notability gone out, the last of his kind. Twenty years ago, he crossed the Œil-de-Bœuf with Papers, just setting out to cut Teutschland in Four: and in the Rue de Lille, No. 54, with that grandiose Enterprise drawing to its issue in universal defeat, disgrace, discontent, and preparation for the General Overturn (*Culbute Générale* of 1789), he closes his weary old eyes. Choiseul succeeds him as War-Minister; War-Minister and Prime-Minister both in one;—and by many arts of legerdemain, and another real spasm of effort upon Hanover to do the impossible there, is leading France with winged steps the same road.

Since March 17th, Friedrich was no longer in Leipzig. He left at that time, for Meissen-Country, and the Hill Cantonments,—organised there his little Expedition into Voigtland, for behoof of the Reichsfolk;—and did not return. Continued, mostly in Meissen Country, as the fittest for his many businesses, Army-regulatings and other. Till the Campaign come, we will remember of him nothing, but this little Note, and pleasant little Gift, to his *Chère Maman*, the day after his arrival in those parts:

To Madame Camas (at Magdeburg, with the Queen).

"Meissen, 20th March 1761.

"I send you, my dear Mamma, a little Trifle, by way of "keepsake and memento" (Snuffbox of Meissen Porcelain, with

the figure of a Dog on the lid). "You may use the Box for "your rouge, for your patches, or you may put snuff in it, or "*bonbons* or pills: but whatever use you turn it to, think always, "when you see this Dog, the Symbol of Fidelity, that he who "sends it, outstrips, in respect of fidelity and attachment to "*Maman*, all the dogs in the world; and that his devotion to "you has nothing whatever in common with the fragility of the "material which is manufactured hereabouts.

"I have ordered Porcelain here for all the world, for Schön-"hausen" (for your Mistress, my poor uncomplaining Wife), "for my Sisters-in-law; in fact, I am rich in this brittle mate-"rial only. And I hope the receivers will accept it as current "money: for, the truth is, we are poor as can be, good Mamma; "I have nothing left but honour, my coat, my sword, and por-"celain.

"Farewell, my beloved Mamma. If Heaven will, I shall one "day see you again face to face; and repeat to you, by word of "mouth, what I have already said and written; but, turn it and "re-turn it as I may, I shall never, except very incompletely, "express what the feelings of my heart to you are.—F."[30]

*** It was during this Winter, if it ever was, that Friedrich received the following Letter from an aspiring Young Lady, just coming out, age seventeen,—in a remote sphere of things. In "Sleepy Hollow" namely, or the Court of Mirow in Mecklenburg-Strelitz, where we once visited with Friedrich almost thirty years ago. The poor collapsed Duke has ceased making dressing-gowns there; and this is his Niece, Princess Charlotte, Sister to the now reigning Duke.

This Letter, in the translated form, and the glorious results it had for some of us, are familiar to all English readers for the last hundred years. Of Friedrich's Answer to it, if he sent one, we have no trace whatever. Which is a pity, more or less;—though, in truth, the Answer could only have been some polite formality; the Letter itself being a mere breath of sentimental

[30] Given in *Rödenbeck*, ii. 79; omitted, for I know not what reason, in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xviii. 145: cited partly in *Preuss*, ii. 282.

wind, absolutely without significance to Friedrich or anybody else,—except always to the Young Lady herself, to whom it brought a Royal Husband and Queenship of England, within a year. Signature, presumably, this Letter once had; date of place, of day, year, or even century (except by implication), there never was any: but judicious persons, scanning on the spot, have found that the "Victory" spoken of can only have meant Torgau; and that the aspiring Young Lady, hitherto a School Girl, not so much as "confirmed" till a month or two ago, age seventeen in May last, can only have written it, at Mirow, in the Winter subsequent.[31] Certain it is, in September *next*, September 1761, directly after George III.'s Wedding, there appeared in the English Newspapers, what doubtless had been much handed about in society before, the following '*Translation of a Letter, said to have been written by Princess Charlotte of Mecklenberg to the King of Prussia, on one of his Victories*,' —without farther commentary or remark of any kind; everybody then understanding, as everybody still. So notable a Document ought to be given in the Original as well (or in what passes for such), and with some approach to the necessary preliminaries of time and place:[32]

[*To his Majesty the King of Prussia* (in Leipzig, or Somewhere).

Mirow in Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Winter of 1760-61.]

"*Sire!—Ich weiss nicht, ob ich über Ewr. Majestät letzteren Sieg fröhlich oder traurig sein soll, weil eben der glückliche Sieg, der neue Lorbeern um Dero Scheitel geflochten hat, über mein Vaterland Jammer und Elend verbreitet. Ich weiss, Sire, in diesem unserm lasterhaft verfeinerten Zeitalter werde ich ver-*

"*May it please your Majesty*,

"I am at a loss whether I shall congratulate or condole with you on your late victory; since the same success that has covered you with laurels has overspread the Country of Mecklenburgh with desolation. I know, Sire, that it seems unbecoming my sex, in this age

[31] Ludwig Giesebrecht,—*Der Fürstenhof in Mirow während der Jahre* 1708-1761, in *Programm des vereinigten Königlichen und Stadt-Gymnasiums* for 1863 (Stettin, 1863), pp. 26-29,—enters into a minute criticism.

[32] From *Gentleman's Magazine* (for October 1761, xxxi. 447) we take, verbatim, the *Translation;* from *Preuss* (ii. 186) the '*Original*,' who does not say where he got it,—whether from an old German Newspaper or not.

lacht werden, dass mein Herz über das Unglück des Landes trauert, dass ich die Drangsale des Krieges beweine, und von ganzer Seele die Rückkehr des Friedens wünsche. Selbst Sie, Sire, werden vielleicht denken, es schicke sich besser für mich, mich in der Kunst zu gefallen zu üben, oder mich nur um häusliche Angelegenheiten zu bekümmern. Allein dem seye, wie ihm wolle, so fühlt mein Herz zu sehr für diese Unglücklichen, um eine dringende Fürbitte für dieselben zurück zu halten.

"*Seit wenigen Jahren hatte dieses Land die angenehmste Gestalt gewonnen. Man traf keine verödete Stellen an. Alles war angebaut. Das Landvolk sah vergnügt aus, und in den Städten herrschte Wohlstand und Freude. Aber welch' eine Veränderung gegen eine so angenehme Scene! Ich bin in partheischen Beschreibungen nicht erfahren, noch weniger kann ich die Gräuel der Verwüstung mit erdichteten Schilderungen schrecklicher darstellen. Allein gewiss selbst Krieger, welche ein edles Herz und Gefühl besitzen, würden durch den Anblick dieser Scenen zu Thränen bewegt werden. Das ganze Land, mein werthes Vaterland, liegt da gleich einer Wüste. Der Ackerbau und die Viehzucht haben aufgehört. Der Bauer und der* of vicious refinement, to feel for one's Country, to lament the horrors of war, or wish for the return of peace. I know you may think it more properly my province to study the art of pleasing, or to turn my thoughts to subjects of a more domestic nature: but, however unbecoming it may be in me, I can't resist the desire of interceding for this unhappy people.

"It was but a very few years ago that this territory wore the most pleasing appearance. The Country was cultivated, the peasant looked cheerful, and the towns abounded with riches and festivity. What an alteration at present from such a charming scene! I am not expert at description, nor can my fancy add any horrors to the picture; but sure even conquerors themselves would weep at the hideous prospect now before me. The whole Country, my dear Country, lies one frightful waste, presenting only objects to excite terror, pity, and despair. The business of the husbandman and the shepherd are quite discontinued; the husbandman and the shepherd are become soldiers themselves, and help to ravage the soil they formerly occupied. The towns are inhabited only by old men, women and children; perhaps

Hirt sind Soldaten worden, und in den Städten sieht man nur Greise, Weiber und Kinder, vielleicht noch hie und da einen jungen Mann, der aber durch empfangene Wunden ein Krüppel ist und den ihn umgebenden kleinen Knaben die Geschichte einer jeden Wunde mit einem so pathetischen Heldenton erzählt, dass ihr Herz schon der Trommel folgt, ehe sie recht gehen können. Was aber das Elend auf den höchsten Gipfel bringt, sind die immer abwechselnden Vorrückungen und Zurückziehungen beider Armeen, da selbst die, so sich unsre Freunde nennen, beim Abzuge alles mitnehmen und verheeren, und wenn sie wieder kommen, gleich viel wieder herbei geschafft haben wollen. Von Dero Gerechtigkeit, Sire, hoffen wir Hülfe in dieser äussersten Noth. An Sie, Sire, mogen auch Frauen, ja selbst Kinder ihre Klagen bringen. Sie, die sich auch zur niedrigsten Klasse gütigst herablassen, und dadurch, wenn es möglich ist, noch grösser werden, als selbst durch ihre Siege, werden die meinigen nicht unerhört lassen und, zur Ehre Dero eigenen Ruhmes, Bedrückungen und Drangsalen abhelfen, welche wider alle Menschenliebe und wider alle gute Kriegszucht streiten. Ich bin &c."

here and there a warrior, by wounds and loss of limbs, rendered unfit for service, left at his door; his little children hang round him, ask a history of every wound, and grow themselves soldiers before they find strength for the field. But this were nothing, did we not feel the alternate insolence of either army, as it happens to advance or retreat. It is impossible to express the confusion, even those who call themselves our friends create. Even those from whom we might expect redress, oppress us with new calamities. From your justice, therefore, it is that we hope relief; to you even children and women may complain, whose humanity stoops to the meanest petition, and whose power is capable of repressing the greatest injustice.

"I am, Sire, &c."

It is remarked that this Young Lady, so amiably melodious in tone, though she might address to King Friedrich, seems to be writing to the wind; and that she gives nothing of fact or picture in regard to Mecklenburg, especially to Mecklenburg-*Strelitz*, but what is taken from her own beautiful young brain. All operatic, vague, imaginary,—some of it expressly untrue.[33] So that latterly there have been doubts as to its authenticity altogether![34] And in fact the Piece has a good deal the air of some School-Exercise, Model of Letter-writing, Patriotic Aspiration or the like;—thrown off, shall we say, by the young Parson of Mirow (Charlotte's late Tutor), with Charlotte there to *sign;* or by some Patriotic Schoolmaster elsewhere, anywhere, in a moment of enthusiasm, and *without* any Charlotte but a hypothetic one? Certainly it is difficult to fancy how a modest, rational, practical young person like Charlotte can have thought of so airy a feat of archery into the blue! Charlotte herself never disavowed it, that I heard of; and to Colonel Grahame the Ex-Jacobite, hunting about among potential Queens of England, for behoof of Bute and of a certain Young King and King's Mother, the Letter did seem abundantly unquestionable and adorable. Perhaps authentic, after all;—and certainly small matter whether or not.

[33] In Mecklenburg-*Schwerin*, which had always to smart sore for its Duke and the line he took, the Swedes, this year, as usual (but, *till* Torgau, with more hope than usual), had been trying for winter-quarters: and had by the Prussians, as usual, been hunted out,—Eugen of Würtemberg speeding thither, directly after Torgau; Rostock his winter-quarters; —who, doubtless with all rigour, is levying contributions for Prussian behoof. But as to Mecklenburg-Strelitz,—see, for example, in *Schöning*, iii. 30 &c., an indirect but altogether conclusive proof of the perfectly amicable footing now and always subsisting there; Friedrich reluctant to intrude even with a small request or solicitation, on Eugen's behalf, at this time.

[34] 'Boll, *Geschichte Meklenburgs mit besonderer Berücksichtigung der Culturgeschichte* (Neubrandenburg, 1856), ii. 303-305;'—cited by Gieseprecht, who himself takes the opposite view.

CHAPTER VII.

SIXTH CAMPAIGN OPENS: CAMP OF BUNZELWITZ.

To the outward observer, Friedrich stands well at present, and seems again in formidable posture. After two such Victories, and such almost miraculous recovery of himself, who shall say what resistance he will not yet make? In comparison with 1759 and its failures and disasters, what a Year has 1760 been! Liegnitz and Torgau, instead of Kunersdorf and Maxen, here are unexpected phenomena; here is a King risen from the deeps again,—more incalculable than ever to contemporary mankind. "How these things will end?" Fancy of what a palpitating interest *then*, while everybody watched the huge game as it went on; though it is so little interesting now to anybody, looking at it all finished! Finished; no mystery of chance, of world-hope or of world-terror now remaining in it; all is fallen stagnant, dull, distant;—and it will behove us to be brief upon it.

Contemporaries, and Posterity that will make study, must alike admit that, among the sons of men, few in any Age have made a stiffer fight than Friedrich has done and continues to do. But to Friedrich himself it is dismally evident, that year by year his resources are melting away; that a year must come when he will have no resource more. Ebbing very fast, his resources; —fast too, no doubt, those of his Enemies, but not *so*

fast. They are mighty Nations, he is one small Nation. His thoughts, we perceive, have always, in the background of them, a hue of settled black. Easy to say, "Resist till we die;" but to go about, year after year, practically doing it, under cloudy omens, no end of it visible ahead, is not easy. Many men, Kings and other, have had to take that stern posture;—few on sterner terms than those of Friedrich at present; and none that I know of with a more truly stoical and manful figure of demeanour. He is long used to it! Wet to the bone, you do not regard new showers; the one thing is, reach the bridge before *it* be swum away.

The usual hopes, about Turks, about Peace, and the like, have not been wanting to Friedrich this Winter; mentionable as a trait of Friedrich's character, not otherwise worth mention. Hope of aid from the Turks, it is very strange to see how he nurses this fond shadow, which never came to anything! Happily, it does not prevent, it rather encourages, the utmost urgency of preparation: "The readier we are, the likelier are Turks and everything!" Peace, at least between France and England, after such a Proposal on Choiseul's part, and such a pass as France is really got to, was a reasonable probability. But indeed, from the first year of this War, as we remarked, Peace has seemed possible to Friedrich every year; especially from 1759 onward, there is always every winter a lively hope of Peace:—"No slackening of preparation; the reverse, rather; but surely the Campaign of next Summer will be cut short, and we shall all get home only half expended!"[1]

Practically, Friedrich has been raising new Free-Corps people, been recruiting, refitting, and equipping, with more diligence than ever; and, in spite of the al-

[1] Schöning (*in locis*).

most impossibilities, has two Armies on foot, some 96,000 men in all, for defence of Saxony and of Silesia,—Henri to undertake Saxony, *versus* Daun; Silesia, with Loudon and the Russians, to be Friedrich's heavier share. The Campaign, of which, by the one party and the other, very great things had been hoped and feared, seemed once as if it would begin two months earlier than usual; but was staved off, a long time, by Friedrich's dexterities, and otherwise; and in effect did not begin, what we can call beginning, till two months later than usual. Essentially it fell, almost all, to Friedrich's share; and turned out as little decisive on him as any of its foregoers. The one memorable part of it now is, Friedrich's Encampment at Bunzelwitz; which did not occur till four months after Friedrich's appearance on the Field. And from the end of April, when Loudon made his first attempt, till the end of August, when Friedrich took that Camp, there was nothing but a series of attempts, all ineffectual, of demonstrations, marchings, manœuverings, and small events; which, in the name of every reader, demand condensation to the utmost. If readers will be diligent, here, so far as needful, are the prefatory steps.

Since Fouquet's disaster, Goltz generally has Silesia in charge; and does it better than expected. He was never thought to have Fouquet's talent in him; but he shows a rugged loyalty of mind, less egoistic than the fiery Fouquet's; and honestly flings himself upon his task, in a way pleasant to look at: pleasant to the King especially, who recognises in Goltz a useful, brave, frank soul;—and has given him, this Spring, the *Order of Merit*, which was a high encouragement to Goltz. In Silesia, after Kosel last Year, there had been truce between Goltz and Loudon; which should have pro-

duced repose to both; but did not altogether, owing to mistakes that rose. And at any rate, in the end of April, Loudon, bursting suddenly into Silesia with great increase to the forces already there, gave notice, as per bargain, That "in 96 hours" the Truce would expire. And waiting punctiliously till the last of said hours was run out, Loudon fell upon Goltz (*April 25th*, in the Schweidnitz-Landshut Country), with his usual vehemence;—meaning to get hold of the Silesian Passes, and extinguish Goltz (only 10 or 12,000 against 30,000), as he had done Fouquet last Year.

But Goltz took his measures better; seized 'the Gallows-Hill of Hohenfriedberg,' seized this and that; and stood in so forcible an attitude, that Loudon, carefully considering, durst not risk an assault; and the only result was: Friedrich hastened to relief of Goltz (rose from Meissen Country, *May 3d*), and appeared in Silesia six weeks earlier than he had intended. But again took Cantonments there (Schweidnitz and neighbourhood);—Loudon retiring wholly, on first tidings of him, home to Bohemia again. Home in Bohemia; at Braunau, on the western edge of the Glatz Mountains, —there sits Loudon thenceforth, silent for a long time; silently collecting an Army of 72,000, with strict orders from Vienna to avoid fighting till the Russians come. Loudon has very high intentions this Year. Intends to finish Silesia altogether;—cannot he, after such a beginning upon Glatz last year? That is the firm notion at Vienna among men of understanding: ever-active Loudon the favourite there, against a Cunctator who has been too cunctatory many times. Liegnitz itself, was not that (as many opine) a disaster due to cunctation, not of Loudon's?

Loudon is to be joined by 60,000 Russians, under a

3d May 1761.

Feldmarschall Butturlin, not under sulky Soltikof, this Year; junction to be in Upper Silesia, in Neisse neighbourhood. "We take that Fortress," say the Vienna people; "it is next on the file after Glatz. Neisse taken; thence northward, cleaning the Country as we go: Brieg, Schweidnitz, Glogau, probably Breslau itself in some good interim: there are but Four Fortresses to do; and the thing is finished. Let the King, one to three, and Loudon in command against him, try if he can hinder it!" This is the Program in Vienna and in Petersburg. And, accordingly, the Russians have got on march about the end of May; plodding on ever since, due hereabouts before June end: "junction to be as near Neisse as you can: and no fighting of the King, on any terms, till the Russians come." Never were the Vienna people so certain before. Daun is to do nothing "rash" in Saxony (a Daun not given that way, they can calculate), but is to guard Loudon's game; carefully to reinforce, comfort, and protect the brave Loudon and his Russians till they win;—after which, Saxony as rash as you like. This is the Program of the Season:—readers feel what an immensity of preliminary higglings, hitchings and manœuverings will now demand to be suppressed by us! Read these essential Fractions, chiefly chronological;—and then, at once, To Bunzelwitz, and the time of close grips in Silesia here.

'Last Year,' says a loose Note, which we may as well take with us, 'Tottleben did not go home with the rest, but kept 'hovering about, in eastern Pommern, with a 10,000, all Winter; 'attempting several kinds of mischief in those Countries, espe- 'cially attempting to do something on Colberg; which the Rus- 'sians mean to besiege next Summer, with more intensity than 'ever, for the Third, and, if possible, the last time. "Storm "their outposts there," thinks Tottleben, "especially Belgard,

"the chief outpost; girdle tighter and tighter the obstinate little "crow's-nest of a Colberg, and have it ready for besieging in "good time." Tottleben did try upon the outposts, especially 'Belgard the chief one (January 18th, 1761), but without the 'least success at Belgard; with a severe reproof instead, Wer-'ner's people being broad awake:[2] upon which Tottleben and 'they made a truce, "Peaceable till May 12th;" till June 1st, 'it proved, about which time' (which time, or afterwards, as the Silesian crisis may admit!) 'we will look in on them again.'

May 3d, as above intimated, Friedrich hastened off for Silesia, quitted Meissen that day, with an Army of some 50,000; pressingly intent to relieve Goltz from his dangerous predicament there. This is one of Friedrich's famed marches, done in a minimum of time and with a maximum of ingenuity; concerning which I will remember only that, one night, 'he lodged 'again at Rodewitz, near Hochkirch, in the same house as on 'that Occasion' (what a thirty months to look back upon, as you sink to sleep!)—'and that no accident anywhere befel the March, 'though Daun's people, all through Saxony and the Lausitz, 'were hovering on the flank,—apprehensive chiefly lest it might 'mean a plunge *into Bohemia*, for relief of Goltz, instead of 'what it did.' For six weeks after that hard March, the King's people got Cantonments again, and rested.

Prince Henri is left in Saxony, with Daun in huge force against him, Daun and the Reich; between whom and Henri,—Seidlitz being in the field again with Henri, Seidlitz and others of mark,—there fell out a great deal of exquisite manœuvering, rapid detaching, and occasional sharp cutting on the small scale; but nothing of moment to detain us here, or afterwards. We shall say only that Henri, to a wonderful extent, maintained himself against the heavy overwhelming Daun and his Austrian and Reichs masses; and that Napoleon, I know not after what degree of study, pronounced this Campaign of 1761 to be the masterpiece of Henri, and really a considerable thing, '*La campagne de* 1761 *est celle où ce Prince a vraiment montré 'des talents supérieurs;* the Battle of Freyberg' (wait till next

[2] Account of it, *Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 670.

Year) 'nothing in comparison.'[3] Which may well detain soldier-people upon it; but must not us, in any measure. The result of Henri being what we said,—a drawn game, or nearly so,—we will, without interference from him, follow Friedrich and Goltz.

Friedrich and Goltz,—or, alas, it is very soon Friedrich alone; the valiant Goltz soon perishing from his hand! After brief junction in Schwiednitz Country, Friedrich detached Goltz to his old fortified Camp at Glogau, there to be on watch. Goltz watching there, lynx-eyed, skilful, volunteered a Proposal (June 22d): "Reinforce me to 20,000, your Majesty; I will attack so and so of those advancing Russians!" Which his Majesty straightway approved of, and set going.[4] Goltz thereupon tasked all his energies, perhaps overmuch; and it was thought might at last really have done something for the King, in this matter of the Russians still in separate Divisions,—a thing feasible if you have energy and velocity; always unfeasible otherwise. But, alas, poor Goltz, just when ready to march, was taken with sudden violent fever, the fruit probably of overwork; and, in that sad flame, blazed away his valiant existence in three or four days:—gone forever, June 30th, 1761; to the regret of Friedrich and of many.

Old Ziethen was at once pushed on, from Glogau over the frontier, to replace Goltz; but, I doubt, had not now the requisite velocity: Ziethen merely manœuvered about, and came home "attending the Russians," as Henri, Dohna and others had done. The Russians entered Silesia, from the north-east or Polish side, without difficulty; and (July 15th-20th) were within reach of Breslau and of an open road to southward, and to junction with Loudon, who is astir for them there. About Breslau, they linger and higgle, at their leïsure, for three weeks longer: and if their junction with the Austrians "in Neisse neighbourhood" is to be prevented or impeded, it is Friedrich, not Ziethen, that will have to do it.

Junction in Neisse neighbourhood (Oppeln, where it should have been, which is some 35 miles from Neisse), Friedrich did,

[3] Montholon, *Mémoires de Napoléon*, vii. 324.

[4] Goltz's Letter to the King, 'Glogau, 22d June 1761,' is in Tempelhof (v. 88-90), who thinks the plan good.

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by velocity and dexterity, contrive to prevent; but junction somewhere he probably knows to be inevitable. These are among Friedrich's famed marches and manœuverings, these against the swift Loudon and his slow Russians; but we will not dwell on them. My readers know the King's manner in such cases; have already been on two Marches with him, and even in these same routes and countries. We will say only, that the Russians were and had been very dilatory; Loudon much the reverse; and their and Loudon's Adversary still more. That, for five days, the Russians, at length close to Breslau (August 6th-11th), kept vaguely cannonading and belching noise and apprehension upon the poor City, but without real damage to it, and as if merely to pass the time; and had gradually pushed out fore-posts, as far as Oppeln, towards Loudon, up their safe right bank of Oder. That Loudon, on the first glimpse of these, had made his best speed Neisse-ward; and did a march or two with good hope; but at Münsterberg (July 22d), on the morning of the third or fourth day's march, was astonished to see Friedrich ahead of him, nearer Neisse than he; and that in Neisse Country there was nothing to be done, no Russian junction possible there.

"Try it in Schweidnitz Country, then!" said Loudon. The Russians leave off cannonading Breslau; cross Oder, about Auras or Leubus (August 11th-12th); and Loudon, after some finessing, marches back Schweidnitz-way, cautiously, skilfully; followed by Friedrich, anxious to prevent a junction here too, or at lowest to do some stroke before it occur. A great deal of cunning marching, shifting and manœuvering there is, for days round Schweidnitz on all sides; encampings by Friedrich, now Liegnitz headquarter, now Wahlstadt, now Schönbrunn, Striegau;—without the least essential harm to Loudon, or likelihood increasing that the junction can be hindered. No offer of battle either; Loudon is not so easy to beat as some. The Russians come on at a snail's pace, so Loudon thinks it, who is extremely impatient; but makes no mistakes in consequence, keeps himself safe (Kunzendorf, on the edge of the Glatz Hills, his main post), and the roads open for his heavy-footed friends.

In Nicolstadt, a march from Wahlstadt, 16th August, there

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are 60,000 Russians in front of Friedrich, 72,000 Austrians in rear: what can he, with at the very utmost 57,000, do against them? Now was the time to have fallen upon the King, and have consumed him between two fires, as it is thought might have been possible, had they been simultaneous, and both of them done it with a will. But simultaneity was difficult, and the will itself was wanting, or existed only on Loudon's side. Nothing of the kind was attempted on the confederate part, still less on Friedrich's,—who stands on his guard, and, from the Heights about, has at last to witness what he cannot hinder. Sees both Armies on march; Austrians from the south-east or Kunzendorf-Freyberg side, Russians from the north-east or Kleinerwitz side, wending in many columns by the back of Jauer and the back of Liegnitz respectively; till (August 18th) they 'join hands,' as it is termed, or touch mutually by their light troops; and on the 19th (Friedrich now off on another scheme, and *not* witnessing), fall into one another's arms, ranked all in one line of posts.[5] "Can the Reichshofrath say our junction is not complete?" And so ends what we called the Prefatory part; and the time of Close Gripes seems to be come!—

Friedrich has now nothing for it but to try if he cannot possibly get hold of Kunzendorf (readers may look in their Map*), and cut off Loudon's staff of bread; Loudon's, and Butturlin's as well; for the whole 130,000 are now to be fed by Loudon, and no slight task he will find it. By rushing direct on Kunzendorf with such a velocity as Friedrich is capable of, it is thought he might have managed Kunzendorf; but he had to mask his design, and march by the rear or east side of Schweidnitz, not by the west side: "They will think I am making off in despair, intending for the strong post of Pilzen there, with Schweidnitz to shelter me in front!" hoped Friedrich (morning of the 19th), as he marched

[5] Tempelhof, v. 58-150.

* See Map, p. 306 *a*.

off on that errand. But on approaching in that manner, by the bow, he found that Loudon had been quite sceptical of such despair, and at any rate had, by the string, made sure of Kunzendorf and the food-sources. August 20th, at break of day, scouts report the Kunzendorf ground thoroughly beset again, and Loudon in his place there. No use marching thitherward farther:—whither now, therefore?

Friedrich knows Pilzen, what an admirable post it really is; except only that Schweidnitz will be between the enemy and him, and liable to be besieged by them; which will never do! Friedrich, on the moment of that news from Kunzendorf, gets on march, not by the east side (as intended till the scouts came in), but by the west or exposed side of Schweidnitz:—he stood waiting, ready for either route, and lost not a moment on his scouts coming in. All upon the road by 3 A.M., August 20th; and encamps, still at an early hour, midway between Schweidnitz and Striegau: right wing of him at Zedlitz (if the reader look on his Map), left wing at Jauernik; headquarters, Bunzelwitz, a poor Village, celebrated ever since in War-annals. And begins (that same evening, the earlier or *rested* part of him begins) digging and trenching at a most extraordinary rate, according to plan formed; no enemy taking heed of him, or giving the least molestation. This is the world-famous Camp of Bunzelwitz, upon which it is worth while to dwell for a little.

To common eyes, the ground hereabouts has no peculiar military strength: a wavy champaign, with nothing of abrupt or high, much of it actual plain, excellent for cavalry and their work;—this latter, too, is an advantage, which Friedrich has well marked, and turns to use in his scheme. The area he takes in is

perhaps some seven or eight miles long, by as many broad. On the west side runs the still-young Striegau Water, defensive more or less; and on the farther bank of it green little Hills, their steepest side stream-ward. Inexpugnable Schweidnitz, with its stores of every kind, especially with its store of cannon and of bread, is on the left or east part of the circuit; in the intervening space are peaceable farm-villages, spots of bog; knolls, some of them with wood. Not a village, bog, knoll, but Friedrich has caught up, and is busy profiting by. "Swift, *Bursche*, dig ourselves in here, and be ready for any quotity and quantity of them, if they dare attack!"

And 25,000 spades and picks are at work, under such a Field-Engineer as there is not in the world when he takes to that employment. At all hours, night and day, 25,000 of them: half the Army asleep, other half digging, wheeling, shovelling; plying their utmost, and constant as Time himself: these, in three days, will do a great deal of spade-work. Batteries, redoubts, big and little; spare not for digging. Here is ground for Cavalry, too; post them here, there, to bivouac in readiness, should our Batteries be unfortunate. Long Trenches there are, and also short; Batteries commanding every in-gate, and under them are Mines: "We will blow you and our Batteries both into the air, in case of capture!" think the Prussians, the common men at least, if Friedrich do not. 'Mines, and that of being blown 'into the air,' says Tempelhof, 'are always very terrible 'to the common man.' In places there are 'Trenches '16 feet broad, by 16 deep,' says an admiring Archenholtz, who was in it: 'and we have two of those *Flat-* '*terminen* (scatter-mines,' blowing-up apparatuses) 'to 'each battery.'[6]

[6] Archenholtz, ii. 262, &c.

'Bunzelwitz, Jauernik, Tschechen, and Peterwitz, 'all fortified,' continues Archenholtz; 'Würben, in the 'centre, is like a citadel, looking down upon Strie- 'gau Water. Heavy cannon, plenty of them, we have 'brought from Schweidnitz: we have 460 pieces of 'cannon in all, and 182 mines. Würben, our citadel 'and centre, is about five miles from Schweidnitz. Our 'entrenchments'—You already heard what gulfs some of them were! 'Before the lines are palisades, storm- 'posts, the things we call Spanish Horse (*chevaux-de- 'frise*);—woods we have in abundance in our Circuit, 'and axes busy for carpentries of that kind. There are 'four entrenched knolls; 24 big batteries, capable of 'playing beautifully, all like pieces in a concert.' Four knolls elaborately entrenched, clothed with cannon; founded upon *flatter*-mines: try where you will to enter, such torrents of death-shot will converge on you, and a concert of 24 big batteries begin their music!—

On the third day, Loudon, looking into this thing, which he has not minded hitherto, finds it such a thing as he never dreamt of before. A thing strong as Gibraltar, in a manner;—which it will be terribly difficult to attack with success! For eight days more Friedrich did not rest from his spade-work; made many changes and improvements, till he had artificially made a very Stolpen of it, a Plauen, or more. Cogniazo, the *Austrian Veteran*, says: 'Plauen, and Daun's often-ridiculed precau- 'tions there, were nothing to it. Not as if Bunzelwitz 'had been so inaccessible, as our sheer rocks there; but 'because it is a masterpiece of Art, in which the prin- 'ciples of tactics are combined with those of field-forti- 'fication, as never before.' Tielke grows quite eloquent on it: 'A masterpiece of judgment in ground,' says he;

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'and the treatment of it a model of sound, true, and 'consummate field engineering.'[7]

Ziethen, appointed to that function, watches on the Heights of Würben, the citadel of the place: keeps a sharp eye to the south-west. All round, in huge half-moon on the edge of the Hills over there, six or more miles from Ziethen, lie the angry Enemies; Austrians south and nearest, about Kunzendorf and Freyberg. Russians are on the top of Striegau Hills, which are well known to some of us; Russian headquarter is Hohenfriedberg,—who would have thought it, Herr General von Ziethen? Sixteen years ago, we have seen these Heights in other tenantcy: Austrian field-music and displayed banners coming down; a thousand and a thousand Austrian watch-fires blazing out yonder, in the silent June night, eve of such a Day! Bayreuth Dragoons and their No. 67;—you will find the Bayreuth Dragoons still here in a sense, but also in a sense *not*. Their fencing Chasot is gone to Lübeck long since; will perhaps pay Friedrich a visit by and by: their fiery Gessler is gone much farther, and will never visit anybody more! Many were the reapers then, and they are mostly gone to rest. Here is a new harvest; the old *sickles* are still here; but the hands that wielded them —!—"Steady!" answers the Herr General; profoundly aware of all that, but averse to words upon it.

Fancy Loudon's astonishment, on the third day: "While we have sat consulting how to attack him, there is he,—unattackable, shall we say?" Unattackable, Loudon will not consent to think him, though Butturlin has quite consented. "Difficult, murderous,"

[7] Tielke, iii. § *Bunzelwitz* (which is praised as an attractive Piece); *Oesterreichischer Veteran*, iv. 79: cited in *Preuss*, ii. 285.

thinks Loudon; "but possible, certain, could Butturlin but be persuaded!" And tries all his rhetoric on Butturlin: "Shame on us!" urges the ardent Loudon: "Imperial and Czarish Majesties; Kriegshofrath, Russian Senate; Vienna, Petersburg, Versailles, and all the world,—what are they expecting of us? To ourselves it seemed certain, and here we sit helplessly gazing!" Loudon is very diligent upon Butturlin: "Do but believe that it is possible. A plan can be made; many plans: the problem is solved, if only your Excellency will believe." Which Butturlin never quite will.

Nobody knows better than Friedrich in what perilous crisis he now stands: beaten here, what army or resource has he left? Silesia is gone from him; by every likelihood, the game is gone. This of Bunzelwitz is his last card; this is now his one stronghold in the world:—we need not say if he is vigilant in regard to this. From about the fourth day, when his engineering was only complete in outline, he particularly expects to be attacked. On the fifth night he concludes it will be; knowing Loudon's way. Towards sunset, that evening (August 25th), all the tents are struck: tents, cookeries, every article of baggage, his own among the rest, are sent to Würben Heights (to Schweidnitz, Archenholtz says; but has misremembered): the ground cleared for action. And horse and foot, every man marches out, and stands ready under arms.

Contrary to everybody's expectation, not a shot was heard, that night. Nor the next night, nor the next: but the practice of vigilance was continued. Punctual as mathematics: at a given hour of the afternoon, tents are all struck; tents and furnitures, field swept clear; and the 50,000 in their places wait under arms. Next morning, nothing having fallen out, the tents come back;

the Army (half of it at once, or almost the whole of it, according to aspects) rests, goes to sleep if it can. By night there is vigilance, is work, and no sleep. It is felt to be a hard life, but a necessary.

Nor in these labours of detail is the King wanting; far from it; the King is there, as ear and eye of the whole. For the King alone there is, near the chief Battery, 'on the Pfarrberg, namely, in the clump of trees there,' a small Tent, and a bundle of straw where he can lie down, if satisfied to do so. If all is safe, he will do so; perhaps even still he soon awakens again; and strolls about among his guard-parties, or warms himself by their fires. One evening, among the orders, is heard this item: "And remember, a lock of straw, will you,—that I may not have to sleep on the ground, as last night!"[8] Many anecdotes are current to this day, about his pleasant homely ways and affabilities with the sentry people, and the rugged hospitalities they would show him at their watchfires. "Good evening, children." "The same to thee, Fritz." "What is that you are cooking?"—and would try a spoonful of it, in such company; while the rough fellows would forbid smoking, "Don't you know he dislikes it?" "No, smoke away!" the King would insist.

Mythical mainly, these stories; but the dialect of them true; and very strange to us. Like that of an Arab Sheik among his tribesmen; like that of a man whose authority needs no keeping up, but is a Law of Nature to himself and everybody. He permits a little bantering even; a rough joke against himself, if it spring sincerely from the complexion of the fact. The poor men are terribly tired of this work: such bivouacking, packing, unpacking; and continual wait-

[8] Seyfarth, iii. 16 n.

ing for the tug of battle, which never comes. Biscuits, meal are abundant enough; but flesh-meat wearing low; above all, no right sleep to be had. Friedrich's own table, I should think, is very sparingly beset ("A cup of chocolate is my dinner on marching-days," wrote he once, this Season); certainly his Lodging,—damp ground, and the straw sometimes forgotten,—is none of the best. And thus it has to last, night after night and day after day. On September 8th, General Bülow went out for a little butcher's-meat; did bring home '200 head of neat cattle' (I fear, not very fat) 'and 300 sheep.'[9]

Loudon, all this while, is labouring, as man seldom did, to bring Butturlin to the striking place;—who continues flaccid, Loudon screwing and rescrewing, altogether in vain. Loudon does not deny the difficulty; but insists on the possibility, the necessity: Councils of War are held, remonstrances, encouragements. "We will lend you a Corps," answers Butturlin; "but as to our Army coöperating,—except in that far-off way, it is too dangerous!" Meanwhile provisions are running low; the time presses. A formal Plan, presented by the ardent Loudon,—Loudon himself to take the deadlier part,—"Mark it, noble Russian gentlemen; and you to have the easier!"—surely that is loyal, and not in the old cat's-paw way? But in that, too, there is an offence. Butturlin and the Russians grumble to themselves: "And you to take all the credit, as you did at Kunersdorf? A mere adjunct, or auxiliary, we:—and we are a Feldmarschall; and you, what is your rank and seniority?" In short, they will not do it; and in the end coldly answer: "A Corps, *if* you like; but the whole Army, positively no." Upon which Loudon goes home

[9] Tempelhof, v. 172.

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half mad; and has a colic for eight-and-forty hours. This was September 2d; the final sour refusal;—nearly heart-breaking to Loudon. Provisions are run so low withal; the Campaign season all but done; result, nothing: not even an attempt at a result.

No Prussian, from Friedrich downwards, had doubted but the attack would be: the grand upshot and fiery consummation of these dark continual hardships and nocturnal watchings. Thrice over, on different nights, the Prussians imagined Loudon to have drawn out, intending actual business; and thrice over to have drawn in again,—instead of once only, as was the fact, and then taken colic.[10] Friedrich's own notion, that 'over dinner, glass in hand,' the two Generals had, in the enthusiasm of such a moment, agreed to do it, but on sober inspection found it too dubious,[11] appears to be ungrounded. Whether they could in reality have stormed him, had they all been willing, is still a question; and must continue one. Wednesday evening, 9th September, there was much movement noticeable in the Russian camp; also among the Austrian, there are regiments, foot and horse, coming down hitherward: "Meaning to try it, then?" thought Friedrich, and got at once under arms. Suppositions were various; but about 10 at night, the whole Russian Camp went up in flame; and, next morning, the Russians were not there.

Russian main Army clean gone; already got to Jauer, as we hear; and Beck with a Division to see them safe across the Oder;—only Czernichef and 20,000 being left, as a Corps of Loudon's. Who, with all Austrians, are quiet in their Heights of Kunzendorf again. And thus, on the twentieth morning, September 10th, this strange Business terminated. Shot of

[10] Tempelhof, v. 170.

[11] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 125.

those batteries is drawn again; powder of those mines lifted out again: no firing of your heavy Artillery at all, nor even of your light, after such elaborate charging and shoving of it hither and thither for the last three weeks. The Prussians cease their bivouacking, nightly striking of tents; and encamp henceforth in a merely human manner; their "Spanish Riders" (*Frisian* Horse, *Chevaux-de-Frise*, others of us call them), their Storm-pales and elaborate wooden Engineerings, they gradually burn as fuel in the cold nights; finding Loudon absolutely quiescent, and that the thing is over, for the present. One huge peril handsomely staved away, though so many others impend.

By way of accelerating Butturlin, Friedrich, next day, September 11th, despatched General Platen with some 8,000 (so I will guess them from Tempelhof's enumeration by battalions), to get round the flank of Butturlin, and burn his Magazines. Platen, a valiant skilful person, did this business, as he was apt to do, in a shining style; shot dextrously forward by the skirts of Butturlin; heard of a big *Wagenburg* or Travelling Magazine of his, at Gostyn over the Polish Frontier; in fact, his travelling breadbasket, arranged as "Wagon-fortress" in and round some Convent there, with trenches, brick-walls, cannon, and defence considered strong enough for so important a necessary of the road. September 15th, Platen, before cock-crow, burst out suddenly on this Wagon-fortress, with its cannons, trenches, brick-walls and defensive Russians; stormed into it with extraordinary fury: "Fixed bayonets," ordered he, at the main point of their defence, "not a shot till they are tumbled out!"—tumbled them out accordingly, into flight and ruin; took of prisoners

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1,845, seven cannon, and burnt the 5,000 provender wagons, which was the soul of the adventure; and directly got upon the road again.[12] Detachments of him then fell on Posen, on Posen and other small Russian repositories in those parts,—hay-magazines, biscuit-stores, soldiers' uniforms; distributed or burnt the same;—completely destroying the travelling haversack or general road-bag of Butturlin: a Butturlin that will have to hasten forward or starve.

Which done, Platen (not waiting the King's new orders, but anticipating them, to the King's great contentment) marched instantly, with his best speed and skilfullest contrivance of routes and methods, not back to the King, but onward towards Colberg,—(which he knows, as readers shall anon, to be much in need of him at present);—and without injury, though begirt all the way by a hurricane of Cossacks and light people doing their utmost upon him, arrived there, September 25th; victoriously cutting in across the Besieging Party: and will again be visible enough when we arrive there. Indignant Butturlin chased violently, eager to punish Platen; but could get no hold: found Platen was clear off, to Pommern,—on what errand Butturlin knew well, if not so well what to do in consequence. "Reinforce our poor Besiegers there, and again reinforce" (to enormous amounts, 40,000 of them in the end);—"get bread from them withal:—and, before long, flow bodily thitherward, for bread to ourselves and for their poor sake!" That, on the whole, was what Butturlin did.

Friedrich stayed at Bunzelwitz above a fortnight after Butturlin. "Why did not Friedrich stay altogether, and wait here?" said some, triumphantly soon after.

[12] Tempelhof, v. 281-293; *Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 643-649.

That was not well possible. His Schweidnitz Magazine is worn low; not above a month's provision now left for so many of us. The rate of sickness, too, gets heavier and heavier in this Bunzelwitz Circuit. In fine, it is greatly desirable that Loudon, who has nothing but Bohemia for outlook, should be got to start thither as soon as possible, and be quickened homeward. September 25th-26th, Friedrich will be under way again.

And, in the mean while, may not we employ this fortnight of quiescence in noting certain other things of interest to him and us, which have occurred, or are occurring, in other parts of the Field of War? Of Henri in Saxony we undertook to say nothing; and indeed hitherto,—big Daun with his Lacys and Reichsfolk, lying so quiescent, tethered by considerations (Daun continually detaching, watching, for support of his Loudon and Russians and their thrice-important operation, which has just had such a finish),—there could almost nothing be said. Nothing hitherto, or even henceforth, as it proves, except mutual vigilances, multifarious bickerings, manœuverings, affairs of posts: sharp bits of cutting (Seidlitz, Green Kleist, and other sharp people there); which must not detain us in such speed. But there are two points, the Britannic-French Campaign, and the Third Siege of Colberg; which in no rate of speed could be quite omitted.

Of Ferdinand's Battle of Vellinghausen (15th-16th July); *and the Campaign* 1761.

Vellinghausen is a poor little moory Hamlet in Paderborn County, near the south or left bank of the Lippe River; lies to the north of Soest,—some 15 miles to your left-hand there, as you go by rail from Aachen

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to Paderborn;—but nobody now has ever heard of it at Soest or elsewhere, famous as it once became a hundred years ago. Ferdinand had taken a singular position there, in the early days of July 1761. Here is brief Notice of that Affair, and of some results, or adjuncts, still more important, which it had:

'This Year, Ferdinand's Campaign is more difficult than 'ever; Choiseul having made a quite spasmodic effort towards 'Hanover, while negotiating for Peace. Two Armies, counting 'together 160,000 men, in great completeness of equipment, 'Choiseul has got on foot, against Ferdinand's of 95,000. Had 'a fine dashing plan, too;—devised by himself (something of a 'Soldier, he too, and full of what the messrooms call "dash"); '—not so bad a Plan of the dashing kind, say judges. But it 'was marred sadly in one point: That Broglio, on issuing from 'his Hessian Winter-quarters, is not to be sole General; that 'Soubise, from the Lower Rhine Country, is to be Co-General; '—such the inexorable will of Pompadour. This clause of the 'business Ferdinand, at an early stage, appears to have guessed 'or discerned might, for him, be the saving clause.

'Now, as formerly, Ferdinand's first grand business is to 'guard Lippstadt,—guard it now from these two Generals:— 'and, singular to see, instead of opposing the junction of them, 'he has submitted cheerfully to let them join. And in the 'course of a week or two after taking the field, is found to be 'on the western or outmost flank of Soubise, crushing him up 'towards Broglio, not otherwise! And has, partly by acci- 'dent, taken a position at Vellinghausen which infinitely puzzles 'Broglio and Soubise, when they rush into junction at Soest '(July 6th), and study the thing, with their own eyes, "for 'eight whole days, in concert." What continual reconnoiter- 'ing, galloping about of high-plumed gentlemen together or 'apart; what *memoir*-ing, mutual consulting, beating of brains, 'to little purpose, during those eight days!—

'Ferdinand stands in moory difficult ground, length of him 'about eight miles, looking eastward; with his left at Velling- 'hausen and the Lippe; centre of him is astride of the Ahse '(centre partly, and right wing wholly, are on the south side

'of Ahse), which is a branch of Lippe; and in front, he has 'various little Hamlets, Kirch-Denkern' (*Kirch*-Denkern, for there are three or four other Denkerns thereabouts), 'Scheid-'ingen, Wambeln, and others; and his right wing is covered 'farther by a quaggy brook, which runs into the above-said 'Ahse, and is a *sub*-branch of Lippe. At most of these Vil-'lages Ferdinand has thrown up something of earthworks: there 'are bogs, rough places, woods; all are turned to advantage. 'Ferdinand is in a strongish, but yet a dangerous position; and 'will give difficulties, and does give endless dubieties, to these 'high-plumed gentlemen galloping about with their spyglasses 'for eight days. One possibility they pretty soon discern in 'him: His left flank rests on Lippe, yes; but his right flank 'is in the air, has nothing to rest on;—here surely is some 'possibility for us? A strong Position, that of his; but if driven 'out of it by any method, he has no retreat; is tumbled back 'into the *angle* where Ahse and Lippe meet, and into the little 'Town of Hamm there, where his Magazine is. What a fate 'for him, if we succeed!—

'Ferdinand, by the incessant reconnoitering and other symp-'toms, judges what is coming; concludes he will be attacked in 'this posture of his; and on the whole, what critics now reckon 'very wise and very courageous of him, determines to stand his 'chance in it. The consultations of Broglio and Soubise are a 'thing unique to look upon; spread over volumes of Official 'Record, and about a volume and a half even of *Bourcet*, where 'it is still almost amusing to read;[13] and ending in helpless 'downbreak on both parts. Of strategic faculty nobody sup-'poses they had much, and nearly all of it is in Broglio; Soubise 'being strong in Court-favour only. Exquisitely polite they 'both strive to be; and under the exquisite politeness, what 'infirmities of temper, splenetic suspicions, and in fact mutual 'hatred lay hidden, could never be accurately known. "Attack 'him, Sunday next; on the 13th!" so, at the long last, both of

[13] *Mémoires Historiques* (that is to say, for most part, Selection of Official Papers) *sur la Guerre que les Français ont soutenue en Allemagne depuis* 1757 *jusq'au* 1762: Par M. de Bourcet, Lieutenant-Général des Armées du Roi (3 tomes, Paris, 1792);—worthily done; but occupied, two-thirds of it, with this Vellinghausen and the paltry 'Campaign of 1761!'

'them had said. And then, on more reflexion, Broglio after-
'wards: "Or not till the 15th, M. le Prince; till I reconnoitre
'yet again, and drive in his outposts?" "M. le Maréchal's will
'is always mine: Tuesday, 15th, reconnoitre him, drive him in;
'be it so, then!" answers Soubise, with extreme politeness,—but
'thinking in his own mind (or thought to be thinking), "Wants
'to do it himself, or to get the credit of doing it, as in former
'cases; and bring me into disgrace!" Not quite an insane notion
'either, on Soubise's part, say some who have looked into the
'Broglio-Soubise Controversy;—which far be it from any of us,
'at this or at any time, to do. Here are the facts that ensued.

'*Tuesday, July 15th*, 1761, Broglio reconnoitered with inten-
'sity all day, drove in all Ferdinand's outposts; and about six in
'the evening, seeing hope of surprise, or spurred by some notion
'of doing the feat by himself, suddenly burst into onslaught on
'Ferdinand's Position: "Vellinghausen yonder, and the woody
'strengths about,—could not we get hold of that; it would be
'so convenient tomorrow morning!" Granby and the English
'are in camp about Vellinghausen; and are taken quite on the
'sudden: but they drew out rapidly, in a state of bottled indig-
'nation, and fought, all of them,—Pembroke's Brigade of Horse,
'Cavendish's of Foot, *Berg-Schotten*, Maxwell's Brigade, and the
'others, in a highly satisfactory way,—"*mit unbeschreiblicher*
'*Tapferkeit*," says Mauvillon on this occasion again. Broglio
'truly has burst out into enormous cannonade, musketade, and
'cavalry-work, in this part; and struggles at it, almost four
'hours,—a furious, and especially a very noisy business, charg-
'ing, recharging through the woods there;—but, met in this
'manner, finds he can make nothing of it; and about 10 at
'night, leaves off till a new morning.

'Next morning, about 4, Broglio, having diligently warned
'Soubise overnight, recommenced; again very fiercely, and with
'loud cannonading; but with result worse than before. Ferdi-
'nand overnight, while Broglio was warning Soubise, had con-
'siderably strengthened his left wing here,—by detachments
'from the right or Anti-Soubise wing; judging, with good fore-
'sight, how Soubise would act. And accordingly, while poor
'Broglio kept storming forward with his best ability, and got
'always hurled back again, Soubise took matters easy; "had

'understood the hour of attack to be" so-and-so, "had under-'stood" this and that; and on the whole, except summoning or 'threatening, in the most languid way, one outlying redoubt '("redoubt of Scheidingen") on Ferdinand's right wing, did 'nothing, or next to nothing, for behoof of his Broglio. Who, 'hour after hour, finds himself ever worse bested;—those 'Granby people proving "indescribable" once more' (their Wut-genau also, with his Hanoverians, *nòt* being absent, as they rather were last night);—'and about 10 in the morning, gives 'up the bad job; and sets about retiring. If retiring be now 'permissible; which it is not altogether. Ferdinand, watching 'intently through his glass the now silent Broglio, discerns "Some confusion in the Maréchal yonder!"—and orders a gene-'ral charge of the left wing upon Broglio; which considerably 'quickened his retreat; and broke it into flight, and distressful 'wreck and capture, in some parts,—Regiment *Rouge*, for one 'item, falling wholly, men, cannon, flags and furniture, to that 'Maxwell and his Brigade.

'Ferdinand lost, by the indistinct accounts, "from 1,500 to '2,000:" Broglio's loss was "above 5,000; 2,000 of them pri-'soners." Soubise, for his share, "had of killed 24,"—O you 'laggard of a Soubise![14] And it is a Battle lost to Choiseul's 'grand Pair of Armies; a Campaign checked in mid volley; 'and nothing but recriminations, courts-martial, shrieky jargon-'ings,—and plain incompatibility between the Two Maréchaux 'de France; so that they had to part company, and go each his 'own road henceforth. Choiseul remonstrates with them, urges, 'encourages; writes the "admirablest Despatches;" to no pur-'pose. "How ridiculous and humiliating would it be for us, if, "with Two Armies of such strength, we accomplished nothing, "and the whole Campaign were lost!" writes he once to them.

'Which was in fact the result arrived at; the two Generals

[14] Mauvillon, ii. 171-189; Tempelhof, v. 207-221; Bourcet, ii. 75 et seq. In *Helden-Geschichte* (vi. 770-782-792) the French Account, and the English (or Allied), with *Lists*, and the like. Slight *Letter* from Sir Robert Murray Keith to his Excellency Papa, now at Petersburg, 'Excellency first,' as we used to define him, stands in the miserably edited *Memoirs and Correspondence* (London, 1849), i. 104-5; and may tempt you to a reading; but alters nothing, adds little or nothing. Sir R. fights here as a Colonel of Highlanders, but afterwards became 'Excellency second' of his name.

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'parting company for this Campaign (and indeed for all others); 'and each, in his own way, proving futile. Soubise, with some '30,000, went gasconading about, in the Westphalian, or ex-'treme western parts; taking Embden (from two Companies of 'Chelsea Pensioners; to whom he broke his word, poor old 'souls;—to whom, and much more to the Populations there[15]),— 'taking Embden, *not* taking Bremen; and in fact doing nothing, 'except keep the Gazetteers in vain noise: a Soubise not in force, 'by himself, to shake Ferdinand; and who, it is remarked, now 'and formerly, always prefers to be at a good distance from 'that Gentleman. Broglio, on the other hand, keeps violently 'pulsing out, round Ferdinand's flanks; taking Wolfenbüttel '(Broglio's for two days), besieging Brunswick (for one day);— 'and, in short, leaving, he too, the matter as he had found it. 'A man of difficult, litigious temper, I should judge; but clearly 'has something of generalship: "does understand tactic, if stra-'tegy *not*," said everybody; "while Soubise, in both capacities, 'is plain zero!"[16] The end, however, was: next Winter, Broglio 'got dismissed, in favour of Soubise;—rest from shrieky jargon 'having its value to some of us; and "hold of Hanover" being 'now plainly a matter hopeless to France and us.'

In this Battle a fine young Prince of Brunswick got killed; Erbprinz's second Brother;—leading on a Regiment of *Berg-Schotten*, say the accounts.[17] Berg-

[15] *Letter from a French Protestant Gentleman at Gröningen;* followed by confirmatory *Letter from* &c. &c. (copied into *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1761), give special details of the altogether *Ultra*-Soltikof atrocities, perpetrated by Soubise's people (doubtless against his will) on the recalcitrant or disaffected Peasants, on the &c. &c.

[16] Excellency Stanley (*see infrà*) to Pitt, 'Paris, 30th July 1761:' in *Thackeray*, ii. 561-2.

[17] '*The Life of Prince Albert Henry*' (had lived only 19 years, poor youth, not much of a "Life!"—but the account of his Education is worth reading, from a respectable Eyewitness) '*of Brunswick-Luneburg, Brother* '*to the Hereditary Prince; who so eminently &c. at Fellinghausen* &c. &c.. '(London, Printed for &c. 1763). *Written originally in German by the* '*Rev. Mr. Hierusalem*' (Father of the "Young Jerusalem" who killed himself afterwards, and became, in a sense, Goethe's *Werther* and *Sorrows*). Price, probably, Two-pence.

Schotten, and English generally, Pembroke's Horse, Cavendish's Brigade,—we have mentioned their behaviour; and how Maxwell's Brigade took one whole regiment prisoners, in that final charge on Broglio. "What a glorious set of fellows!" said the English people over their beer, at home. Beer let us fancy it; at the Sign of *The Marquis of Granby*, which is now everywhere prevalent and splendent;—the beer, we will hope, good. And as this is a thing still said, both over beer and higher liquors, and perhaps is liable to be too much insisted on, I will give, from a candid Bystander, who knows the matter well, what probably is a more solid and circumstantially correct opinion. Speaking of Ferdinand's skill of management, and of how very composite a kind his Army was, Major Mauvillon has these words:

'The first in rank,' of Ferdinand's Force, 'were the English; 'about a fourth part of the whole Army. Braver troops, when 'on the field of battle and under arms against the enemy, you 'will nowhere find in the world: that is a truth;—and with that 'the sum of their military merits ends. In the first place, their 'Infantry consists of such an unselected hand-over-head miscel-'lany of people, that it is highly difficult to preserve among them 'even a shadow of good discipline,'—of *Mannszucht*, in regard to plunder, drinking and the like; does not mean *Kriegszucht*, or drill. 'Their Cavalry indeed is not so constituted; but a foolish 'love for their horses makes them astonishingly plunderous of 'forage; and thus they exhaust a district far faster in that re-'spect than do the Germans.

'Officers' Commissions among them are all had by purchase: 'from which it follows that their Officers do not trouble their 'heads about the service; and understand of it, very *very* few 'excepted, absolutely nothing whatever' (what a charming set of "Officers"!)—'and this goes from the Ensign up to the General. 'Their home-customs incline them to the indulgences of life; and, 'nearly without exception, they all expect to have ample and com-'fortable means of sleep.' (Hear, hear!) 'This leads them often

'into military negligences, which would sound incredible, were they 'narrated to a soldier. To all this is added a quiet natural arro-'gance (*Uebermuth*),'—very quiet, mostly unconscious, and as if inborn and coming by discernment of mere facts,—'which tempts 'them to despise the enemy as well as the danger; and as they 'very seldom think of making any surprisal themselves, they 'generally take it for granted that the enemy will as little.

'This arrogance, however, had furthermore a very bad con-'sequence for their relation to the rest of the Army. It is well 'known how much these people despise all Foreigners. This of 'itself renders their coöperating with Troops of other Nations 'very difficult. But in this case there was the circumstance that, 'as the Army was in English pay, they felt a strong tendency 'to regard their fellow-soldiers and copartners as a sort of subor-'dinate war-valets, who must be ready to put up with anything: '—which was far indeed from being the opinion of the others 'concerned! The others had not the smallest notion of con-'senting to any kind of inferior treatment or consideration in 'respect of them. To the Hanoverians especially, from known 'political feelings, they were at heart, for most part, specially 'indisposed; and this mode of thinking was capable of leading 'to very dangerous outbreaks. The Hanoverians, a dull steady 'people, brave as need be, but too slow for anything but foot 'service, considered silently this War to be their War, and that 'all the rest, English as well, were here on their' (and Britannic Majesty's) 'account.

'Think what difficulties Ferdinand's were, and what his merit 'in quietly subduing them; while to the cursory observer they 'were invisible, and nobody noticed them but himself!'[18]

Yes, doubtless. He needed to know his kinds of men; to regard intensely the chemic affinities and natural properties, to keep his phosphorescents, his nitres and charcoals well apart; to get out of these English what they were capable of giving him, namely, heavy strokes,—and never ask them for what they had not: them or the others; but treat each according to his kind. Just, candid, consummately polite; an excellent manager of men, as well as of war-movements, though Voltaire

[18] Mauvillon, ii. 270-272.

found him shockingly defective in *esprit*. The English, I think, he generally quartered by themselves; employed them oftenest under the Hereditary Prince,—a man of swift execution and prone to strokes like themselves. 'Oftenest under the Erb-'prinz,' says Mauvillon: 'till, after the Fight of Kloster Kam-'pen, it began to be noticed that there was a change in that 'respect; and the messrooms whispered, "By accident or not?"' —which shall remain mysterious to me. In Battle after Battle he got the most unexceptionable sabering and charging from Lord Granby and the difficult English element; and never was the least discord heard in his Camp;—nor could even Sackville at Minden tempt him into a loud word.

But enough of English soldiering, and battling with the French. For about two months prior to this of Vellinghausen, and for more than two months after, there is going on, by special Envoys between Pitt and Choiseul, a lively Peace-Negotiation, which is of more concernment to us than any Battle. "Congress at Augsburg" split upon formalities, preliminaries, and never even tried to meet: but France and England are actually busy. Each Country has sent its Envoy: the Sieur de Bussy, a tricky gentleman, known here of old, is Choiseul's, whom Pitt is on his guard against; 'Mr. Hans Stanley,' a lively, clear-sighted person, of whom I could never hear elsewhere, is Pitt's at Paris: and it is in that City, between Choiseul and Stanley, with Pitt warily and loftily presiding in the distance, that the main stress of the Negotiation lies. Pitt is lofty, haughty, but very fine and noble; no King or Kaiser could be more. Sincere, severe, though most soft-shining; high, earnest, steady, like the stars. Artful Choiseul, again, flashes out in a cheerily exuberant way; and Stanley's Despatches about Choiseul ('*ce fou plein d'esprit*,' as Friedrich once christens him),—about Choiseul and the France then round him, and the effects of Vellinghausen

in society, and the like,—are the liveliest reading one almost anywhere meets with in that kind.[19] Choiseul frankly admits that he has come to the worse: ready for concessions, but the question is, What? Canada is gone, for instance; of Canada you will allow us nothing: but our poor Fisher-people, toiling in the Newfoundland waters, cannot they have a rock to dry their fish on; "Isle of Miquelon, or the like?" "Not the breadth of a blanket,"—that is Pitt's private expression, I believe; and for certain, that, in polite official language, is his inexorable determination. "You shall go home out of those Countries, Messieurs; America is to be English or Yankee, not *Frangcee*: that has turned out to be the Decree of Heaven; and we will stand by that."

So that Choiseul soon satisfies himself it will be a hard bargain, this with Pitt; and turns the more assiduously to the Majesty of Spain (Baby Carlos, our old friend, who has sore grudges of his own against the English, standing grievance of Campeachy Logwood, of bitter Naples reminiscences, and enough else),—turns to Baby Carlos, time after time, with his pathetic "See, your Most Catholic Majesty!" And by rapid degrees induces Most Catholic Majesty to go wholly into the adventure with Most Christian Ditto;—and to say, at length, or to let Choiseul say for him, by way of cautious first-step (15th July, a date worth remembering, if the reader please): "Might not Most Catholic Majesty be allowed perhaps to mediate a little in this Business?" "Most Catholic Majesty!" answers Pitt, with a flash as if from the empyrean: "Who sent for Most Catholic

[19] In *Thackeray*, i. 505-579, and especially ii. 520-626, is the Stanley-and-Pitt Correspondence: Stanley went, '23d May;' returned (got his passports for returning), 'September 20th.'

Majesty?"—and the matter catches fire, totally explodes, and Spain too declares War; in what way is generally known.

Details are not permitted us. The Catastrophe we shall give afterwards, and can here say only: *First*, That old Earl Marischal, Friedrich's Spanish Envoy, is a good deal in England, coming and going, at this time,—on that interesting business of the Kintore Inheritance, doubtless,—and has been beautifully treated. Been pardoned, disattainted, permitted to inherit,—by the King on the instant, by the Parliament so soon as possible;[20]—and is of a naturally grateful turn. *Secondly*, That in the profoundest secrecy, penetrable only to eyes near at hand and that see in the dark, a celebrated Bourbon Family Compact was signed (August 15th, 1761, ten days before the Digging at Bunzelwitz began), of which the first news to the Olympian man (conveyed by Marischal, as is thought) was like—like news of dead Pythons pretending to revive upon him. And *thirdly*, That, postponing the Catastrophe, and recommending the above two dates, 15*th July*, 15*th August*, to careful readers, we must hasten to Colberg for the present.

Third Siege of Colberg.

Readers had, some while ago, a flying Note, which we promised to take up again; about Tottleben's procedures, and a Third Siege of Colberg coming. Siege, we have chanced to see, there accordingly is, and a Platen gone to help against it. Siege, after infinite delays

[20] King's Patent is of '30th April 1760' (*dated* 29th May 1759), 'Act of Parliament to follow shortly;' 'August 16th, 1760, Act having passed, is Marischal's public Presentation to his Majesty' (late Majesty): Old *Gazettes* in *Gentleman's Magazine* (for 1760), xxx. 201, 392.

and haggles, has at length come,—uncommonly vivid during the final days of Bunzelwitz;—and is, and has been, and continues to be, much in the King's thoughts. Probably a matter of more concernment to him, before, during, and after Bunzelwitz (though the Pitt Catastrophe, going on simultaneously, is still more important, if he knew it), than anything else befalling in the distance. Let us now give a few farther indications on that matter.

Truce between Werner and Tottleben expired, May 12th; but for five weeks more nothing practical followed; except diligent reinforcing, revictualling, and extraordinary fortifying of Colberg and its environs, on the Prussian part,—Eugen of Würtemberg, direct from Rostock and his Anti-Swede business, Eugen 12,000 strong, with a Werner and other such among them, taking head charge outside the walls; old Heyde again as Commandant within: while on the Russian part, under General Romanzow, there is a most tortoise-like advance,—except that the tortoise carries all his resources with him, and Romanzow's, multifarious and enormous, are scattered over seas and lands, and need endless waiting for, in the intervals of crawling.

This is the Romanzow who failed at Colberg once already (on the heel of Zorndorf in 1758, if readers recollect); and is the more bound to be successful now. From sea and from land, for five weeks, there is rumour of a Romanzow in overwhelming force, and with intentions very furious upon Colberg,—upon the outposts, under Werner, as first point. Five weeks went, before anything of Romanzow was visible even to Werner (22d June, at Cöslin, forty miles to eastward); after which his advance (such waiting for the ships, for the artilleries, the this and the that) was slower than

ever; and for about eight weeks more, he haggles along through Cöslin, through Cörlin, Belgard again, flowing slowly forward upon Werner's outposts, like a summer glacier with its rubbishes; or like a slow lava-tide,—a great deal of smoke on each side of him (owing to the Cossacks), as usual. Romanzow's progress is of the slowest; and it is not till August 19th that he practically gets possession of Cörlin, Belgard and those outposts on the Persante River, and comes within sight of Colberg and his problem. By which time, he finds Eugen of Würtemberg encamped and entrenched still ahead of him, still nearer Colberg, and likely to give him what they call "*de la tablature*," or extremely difficult music to play.

'It was on *August 19th*' (very eve of Friedrich's going into Bunzelwitz), 'that Romanzow,—Werner, for the sake of those 'poor Towns he holds, generally retiring without bombardment 'or utter conflagration,—had got hold of Cörlin and of the River 'Persante' (with 'Quetzin and Degow,' if anybody knew them, as his main posts there): 'and was actually now within sight 'of Colberg,—only 7 or 8 miles west of him, and a river more 'or less in his way:—when, singular to see, Eugen of Würtem-'berg has rooted himself into the ground farther inward, en-'vironing Colberg with a fortified Camp as with a second wall; 'and it will be a difficult problem indeed!

'But Sea Armaments, Swedish-Russian, with endless siege-'material and red-hot balls, are finally at hand; and this pitiful 'Colberg must be done, were it only by falling flat on it, and 'smothering it by weight of numbers and of red-hot iron. The 'day before yesterday, August 17th, after such rumouring and 'such manœuvering as there has been, six Russian ships-of-war 'showed themselves in Colberg Roads, and three of them tried 'some shooting on Heyde's workpeople, busy at a redoubt on 'the beach; but hit nothing, and went away till Romanzow 'himself should come. Romanzow come, there is utmost des-'patch; and within the eight days following, the Russian ships,

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'and then the Swedish as well, have all got to their moorings,—'12 sail of the line, with 42 more of the frigate and gunboat 'kind, 54 ships in all;—and from August 24th, especially from 'August 28th, bombardment to the very uttermost is going on.[21] 'Bombardment by every method, from sea and from land, con-'tinues diligent for the next fortnight,—with little or no result; 'so diligent are Eugen and veteran Heyde.

'*September 4th.* The Swedish-Russian gunboats have been 'much shot down by Heyde's batteries on the beach; no success 'had, owing to Heyde and Eugen: paltry little Colberg as 'impossible as Bunzelwitz, it seems? "Double our diligence, 'therefore!" That is Romanzow's and everybody's sentiment 'here. Romanzow comes closer in, September 4th; besieges 'in form, since not Colberg, Eugen's *Camp*, or brazen wall of 'Colberg; and there rises in and round this poor little Colberg '(a 2,000 balls daily, red-hot and other) such a volcano as at-'tracts the eyes of all the world thither.

'*September 12th.* News yesterday of reinforcement, men and 'provender, coming from Stettin; is to be at Treptow on the 13th. 'Werner, night of the 11th, stealthily sets out to meet it, *it* in 'the first place; then, joined with it, to take by rearward a 'certain inconvenient battery, which Romanzow is building to 'westward of us, out that way; to demolish said battery, and 'be generally distressful to the rear of Romanzow. At Treptow, 'after his difficult night's march, Werner is resting, secure now 'of the adventure;—too contemptuous of his slow Russians, as ap-'peared! Who, for once, surprise *him;* and, at and round Trep-'tow, next morning, Werner finds himself suddenly in a most 'awkward predicament. Werner, one of the rapidest and stormiest 'of skilful men, plunged valiantly into the affair; would still 'have managed it, they say, had not, in some sudden swoop,— 'charge, or something of critical or vital nature,—rapid Werner's 'horse got shot, and fallen with him; whereby not only the 'charge failed, but Werner himself was taken prisoner. A loss 'of very great importance, and grievous to everybody: though, 'I believe, the reinforcement and supply, for this time, got

[21] Tempelhof, v. 311.

'mostly through, and the dangerous battery was got demolished 'by other means.[22] This is Romanzow's first item of success, 'this of getting such a Werner snatched out of the game' (and sent to Petersburg instead, as we shall hear); 'and other items 'fell to Romanzow thenceforth by the aid of time and hunger.

'In the way of storming, battering, or otherwise capturing 'Eugen's Camp, not to speak of Heyde's town, Romanzow finds, 'on trial after trial, that he can do as good as nothing; and his 'unwieldy sea-comrades (equinoctial gales coming on them, too) 'are equally worthless. September 19th' (a week after this of Werner, tenth day after Bunzelwitz had ended), 'Romanzow 'made his fiercest attempt that way; fiercest and last: furious 'extremely, from 2 in the morning onwards; had for some time 'hold of the important "Green Redoubt;" but was still more 'furiously battered and bayonetted out again, with the loss of 'above 3,000 men; and tried that no farther. Impossible by 'that method. But he can stand between the Eugen-Heyde 'people and supplies; and by obstinacy hunger them out: this, 'added to the fruitless bombardment, is now his more or less 'fruitful industry.

'In the end of September, the effects of Bunzelwitz are felt: 'Platen, after burning the Butturlin Magazine at Gostyn, has 'hastened hither; in what style we know. Platen arrives, 25th 'September; cuts his way through Romanzow into Eugen's 'Camp, raises Eugen to about 15,000;[23] renders Eugen, not to 'speak of Heyde, more impossible than ever. Butturlin did truly 'send reinforcements, a 10,000, a 12,000, "As many as you like, 'my Romanzow!" And, in the beginning of October, came roll- 'ing thitherward bodily; hoping, they say, to make a Maxen of 'it upon those Eugens and Platens: but after a fortnight's sur- 'vey of them, found there was not the least feasibility;—and that 'he himself must go home, on the score of hunger. Which he 'did, November 2d; leaving Romanzow reinforced at discretion' (40,000, but with him too provisions are fallen low), 'and the 'advice, "Cut off their supplies: time and famine are our sole "chances here!" Butturlin's new Russians, endless thousands

[22] Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 238; Tempelhof, v. 314.

[23] Tempelhof, v. 350.

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'of them, under Fermor and others, infesting the roads from 'Stettin, are a great comfort to Romanzow. Nor could any 'Eugen,—with his Platens, Thaddens, and utmost expenditure 'of skill and of valour and endurance, which are still memor- 'able in soldier-annals,[24]—suffice to convey provisions through 'that disastrous Wilderness of distances and difficulties.

'From Stettin, which lies south-west, through Treptow, 'Gollnow, and other wild little Prussian Towns, is about 100 'miles; from Landsberg south, 150: Friedrich himself is well- 'nigh 300 miles away; in Stettin alone is succour, could we hold 'the intervening Country. But it is overrun with Russians, 'more and ever more. A Country of swamps and moors, winter 'darkness stealing over it,—illuminated by such a volcano as we 'see: a very gloomy waste scene; and traits of stubborn human 'valour and military virtue plentiful in it, with utter hardship as 'a constant quantity: details not permissible here, only the main 'features and epochs, if they could be indicated.

'The King is greatly interested for Colberg; sends orders to 'collect from every quarter supplies at Stettin, and strain every 'nerve for the relief of that important little Haven. Which is 'done by the diligent Bevern, the collecting part; could only 'the conveying be accomplished. But endless Russians are 'afield, Fermor with a 15,000 of them waylaying; the convey- 'ance is the difficulty.'[25]— —

But now we must return to Bunzelwitz, and September 25th, in Headquarters there.

[24] *Tagebuch der Unternehmungen des Platenschen Corps vom September bis November* 1761 (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 32-76). *Bericht von der Unternehmungen des Thaddenschen Corps vom Jenner bis zum December* 1761 (ibid. 77-147).

[25] *Bericht von den Unternehmungen der Würtembergischen Corps in Pommern, vom May* 1761 *bis December* 1761 (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 147-258). Tempelhof, v. 313-326. *Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 669-708.

CHAPTER VIII.

LOUDON POUNCES UPON SCHWEIDNITZ, ONE NIGHT (LAST OF SEPTEMBER 1761).

IT was September 25th, more properly 26th,[1] when Friedrich quitted Bunzelwitz; we heard on what errand. Early that morning, he marches with all his goods, first to Pilzen (that fine post on the east side of Schweidnitz); and from that, straightway,—south-westward, two marches farther,—to Neisse neighbourhood (Gross-Nossen, the name of the place); Loudon making little dispute or none. In Neisse are abundant Magazines: living upon these, Friedrich intends to alarm Loudon's rearward country, and draw him towards Bohemia. As must have gradually followed; and would at once,—had Loudon been given to alarms, which he was not. Loudon, very privately, has quite different game afield. Loudon merely detaches this and the other small Corps to look after Friedrich's operations, which probably he believes to be only a feint:—and, before a week passes, Friedrich will have news he little expects!

Friedrich, pausing at Gross-Nossen, and perhaps a little surprised to find no Loudon meddling with him, pushes out, first one party and then another,—Dalwig, Bülow, towards Landshut Hill-Country, to threaten Loudon's Bohemian roads;—who, singular to say, do not hear the least word of Loudon thereabouts. A Loudon strangely indifferent to this new Enterprise of ours.

[1] Tempelhof, v. 327.

30th Sept.—1st Oct. 1761.

On the third day of Gross-Nossen (Friday, October 2d), Friedrich detaches General Lentulus to rearward, or the way we came, for news of Loudon. Rearward too, Lentulus sees nothing whatever of Loudon: but, from the rumour of the country, and from two Prussian garrison-soldiers, whom he found wandering about,—he hears, with horror and amazement, That Loudon, by a sudden panther-spring, the night before last, has got hold of Schweidnitz: now his wholly, since 5 A.M. of yesterday; and a strong Austrian garrison in it by this time! That was the news Lentulus brought home to his King; the sorest Job's-post of all this War.

Truly, a surprising enterprise this of Loudon's; and is allowed by everybody to have been admirably managed. Loudon has had it in his head for some time;—ever since that colic of forty-eight hours, I should guess; upon the wrecks of which it might well rise as a new daystar. He kept it strictly in his own head; nobody but Daun and the Kaiser had hint of it, both of whom assented, and agreed to keep silence.

'On Friedrich's removal towards Neisse and threatening of 'Bohemia,' says my Note on this subject, 'Loudon's time had 'come. Friedrich had disappeared to south-westward, Saturday, 'September 26th: "Gone to Pilzen," reported Loudon's scouts; "rests there over Sunday. Gone to Sigeroth, 28th; gone to "Gross-Nossen, Tuesday, September 29th."[2] That will do, thinks 'Loudon; who has sat immovable at Kunzendorf all this while; '—and, *Wednesday 30th*, instantly proceeds to business.

'Draws out, about 10 A.M. of Wednesday, all round Schweid-'nitz at some miles distance, a ring, or complete girdle of Croat-'Cossack people; blocking up every path and road: "Nobody to 'pass, this day, towards Schweidnitz, much less into it, on any 'pretext." That is the duty of the Croat people. To another 'active Officer he intrusts the task of collecting from the neigh-

[2] Tempelhof, v. 330.

'bouring Villages (outside the Croat girdle) as many ladders, 'planks, and the like, as will be requisite; which also is punc- 'tually done. For the Attack itself, which is to be Fourfold, four 'picked Officers are chosen, with the 20 best Battalions in the 'Army: Czernichef is apprised; who warmly assents, and offers 'every help:—"800 of your Grenadiers," answers Loudon; "no 'more needed." Loudon's arrangements for management of the 'ladders, for punctuality about the routes, the times, the simul- 'taneity, are those of a perfect artist; no Friedrich could have 'done better.

'About 4 in the afternoon, all the Captains and Batta- 'lions, with their ladders and furnitures, everybody with Instruc- 'tion very pointed and complete, are assembled at Kunzendorf: 'Loudon addresses the Troops in a few fiery words; assures 'himself of victory by them; promises them 10,000*l.* in lieu 'of plunder, which he strictly prohibits. Officers had better 'make themselves acquainted with the Four Routes they are to 'take in the dark: proper also to set all your watches by the 'chief General's, that there be no mistake as to time.[3] At 9, 'all being now dark, and the Croat girdle having gathered it- 'self closer round the place since nightfall, the Four Divisions 'march to their respective starting-places; will wait there, 'silent; and about 2 in the morning, each at its appointed 'minute, step forward on their Business. With fixed bayonets 'all of them; no musketry permitted till the works are won. 'Loudon will wait at the Village of Schönbrunn' (not *Warkotsch's* Schönbrunn, of which by and by, and which also is not far[4]),— 'at Schönbrunn, within short distance; give Loudon notice when 'you are within 600 yards;—there shall, if desirable, be rein- 'forcements, farther orders. Loudon knows Schweidnitz like 'his own bedroom. He was personally there, in Leuthen time, 'improving the Works. By nocturnal Croat parties, in the latter 'part of Bunzelwitz time; and since then, by deserters and other- 'wise,—he knows the condition of the Garrison, of the Com- 'mandant, and of every essential point. Has calculated that

[3] In *Tempelhof* (v. 332-349) and *Archenholtz* (ii. 272-280) all these details.

[4] See *Archenholtz*, ii. 287; and correct his mistake of the two places.

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'the Garrison is hardly third part of what it ought to be,—3,800 'in whole, and many of them loose deserter fellows; special artillery-men, instead of about 400, only 191;—most important 'of all, that Commandant Zastrow is no wizard in his trade; 'and, on the whole, that the Enterprise is likely to succeed.

'Zastrow has been getting married lately; and has many 'things to think of, besides Schweidnitz. Some accounts say 'this was his wedding night,—which is not true, but only that 'he had meant to give a Ball this last night of September; 'and perhaps did give it, dancing over *before* 2, let us hope! 'Something of a jolter-head, seemingly, though solid and honest. 'I observe he is a kind of butt, or laughing-stock, of Friedrich's, 'and has yielded some gleams of momentary fun, he and this 'marriage of his, between Prince Henri and the King, in the 'tragic gloom all round.[5] Nothing so surprises me in Friedrich 'as his habitual inattention to the state of his Garrisons. He 'has the best of Commandants and also the worst: Tauentzien 'in Breslau, Heyde in Colberg, unsurpassable in the world; in 'Glatz a D'O; in Schweidnitz a Zastrow, both of whom cost 'him dear. Opposition sneers secretly, "It is as they happen 'to have come to hand." Which has not much truth, though 'some. Tauentzien he chose; D'O was Fouquet's choice, not 'his; Zastrow he did choose; Heyde he had by accident; of 'Heyde he had never heard till the defence of Colberg began to 'be a world's wonder. And in regard to his Garrisons, it is indisputable they were often left palpably defective in quantity and 'quality; and, more than once, fatally gave way at the wrong 'moment. We can only say that Friedrich was bitterly in want 'of men for the field; that "a Garrison-Regiment" was always 'reckoned an inferior article; and that Friedrich, in the press of 'his straits, had often had to say: "Well, these" (plainly Helots, 'not Spartans), "these will have to do!" For which he severely 'suffered: and perhaps repented,—who knows?

'Zastrow, in spite of Loudon's precautionary Girdle of Croats, 'and the cares of a coming Ball, had got sufficient inkling of 'something being in the wind. And was much on the Walls 'all day, he and his Officers; scanning with their glasses and

[5] Schöning, ii. (*sæpius*).

'their guesses the surrounding phenomena, to little purpose. 'At night he sent out patrols; kept sputtering with musketry 'and an occasional cannon into the vacant darkness ("We are 'alert, you see, Herr Loudon!"). In a word, took what measures 'he could, poor man;—very stupid measures, thinks Tempelhof, 'and almost worse than none, especially this of sputtering with 'musketry;—and hoped always there would be no Attack, or 'none to speak of. Till, in fine, between 2 and 3 in the morn-'ing, his patrols gallop in, "Austrians on march!" and Zastrow, 'throwing out a rocket or two, descries in momentary illumination 'that the Fact is verily here.

'His defence (four of the Five several Forts attacked at 'once) was of a confused character; but better than could have 'been expected. Loudon's Columns came on with extraordi-'nary vigour and condensed impetuosity; stormed the Out-'works everywhere, and almost at once got into the shelter of 'the Covered-way: but on the Main Wall, or in the scaling 'part of their business, were repulsed, in some places twice or 'thrice; and had a murderous struggle, of very chaotic nature, 'in the dark element. No picture of it in the least possible or 'needful here. In one place, a Powder-Magazine blew up with 'about 400 of them,—blown (said rumour, with no certainty) 'by an indignant Prussian artillery-man to whom they had re-'fused quarter: in another place, the 800 Russian Grenadiers 'came unexpectedly upon a chasm or bridgeless interstice be-'tween two ramparts; and had to halt suddenly,—till (says 'rumour again, with still less certainty) their Officers insisting 'with the rearward-part, "Forward, forward!" enough of 'front men were tumbled in to make a roadway! This was 'the story current;[6] greatly exaggerated, I have no doubt. 'What we know is, That these Russians did scramble through, 'punctually perform their part of the work;—and furthermore 'that, having got upon the Town-Wall, which was finis to every-'thing, they punctually sat down there; and, reflectively leaning 'on their muskets, witnessed with the gravity and dignity of 'antique sages, superior to money or money's worth, the general 'plunder which went on in spite of Loudon's orders.

[6] Archenholtz, ii. 275.

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'For, in fine, between 5 and 6, that is in about three hours 'and a half, Loudon was everywhere victorious; Zastrow, 'Schweidnitz Fortress, and all that it held, were Loudon's at 'discretion; Loudon's one care now was to stop the pillage of the 'poor Townsfolk, as the most pressing thing. Which was not 'done without difficulty, nor completely till after hours of exer- 'tion by cavalry regiments sent in. The captors had fought 'valiantly; but it was whispered there had been a preliminary 'of brandy in them; certainly, except those poor Russians, no- 'body's behaviour was unexceptionable.'

The capture of Schweidnitz cost Loudon about 1,400 men; he found in Schweidnitz, besides the Garrison all prisoners or killed, some 240 pieces of artillery,—'211 'heavy guns, 135 hand-mortars,' say the Austrian Accounts, 'with stores and munitions' in such quantities; '89,760 musket-cartridges, 1,300,600 flints,'[7] for two items:—and all this was a trifle compared to the shock it has brought on Friedrich's Silesian affairs. For, in present circumstances, it amounts to the actual conquest of a large portion of Silesia; and, for the first time, of a real prospect of finishing the remainder next Year. It is judged to have been the hardest stroke Friedrich had in the course of this War. "Our strenuous Campaign, on a sudden rendered wind, and of no worth! The Enemy to winter in Silesia, after all; Silesia to go inevitably,—and life along with it!" What Friedrich's black meditations were, nobody knows. 'In the follow- 'ing weeks' (not close following, but poor Küster does not date), 'the King fell ill of gout, saw almost no- 'body, never came out; and, it was whispered, the 'inflexible heart of him was at last breaking; that is 'to say, the very axis of this Prussian world giving 'way. And for certain, there never was in his camp

[7] In *Helden-Geschichte* (vi. 651-665) the Austrian Account, with *Lists* &c.

'and over his dominions such a gloom as in this October '1761; till at length he appeared on horseback again, 'with a cheerful face; and everybody thought to him-'self, "Ha, the world will still roll, then!"'[8]

This is what Loudon had done, without any Russians, except Russians to give him eight-and-forty hours colic, and put him on his own shifts. And the way in which the Kriegshofrath, and her Imperial Majesty the Kaiserinn, received it, is perhaps still worth a word. The Kaiser, who had alone known of Loudon's scheme, and for good reason (absolute secrecy being the very soul of it) had whispered nothing of it further to any mortal, was naturally overjoyed. But the Olympian brow of Maria Theresa, when the Kaiser went radiant to her with this news, did not radiate in response; but gloomed indignantly: "No order from Kriegshofrath, or me!" Indignant Kriegshofrath called it a *Croatenstreich* (Croat's-trick); and Loudon, like Prince Eugene long since, was with difficulty excused this act of disobedience. Great is Authority;—and ought to be divinely rigorous, if (as by no means always happens) it is otherwise of divine quality!

Friedrich's treatment of Zastrow was in strong contrast of style. Here is his Letter to that unlucky Gentleman, who is himself clear that he deserves no blame: "My dear Major-General von Zastrow,—The misfortune "that has befallen me is very grievous; but what con-"soles me in it is, to see by your Letter that you have "behaved like a brave Officer, and that neither you nor "the Garrison have brought disgrace or reproach on "yourselves. I am your well-affectioned King,—FRIED-

[8] Küster, *Lebens-Rettungen Friedrichs des Zweyten* (Berlin, 1797), p. 59 &c. It is the same innocent reliable Küster whom we cited, in *Saldern's* case, already.

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"RICH." And in Autograph this Postscript: "You "may, in this occurrence, say what Francis I., after "the Battle of Pavia, wrote to his Mother: 'All is lost "except honour.' As I do not yet completely under-"stand the affair, I forbear to judge of it; for it is "altogether extraordinary.—F."[9]

And never meddled farther with Zastrow; only left him well alone for the future. "Grant me a Court-Martial, then!" said Zastrow, finding himself fallen so neglected, after the Peace? "No use," answered Friedrich: "I impute nothing of crime to you; but after such "a mishap, it would be dangerous to trust you with any "post or command;"—and in 1766, granted him, on demand, his demission instead. The poor man then retired to Cassel, where he lived twenty years longer, and was no more heard of. He was half-brother of the General Zastrow who got killed by a Pandour of long range (bullet through both temples, from brushwood, across the Elbe), in the first year of this War.

[9] *Militair-Lexikon*, iv. 305, 306 (Letter undated there; date probably, 'Gross-Nossen, October 3d').

CHAPTER IX.

TRAITOR WARKOTSCH.

FRIEDRICH'S Army was to have cantoned itself round Neisse, October 3d: but on the instant of this fatal Schweidnitz news, proceeded (3d-6th October) towards Strehlen instead,—Friedrich personally on the 5th;—and took quarters there and in the villages round. General cantonment at Strehlen, in guard of Breslau and of Neisse both; Loudon, still immovable at Kunzendorf, attempting nothing on either of those places, and carefully declining the risk of a Battle, which would have been Friedrich's game: all this continued till the beginning of December, when both parties took Winter-quarters;[1] cantoned themselves in the neighbouring localities,—Czernichef, with his Russians, in Glatz Country; Friedrich in Breslau as headquarter;—and the Campaign had ended. Ended in this part, without farther event of the least notability;—except the following only, which a poor man of the name of Kappel has recorded for us. Of which, and the astounding Sequel to which, we must now say something.

Kappel is a Gentleman's Groom of those Strehlen parts; and shall, in his own words, bring us face to face with Friedrich in that neighbourhood, directly after Schweidnitz was lost. It is October 5th, day, or rather night of the day, of Friedrich's arrival thereabouts;

[1] Tempelhof, v. 349.

most of his Army ahead of him, and the remainder all under way. Friedrich and the rearward part of his Army are filing about, in that new Strehlen-ward movement of theirs, under cloud of night, in the intricate Hill-and-Dale Country; to post themselves to the best advantage for their double object, of covering Breslau and Neisse both. Kappel *loquitur;* abridged by Küster, whom we abridge:

'*Monday Night, October 5th*, 1761, The King, with two or 'three attendants, still ahead of his Army, appeared at Schön-'brunn, a Schloss and Village, five or six miles south from 'Strehlen;[2] and did the owner, Baron von Warkotsch, an ac-'quaintance of his, the honour of lodging there. Before bed-'time,—if indeed the King intended bed at all, meaning to be 'off in four hours hence,—Friedrich inquired of Warkotsch for "a trusty man, well acquainted with the roads in this Country." 'Warkotsch mentioned Kappel, his own Groom; one who un-'doubtedly knew every road of the Country; and who had 'always behaved as a trusty fellow in the seven years he had 'been with him. "Let me see him," said the King. Kappel 'was sent up, about midnight, King still dressed; sitting on a 'sofa, by the fire: Kappel's look was satisfactory; Kappel 'knows several roads to Strehlen, in the darkest night: "It is 'the footpath which goes so-and-so that I want" (for Friedrich 'knows this Country intimately: readers remember his world-'famous Camp of Strehlen, with all the diplomacies of Europe 'gathered there, through summer, in the train of Möllwitz). "*Ja, Ihro Majestät*, I know it!" "Be ready, then, at 4."

'Before the stroke of 4, Kappel was at the door, on Master's 'best horse; the King's Groom too, and led horse, a nimble 'little gray, were waiting. As 4 struck, Friedrich came down, 'Warkotsch with him, "Unspeakable the honour you have done 'my poor house!" Besides the King's Groom, there were a

[2] *This* is the Warkotsch Schönbrunn; not the other near Schweidnitz, as Archenholtz believes: see *Archenholtz*, ii. 287, and the bit of myth he has gone into in consequence.

'Chamberlain, an Adjutant, and two mounted Chasers (*reitende 'Jäger*), which latter had each a lighted lantern: in all seven 'persons, including Kappel and the King. "Go before us on 'foot with your lanterns," said the King. Very dark it was. 'And overnight the Army had arrived all about; some of them 'just coming in, on different roads and paths. The King walked 'above two miles, and looked how the Regiments were, without 'speaking a word. At last, as the cannons came up, and were 'still in full motion, the King said: "Sharp, sharp, *Bursche;* it 'will be *March* directly." "March? The Devil it will; we are 'just coming into Camp!" said a canonier, not knowing it was 'the King.

'The King said nothing. Walked on still a little while; 'then ordered, "Blow out the lanterns; to horseback now!" 'and mounted, as we all did. Me he bade keep five steps ahead, 'five and not more, that he might see me; for it was very dark. 'Not far from the Lordship Casserey, where there is a Water-'mill, the King asked me, "Haven't you missed the Bridge 'here?" (a King that does not forget roads and topographies 'which may come to concern him!)—and bade us ride with 'the utmost silence, and make no jingle. As day broke, we 'were in sight of Strehlen, near by the Farm of Treppendorf. "And do you know where the Kallenberg lies?" said the King: "It must be to left of the Town, near the Hills; bring us "thither!"

'When we got on the Kallenberg, it was not quite day; and 'we had to halt for more light. After some time, the King said 'to his Groom, "Give me my perspective!" looked slowly all 'round for a good while, and then said, "I see no Austrians!"— '(ground all at our choice, then; we know where to choose!) "The King then asked me if I knew the road to"—in fact, to several places, which, in a Parish History of those parts, would be abundantly interesting; but must be entirely omitted here. * * * 'The King called his Chamberlain; gave some sign, 'which meant "Beer-money to Kappel!"—and I got four eight-'groschen pieces' (three shillings odd; a rich reward in those days); 'and was bid tell my Master, "That the King thanked 'him for the good quarters, and assured him of his favour."

5th Oct.—30th Nov. 1761.

'Riding back across country, Kappel, some four or five miles 'homeward, came upon the "whole Prussian Army," struggling 'forward in their various Columns. Two Generals,—one of 'them Krusemark, King's Adjutant (Colonel Krusemark, not 'General, as Kappel thinks, who came to know him some weeks 'after),—had him brought up: to whom he gave account of 'himself, how he had been escorting the King, and where he 'had left his Majesty. "Behind Strehlen, say you? Breslau 'road? Devil knows whither we shall all have to go yet!" ob- 'served Krusemark, and left Kappel free.'[3]

In those weeks, Colberg Siege, Pitt's Catastrophe, and high things are impending, or completed, elsewhere: but this is the one thing noticeable hereabouts. In regard to Strehlen, and Friedrich's history there, what we have to say turns all upon this Kappel and Warkotsch: and,—after mentioning only that Friedrich's lodging is not in Strehlen proper, but in Woiselwitz, a village or suburb almost half a mile off, and very negligently guarded,—we have to record an Adventure which then made a great deal of noise in the world.

Warkotsch is a rich lord; Schönbrunn only one of five or six different Estates which he has in those parts; though, not many years ago, being younger brother, he was a Captain in the Austrian service (Regiment *Botta*, if you are particular); and lay in Olmütz,—with very dull outlooks; not improved, I should judge, by the fact that Silesia and the Warkotsch connexions were become Prussian since this junior entered the Austrian Army. The junior had sown his wild oats, and was already getting gray in the beard, in that dull manner, when, about seven years ago, his Elder Brother, to whom Friedrich had always been kind, fell unwell; and, in the end of

[3] Küster, *Lebens-Rettungen*, pp. 66-76.

1755, died: whereupon the junior saw himself Heir; and entered on a new phase of things. Quitted his Captaincy, quitted his allegiance; and was settled here peaceably under his new King in 1756, a little while before this War broke out. And, at Schönbrunn, October 5th, 1761, has had his Majesty himself for guest.

Warkotsch was not long in riding over to Strehlen to pay his court, as in duty bound, for the honour of such a Visit; and from that time, Kappel, every day or two, had to attend him thither. The King had always had a favour for Warkotsch's late Brother, as an excellent Silesian Landlord and Manager, whose fine Domains were in an exemplary condition; as, under the new Warkotsch too, they have continued to be. Always a gracious Majesty to this Warkotsch as well; who is an old soldier withal, and man of sense and ingenuity; acceptable to Friedrich, and growing more and more familiar among Friedrich's circle of Officers now at Strehlen.

To Strehlen is Warkotsch's favourite ride; in the solitary country, quite a charming adjunct to your usual dull errand out for air and exercise. Kappel, too, remarks about this time that he (Kappel) gets once and again, and ever more frequently, a Letter to carry over to Siebenhuben, a Village three or four miles off; the Letter always for one Schmidt, who is Catholic Curate there; Letter under envelope, well sealed,—and consisting of two pieces, if you finger it judiciously. And, what is curious, the Letter never has any address; Master merely orders, "Punctual; for Curatus Schmidt, you know!" What can this be? thinks Kappel. Some secret, doubtless; perhaps some intrigue, which Madam must not know of,—"*Ach, Herr Baron;* and at your age,—fifty, I am sure!" Kappel, a solid fellow, concerned for groom-

business alone, punctually carries his Letters; takes charge of the Responses too, which never have any Address; and does not too much trouble himself with curiosities of an impertinent nature.

To these external phenomena I will at present only add this internal one: That an old Brother Officer of Warkotsch's, a Colonel Wallis, with Hussars, is now lying at Heinrichau,—say, 10 miles from Strehlen, and about 10 from Schönbrunn too, or a mile more if you take the Siebenhuben way; and that all these missives, through Curatus Schmidt, are for Wallis the Hussar Colonel, and must be a secret, not from Madam alone! How a Baron, hitherto of honour, could all at once become *turpissimus*, the Superlative of Scoundrels? This is even the reason,—the prize is so superlative.

'*Monday Night, November 30th*, 1761' (night bitter cold), 'Kappel finds himself sitting mounted, and holding Master's 'horse, in Strehlen, more exactly in Woiselwitz, a Suburb of 'Strehlen, near the King's door,—Majesty's travelling-coach 'drawn out there, symbol that Strehlen is ending, general de- 'parture towards Breslau now nigh. Not to Kappel's sorrow, per- 'haps, waiting in the cold there. Kappel waits, hour after hour; 'Master taking his ease with the King's people, regardless of 'the horses and me, in this shivery weather;—and one must not 'walk about either, for disturbing the King's sleep! Not till 'midnight does Master emerge, and the freezing Kappel and 'quadrupeds get under way. Under way, Master breaks out into 'singular talk about the King's lodging: Was ever anything so 'careless; nothing but two sentries in the King's anteroom; 'thirteen all the soldiers that are in Woiselwitz; Strehlen not 'available in less than twenty minutes: nothing but woods, 'haggly glens and hills, all on to Heinrichau: How easy to 'snatch off his Majesty! "*Um Gottes Willen*, my Lord, don't 'speak so: think if a patrolling Prussian were to hear it, in the 'dark!" Pooh, pooh, answers the Herr Baron.

'At Schönbrunn, in the short hours, Kappel finds Frau 'Kappel in a state of unappeasable curiosity: "What can it 'be? Curatus Schmidt was here all afternoon; much in haste 'to see Master; had to go at last,—for the Church-service, this 'St. Andrew's Eve. And only think, though he sat with My 'Lady hours and hours, he left this Letter with *me:* 'Give it to 'your Husband, for my Lord, the instant they come; and say I 'must have an Answer tomorrow morning at 7.' Left it with 'me, not with My Lady;—My Lady not to know of it!" "Tush, 'woman!" But Frau Kappel has been, herself, unappeasably 'running about, ever since she got this Letter; has applied to 'two fellow-servants, one after the other, who can read writing, "Break it up, will you!" But they would not. Practical Kap- 'pel takes the Letter up to Master's room; delivers it, with the 'Message. "What, Curatus Schmidt!" interrupts My Lady, who 'was sitting there: "Herr Good-man, what is that?" "That is a 'Letter to me," answers the Good-man: "What have you to do 'with it?" Upon which My Lady flounces out in a huff, and the 'Herr Baron sets about writing his Answer, whatever it may be.

'Kappel and Frau are gone to bed, Frau still eloquent upon 'the mystery of Curatus Schmidt, when his Lordship taps at their 'door; enters in the dark: "This is for the Curatus, at 7 o'clock 'tomorrow; I leave it on the table here: be in time, like a good 'Kappel!" Kappel promises his Unappeasable that he will ac- 'tually open this Piece before delivery of it; upon which she 'appeases herself, and they both fall asleep. Kappel is on foot 'betimes next morning. Kappel quietly pockets his Letter; still 'more quietly, from a neighbouring room, pockets his Master's 'big Seal (*Petschaft*), with a view to resealing: he then steps out; 'giving his *Bursch'* (Apprentice or Under-Groom) 'order to be 'ready in so many minutes, "You and these two horses" (specific 'for speed); and, in the interim, walks over, with Letter and '*Petschaft*, to the Reverend Herr Gerlach's, for some prelimi- 'nary business. Kappel is Catholic; Warkotsch, Protestant; 'Herr Gerlach is Protestant preacher in the Village of Schön- 'brunn,—much hated by Warkotsch, whose standing order is: "Don't go near that insolent fellow;" but known by Kappel to 'be a just man, faithful in difficulties of the weak against the

'strong. Gerlach, not yet out of bed, listens to the awful story: 'reads the horrid missive; Warkotsch to Colonel Wallis: "You 'can seize the King, living or dead, this night!"—hesitates about 'copying it (as Kappel wishes, for a good purpose); but is encou- 'raged by his Wife, and soon writes a Copy. This Copy Kappel 'sticks into the old cover, seals as usual; and, with the Original 'safe in his own pocket, returns to the stables now. His Bursch 'and he mount; after a little, he orders his Bursch: "Bursch, 'ride you to Siebenhuben and Curatus Schmidt, with this sealed 'Letter; *you*, and say nothing. I was to have gone myself, but 'cannot; be speedy, be discreet!" And the Bursch dashes off 'for Siebenhuben with the sealed Copy, for Schmidt, Warkotsch, 'Wallis and Company's behoof; Kappel riding, at a stiff better 'pace, to Strehlen with the Original, for behoof of the King's 'Majesty.

'At Strehlen, King's Majesty not yet visible, Kappel has 'great difficulties in the anteroom among the sentry people. 'But he persists, insists: "Read my Letter, then!" which they 'dare not do; which only Colonel Krusemark, the Adjutant, 'perhaps dare. They take him to Krusemark. Krusemark 'reads, all aghast; locks up Kappel; runs to the King; returns, 'muffles Kappel in soldier's cloak and cap, and leads him in. 'The King, looking into Kappel's face, into Kappel's clear story 'and the Warkotsch handwriting, needed only a few questions; 'and the fit orders, as to Warkotsch and Company, were soon 'given: dangerous engineers now fallen harmless, blown up by 'their own petard. One of the King's first questions was: "But 'how have I offended Warkotsch?" Kappel does not know; 'Master is of strict wilful turn;—Master would grumble and 'growl sometimes about the peasant people, and how a noble- 'man has now no power over them, in comparison." "Are 'you a Protestant?" "No, your Majesty, Catholic." "See, *ihr* '*Herren*," said the King to those about him; "Warkotsch is a 'Protestant; his Curatus Schmidt is a Catholic; and this man 'is a Catholic: there are villains and honest people in every 'creed!"

'At noon, that day, Warkotsch had sat down to dinner, com- 'fortably in his dressing-gown, nobody but the good Baroness

'there; when Rittmeister Rabenau suddenly descended on the 'Schloss and dining-room with dragoons: "In arrest, Herr 'Baron; I am sorry you must go with me to Brieg!" War- 'kotsch, a strategic fellow, kept countenance to Wife and Ritt- 'meister, in this sudden fall of the thunderbolt: "Yes, Herr 'Rittmeister; it is that mass of Corn I was to furnish" (show- 'ing him an actual order of that kind), "and I am behind my 'time with it! Nobody can help his luck. Take a bit of dinner 'with us, any way!" Rittmeister refused; but the Baroness too 'pressed him; he at length sat down. Warkotsch went "to 'dress;" first of all, to give orders about his best horse; but was 'shocked to find that the dragoons were a hundred, and that 'every outgate was beset. Returning half-dressed, with an air 'of baffled hospitality: "Herr Rittmeister, our Schloss must not 'be disgraced; here are your brave fellows waiting, and nothing 'of refreshment ready for them. I have given order at the 'Tavern in the Village; send them down; there they shall 'drink better luck to me, and have a bit of bread and cheese." 'Stupid Rabenau again consents:—and in few minutes more, 'Warkotsch is in the Woods, galloping like Epsom, towards 'Wallis; and Rabenau can only arrest Madam (who knows 'nothing), and return in a baffled state.

'Schmidt too got away. The party sent after Schmidt found 'him in the little Town of Nimptsch, half way home again from 'his Wallis errand; comfortably dining with some innocent hos- 'pitable people there. Schmidt could not conceal his confusion; 'but pleading piteously a necessity of nature, was with difficulty 'admitted to the—to the *Abtritt* so-called; and there, by some 'long pole or rake-handle, vanished wholly through a never- 'imagined aperture, and was no more heard of in the upper world. 'The Prussian soldiery does not seem expert in thief-taking.

'Warkotsch came back about midnight that same Tuesday, '500 Wallis Hussars escorting him; and took away his ready 'moneys, near 5,000*l.* in gold, reports Frau Kappel, who wit- 'nessed the ghastly operation (Hussars in great terror, in haste, 'and unconscionably greedy as to sharing);—after which our 'next news of him, the last of any clear authenticity, is this Note 'to his poor Wife, which was read in the Law Procedures on

5th Oct.—30th Nov. 1761.

'him six months hence: "My Child (*Mein Kind*),—The accursed "thought I took up against my King has overwhelmed me in "boundless misery. From the top of the highest hill I cannot "see the limits of it. Farewell; I am in the farthest border of "Turkey.—WARKOTSCH."[4]

Schmidt and he, after patient trial, were both of them beheaded and quartered,—in pasteboard effigy,—in the Salt Ring (Great Square) of Breslau, May 1762:—in pasteboard, Friedrich liked it better than the other way. "*Meinetwegen*," wrote he, sanctioning the execution, "For aught I care; the Portraits will likely be as worthless as the Originals." Rittmeister Rabenau had got off with a few days' arrest, and the remark, "*Er ist ein dummer Teufel* (You are a stupid devil)!" Warkotsch's Estates, all and sundry, deducting the Baroness's jointure, which was punctually paid her, were confiscated to the King,—and by him were made over to the Schools of Breslau and Glogau, which, I doubt not, enjoy them to this day. Reverend Gerlach in Schönbrunn, Kappel and Kappel's Bursch, were all attended to, and properly rewarded, though there are rumours to the contrary. Hussar-Colonel Wallis got no public promotion, though it is not doubted the Head People had been well cognisant of his ingenious intentions. Official Vienna, like mankind in general, shuddered to own him; the great Counts Wallis at Vienna published in the Newspapers, "Our House has no connexion with that gentleman;"—and, in fact, he was of Irish breed, it seems, the name of him Wall*isch* (or Walsh), if one cared. Warkotsch died at Raab (*this* side the farthest corner of Turkey), in 1769: his poor Baroness had vanished from Silesia five years before, probably to join him. He had some pension or aliment

[4] Küster, *Lebens-Rettungen*, p. 88: Küster, pp. 65-188 (for the general Narrative); Tempelhof, v. 346, &c. &c.

from the Austrian Court; small or not so small is a disputed point.

And this is, more minutely than need have been, in authentic form only too diffuse, the once world-famous Warkotsch Tragedy or Wellnigh-Tragic Melodrama; which is still interesting and a matter of study, of pathos and minute controversy, to the patriot and antiquary in Prussian Countries, though here we might have been briefer about it. It would, indeed, have "finished the War at once;" and on terms delightful to Austria and its Generals near by. But so would any unit of the million balls and bullets which have whistled round that same Royal Head, and have, every unit of them, missed like Warkotsch! Particular Heads, royal and other, meant for use in the scheme of things, are not to be hit on any terms till the use is had.

Friedrich settled in Breslau for the Winter, December 9th. From Colberg bad news meet him in Breslau; bad and ever worse: Colberg, not Warkotsch, is the interesting matter there, for a fortnight coming,—till Colberg end, it also irremediable. The Russian hope on Colberg is, long since, limited to that of famine. We said the conveyance of Supplies, across such a Hundred Miles of wilderness, from Stettin thither, with Russians and the Winter gainsaying, was the difficulty. Our short Note continues:

'In fact, it is the impossibility: trial after trial goes on, in a 'strenuous manner, but without success. October 13th, Green 'Kleist tries; October 22d, Knobloch and even Platen try. For 'the next two months, there is trial on trial made (Hussar Kleist, 'Knobloch, Thadden, Platen), not without furious fencing, 'struggling; but with no success. There are, in wait at the proper 'places, 15,000 Russians waylaying. Winter comes early, and 'unusually severe: such marchings, such endeavourings and en-

9th-16th Dec. 1761.

'durances,—without success! For darkness, cold, grim difficulty, 'fierce resistance to it, one reads few things like this of Colberg. "The snow lies ell-deep," says Archenholtz; "snow-tempests, "sleet, frost: a country wasted and hungered out; wants fuel- "wood; has not even salt. The soldier's bread is a block of ice; "impracticable to human teeth till you thaw it,—which is only "possible by night." The Russian ships disappear (17th October); 'November 2d, Butturlin, leaving reinforcements without stint, 'vanishes towards Poland. The day before Butturlin went, there 'had been solemn summons upon Eugen, "Surrender honourably, "we once more bid you; never will we leave this ground, till "Colberg is ours!" "Vain to propose it!" answers Eugen, as 'before. The Russians too are clearly in great misery of want; 'though with better roads open for them; and Romanzow's ob- 'stinacy is extreme.

'Night of November 14th-15th, Eugen, his horse-fodder 'being entirely done, and Heyde's magazines worn almost out, 'is obliged to glide mysteriously, circuitously from his Camp, 'and go to try the task himself. The most difficult of marches, 'gloriously executed; which avails to deliver Eugen, and lightens 'the pressure on Heyde's small store. Eugen, in a way Tem- 'pelhof cannot enough admire, gets clear away. Joins with 'Platen, collects Provision; tries to send Provision in, but with- 'out effect. By the King's order, is to try it himself in a col- 'lective form. Had Heyde food, he would care little.

'Romanzow, who is now in Eugen's old Camp, summons 'the Veteran; they say, it is "for the twenty-fifth time,"—not 'yet quite the last. Heyde consults his people: "*Kameraden*, "what think you should I do?" "*Thun Sie's durchaus nicht*, "*Herr Obrist*, Do not a whit of it, Herr Colonel: we will defend "ourselves as long as we have bread and powder."[5] It is grim 'frost; Heyde pours water on his walls. Romanzow tries storm; 'the walls are glass; the garrison has powder, though on half 'rations as to bread: storm is of no effect. By the King's order, 'Eugen tries again. December 6th, starts; has again a march 'of the most consummate kind; December 12th, gets to the 'Russian entrenchment; storms a Russian redoubt, and fights

[5] Seyfarth, iii. 28; Archenholtz, ii. 304.

'inexpressibly; but it will not do. Withdraws; leaves Colberg 'to its fate. Next morning, Heyde gets his twenty-sixth sum- 'mons; reflects on it two days; and then (December 16th), his 'biscuit done, decides to "march out, with music playing, arms 'shouldered, and the honours of war." '[6] Adieu to the old Hero; who, we hope, will not stay long in Russian prison.

"What a Place of Arms for us!" thinks Romanzow; —"though, indeed, for Campaign 1762, at this late time of year, it will not so much avail us." No;—and for 1763, who knows if you will need it then!

Six weeks ago, Prince Henri and Daun had finished their Saxon Campaign in a much more harmless manner. *November 5th*, Daun, after infinite rallying, marshalling, re-arranging, and counselling with Loudon, who has sat so long quiescent on the Heights at Kunzendorf, ready to aid and reinforce, did at length (nothing of "rashness" chargeable on Daun) make 'a general attack on Prince Henri's outposts,' in the Meissen or Mulda-Elbe Country, 'from Rosswein all across to Siebeneichen;' simultaneous attack, 15 miles wide, or I know not how wide, but done with vigour; and, after a stiff struggle in the small way, drove them all in;—in, all of them, more or less;—and then did nothing farther whatever. Henri had to contract his quarters, and stand alertly on his guard: but nothing came. "Shall have to winter in straiter quarters, behind the Mulda, not astride of it as formerly; that is all." And so the Campaign in Saxony had ended, 'without, in the whole 'course of it' (say the Books), 'either party gaining 'any essential advantage over the other.'[7]

[6] Tempelhof, v. 351-377; Archenholtz, ii. 294-307; especially the Seyfarth *Beylagen* above cited.

[7] Seyfarth, iii. 54; Tempelhof, v. 275 et seq. (ibid. pp. 263-280 for the Campaign at large, in all breadth of detail).

CHAPTER X.

FRIEDRICH IN BRESLAU; HAS NEWS FROM PETERSBURG.

SINCE December 9th, Friedrich is in Breslau, in some remainder of his ruined Palace there; and is represented to us, in Books, as sitting amid ruins; no prospect ahead of him but ruin. Withdrawn from Society; looking fixedly on the gloomiest future. Sees hardly anybody; speaks, except it be on business, nothing. 'One day,' I have read somewhere, 'General Lentulus dined with 'him; and there was not a word uttered at all.' The Anecdote-Books have Dialogues with Ziethen; Ziethen still trusting in Divine Providence; King trusting only in the iron Destinies, and the stern refuge of Death with honour: Dialogues evidently symbolical only. In fact, this is not, or is not altogether, the King's common humour. He has his two Nephews with him (the elder, old enough to learn soldiering, is to be of next Campaign under him); he is not without society when he likes,—never without employment whether he like or not; and in the blackest murk of despondencies has his Turk and other Illusions, which seem to be brighter this Year than ever.[1]

For certain, the King is making all preparation, as if victory might still crown him: though of practical hope he, doubtless often enough, has little or none.

[1] *Letters* to Henri: in *Schöning*, iii. (*sæpiùs*).

England seems about deserting him; a most sad and unexpected change has befallen there: great Pitt thrown out; perverse small Butes come in, whose notions and procedures differ far from Pitt's! At home here, the Russians are in Pommern and the Neumark; Austrians have Saxony, all but a poor strip beyond the Mulda; Silesia, all but a fraction on the Oder: Friedrich has with himself 30,000; with Prince Henri 25,000; under Eugen of Würtemberg, against the Swedes, 5,000; in all his Dominions, 60,000 fighting men. To make head against so many enemies, he calculates that 60,000 more must be raised this Winter. And where are these to come from; England and its help having also fallen into such dubiety? Next Year, it is calculated by everybody, Friedrich himself hardly excepted (in bad moments), must be the finis of this long agonistic tragedy. On the other hand, Austria herself is in sore difficulties as to cash; discharges 20,000 men,—trusting she may have enough besides, to finish Friedrich. France is bankrupt, starving, passionate for Peace; English Bute nothing like so ill to treat with as Pitt: to Austria no more subsidies from France. The War is waxing feeble, not on Friedrich's side only, like a flame short of fuel. This Year it must go out; Austria will have to kill Friedrich this Year, if at all.

Whether Austria's and the world's prophecy would have been fulfilled? Nobody can say what miraculous sudden shifts, and outbursts of fiery enterprise, may still lie in this man. Friedrich is difficult to kill, grows terribly elastic when you compress him into a corner. Or Destiny, perhaps, may have tried him sufficiently; and be satisfied? Destiny does send him a wonderful star-of-day, bursting out on the sudden, as will be seen!—Meanwhile here is the English calamity; worse than

any Schweidnitz, Colberg, or other that has befallen in this blackest of the night.

The Pitt Catastrophe: how the Peace-Negotiation went off by Explosion; how Pitt withdrew (3d October 1761), *and there came a Spanish War nevertheless.*

In St. James's Street, 'in the Duke of Cumberland's late lodgings,' on the 2d of October 1761, there was held one of the most remarkable Cabinet-Councils known in English History: it is the last of Pitt's Cabinet-Councils, for a long time,—might as well have been his last of all;—and is of the highest importance to Friedrich through Pitt. We spoke of the Choiseul Peace-Negotiation; of an offer indirectly from King Carlos, "Could not I mediate a little?"—offer which exploded said Negotiation, and produced the Bourbon Family Compact and an additional War instead. Let us now look, slightly for a few moments, into that matter and its sequences.

It was *July 15th*, when Bussy, along with something in his own French sphere, presented this beautiful Spanish Appendix,—"apprehensive that War may break out again with Spain, when we Two have got settled." By the same opportunity came a Note from him, which was reckoned important too: "That the Empress Queen would and did, whatever might become of the Congress of Augsburg, approve of this Separate Peace between France and England,—England merely undertaking to leave the King of Prussia altogether to himself in future with her Imperial Majesty and her Allies." "Never, Sir!" answered Pitt, with emphasis, to this latter Proposition; and to the former about Spain's interfering, or whispering of interference, he answered—by at once

returning the Paper, as a thing non-extant, or which it was charitable to consider so. "Totally inadmissible, Sir; mention it no more!"—and at once called upon the Spanish Ambassador to disavow such impertinence imputed to his Master. Fancy the colloquies, the agitated consultations thereupon, between Bussy and this Don, in view suddenly of breakers ahead!

In about a week (July 23d), Bussy had an Interview with Pitt himself on this high Spanish matter; and got some utterances out of him which are memorable to Bussy and us. "It is my duty to declare to you, Sir, "in the name of his Majesty," said Pitt, "that his "Majesty will not suffer the disputes with Spain to be "blended, in any manner whatever, in the Negotiation "of Peace between the Two Crowns. To which I "must add, that it will be considered as an affront "to his Majesty's dignity, and as a thing incompatible "with the sincerity of the Negotiation, to make further "mention of such a circumstance."[2] Bussy did not go at once, after this deliverance; but was unable, by his arguments and pleadings, by all his oil and fire joined together, to produce the least improvement on it: "Time "enough to treat of all that, Sir, when the Tower of "London is taken sword in hand!"[3] was Pitt's last word. An expression which went over the world; and went especially to King Carlos, as fast as it could fly, or as his Choiseul could speed it: and, in about three weeks, produced,—it and what had gone before it, by the united industry of Choiseul and Carlos, finally produced,—the famed *Bourbon Family Compact* (August

[2] In *Thackeray*, ii. 554;—Pitt next day putting it in writing, "word for word," at Bussy's request.

[3] Beatson, ii. 434. Archenholtz (ii. 245) has heard of this expression, in a slightly incorrect way.

15th, 1761), and a variety of other weighty results, which lay in embryo therein.

Pitt, in the interim, had been intensely prosecuting, in Spain and everywhere, his inquiry into the Bussy phenomenon of July 15th; which he, from the first glimpse of it, took to mean a mystery of treachery in the pretended Peace-Negotiation, on the part of Choiseul and Catholic Majesty;—though other long heads, and Pitt's Ambassador at Madrid investigating on the spot, considered it an inadvertence mainly, and of no practical meaning. On getting knowledge of the Bourbon Family Compact, Pitt perceived that his suspicion was a certainty;—and likewise that the one clear course was, To declare War on the Spanish Bourbon too, and go into him at once: "We are ready; fleets, soldiers, in the East, in the West; he not ready anywhere. Since he wants War, let him have it, without loss of a moment!" That is Pitt's clear view of the case; but it is by no means Bute and Company's,—who discern in it, rather, a means of finishing another operation they have long been secretly busy upon, by their Mauduits and otherwise; and are clear against getting into a new War with Spain or anybody: "Have not we enough of Wars?" say they.

Since September 18th, there had been three Cabinet-Councils held on this great Spanish question: "Mystery of treachery, meaning War from Spain? Or awkward Inadvertence only, practically meaning little or nothing?" Pitt, surer of his course every time, every time meets the same contradiction. Council of October 2d was the third of the series, and proved to be the last.

"Twelve Seventy-fours sent instantly to Cadiz," had been Pitt's proposal, on the first emergence of the Bussy

phenomenon. Here are his words, October 2d, when it is about to get consummated: "This is now the time "for humbling the whole House of Bourbon: and if "this opportunity is let slip, we shall never find an- "other! Their united power, if suffered to gather "strength, will baffle our most vigorous efforts, and "possibly plunge us in the gulf of ruin. We must "not allow them a moment to breathe. Self-preser- "vation bids us crush them before they can combine "or recollect themselves."—"No evidence that Spain "means war; too many wars on our hands; let us at "least wait!" urge all the others,—all but one, or one and *a half*, of whom presently. Whereupon Pitt: "If "these views are to be followed, this is the last time I "can sit at this Board. I was called to the Administra- "tion of Affairs by the voice of the People: to them "I have always considered myself as accountable for my "conduct; and therefore cannot remain in a situation "which makes me responsible for measures I am no "longer allowed to guide."[4]

Carteret Granville, President of said Council for ten years past,[5] now an old red-nosed man of seventy-two, snappishly took him up,—it is the last public thing poor Carteret did in this world,—in the following terms: "I "find the Gentleman is determined to leave us; nor can "I say I am sorry for it, since otherwise he would have "certainly compelled us to leave him" (Has ruled us, may not I say, with a rod of iron!) "But if he be "resolved to assume the office of exclusively advising "his Majesty and directing the operations of the War, "to what purpose are *we* called to this Council? When "he talks of being responsible to the People, he talks

[4] Beatson, ii. 438.

[5] Came in, '17th June 1751,'—died, '2d January 1763.'

"the language of the House of Commons; forgets that, "at this Board, he is only responsible to the King. "However, though he may possibly have convinced "himself of his infallibility, still it remains that we "should be equally convinced, before we can resign "our understandings to his direction, or join with him "in the measure he proposes."[6]

Who, besides Temple (Pitt's Brother-in-law) confirmatory of Pitt, Bute negatory, and Newcastle *silent*, the other beautiful gentlemen were, I will not ask; but poor old Carteret,—the wine perhaps sour on his stomach (old age too, with German memories of his own, "A biggish Life once mine, all futile for *want* of this same Kingship like Pitt's!")—I am sorry old Carteret should have ended so! He made the above Answer; and Pitt resigned next day.[7] "The Nation was thunderstruck, alarmed and indignant," says Walpole:[8] yes, no wonder;—but, except a great deal of noisy jargoning in Parliament and out of it, the Nation gained nothing for itself by its indignant, thunderstricken, and other feelings. Its Pitt is irrecoverable; and it may long look for another such. These beautiful recalcitrants of the Cabinet-Council had, themselves, within three months (think under what noises and hootings from a non-admiring Nation), to declare War on Spain,[9] *not* on better terms than when Pitt advised; and, except for

[6] *Biog. Britannica* (Kippis's; London, 1784), iii. 278. See Thackeray, i. 589-592.

[7] Thackeray, i. 592 n. 'October 5th' (*acceptance* of the resignation, I suppose?) is the date commonly given.

[8] *Memoirs of the Reign of George the Third*, i. 82 et seq.

[9] '2d January 1762,' the English; '18th January,' the Spaniard (*Annual Register* for 1762, p. 50; or better, Beatson, ii. 443).

the "readiness" in which Pitt had left all things, might have fared indifferently in it.

To Spain and France, the results of the Family Compact (we may as well give them at once, though they extend over the whole next year and farther, and concern Friedrich very little) were: a War on England (chiefly on poor Portugal for England's sake); with a War *by* England in return, which cost Spain its Havanah and its Philippine Islands.

'From 1760 and before, the Spanish Carlos, his orthodox 'mind perhaps shocked at Pombal and the Anti-Jesuit pro- 'cedures, had forbidden trade with Portugal; had been drawing 'out dangerous "militia forces on the Frontier;" and afflicting 'and frightening the poor Country. But on the actual arrival 'of War with England, Choiseul and he, as the first feasibility 'discernible, make Demand (three times over, 16th March— '18th April 1762, each time more stringently) on poor Portu- 'guese Majesty: "Give up your objectionable Heretic Ally, and 'join with us against him; will you, or will you not?" To 'which the Portuguese Majesty, whose very title is Most Faith- 'ful, answered always: "You surprise me! I cannot; how can 'I? He is my Ally, and has always kept faith with me! For 'certain, No!"[10] So that there is English reinforcement got 'ready, men, money; an English General, Lord Tyrawley, Ge- 'neral and Ambassador; with a 5 or 6,000 horse and foot, and 'many volunteer officers besides, for the Portuguese behoof.[11] 'In short, every encouragement to poor Portugal: "Pull, and "we will help you by tracing."

'The poor Portuguese pulled very badly: were disgusting 'to Tyrawley, he to them; and cried passionately, "Get us 'another General;"—upon which, by some wise person's coun- 'sel, that singular Artillery Gentleman, the Graf von der Lippe

[10] *London Gazette*, 5th May 1762, &c. (in *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1762, xxxii. 205, 321, 411).

[11] List of all this in Beatson, ii. 491, iii. 323;—'did not get to sea till 12th May 1762' (*Gentleman's Magazine* for 1762, p. 239).

'Bückeburg, who gave the dinner in his Tent with cannon 'firing at the pole of it, was appointed; and Tyrawley came 'home in a huff.[12] Which was probably a favourable circum- 'stance. Bückeburg understands War, whether Tyrawley do 'or not. Duke Ferdinand has agreed to dispense with his 'Ordnance-Master; nay I have heard the Ordnance-Master, a 'man of sharp speech on occasion, was as good as idle; and had 'gone home to Bückeburg, this Winter: indignant at the many 'imperfections he saw, and perhaps too frankly expressing that 'feeling now and then. What he thought of the Portuguese 'Army in comparison is not on record; but may be judged of 'by this circumstance, That on dining with the chief Portu- 'guese military man, he found his Portuguese captains and 'lieutenants waiting as valets behind the chairs.[13]

'The improvements he made are said to have been many;— 'and Portuguese Majesty, in bidding farewell, gave him a park 'of Miniature Gold Cannon by way of gracious symbol. But, so 'far as the facts show, he seems to have got from his Portuguese 'Army next to no service whatever: and, but for the English 'and the ill weather, would have fared badly against his French 'and Spaniards,—42,000 of them, advancing in Three Divisions, 'by the Douro and the Tagus, against Oporto and Lisbon.

'His War has only these three dates of event. 1°. May 9th, 'The northmost of the Three Divisions[14] crosses the Portuguese 'Frontier on the Douro; summons Miranda, a chief Town of 'theirs; takes it, before their first battery is built; takes Bra- 'ganza, takes Monte Corvo; and within a week is master of the 'Douro, in that part. "Will be at Oporto directly!" shriek all 'the Wine people (no resistance anywhere, except by peasants 'organised by English Officers in some parts); upon which 'Seventy-fours were sent.

'2°. Division Second of the 42,000 came by Beira Country, 'between Tagus and Douro, by Tras-os-Montes; and laid siege 'to a place called Almeida' (north-west some 20 odd miles from

[12] Varnhagen von Ense, *Graf Wilhelm zur Lippe* (Berlin, 1845), in *Vermischte Schriften*, i. 1-118: pp. 33-54, his Portuguese operations.

[13] *Varnhagen* (gives no date anywhere).

[14] *Annual Register* for 1762, p. 30.

Ciudad Rodrigo, a name once known to veterans of us still living), 'which Bückeburg had tried to repair into strength, and furnish 'with a garrison. Garrison defended itself well; but could not 'be relieved;—had to surrender, August 25th: wherby it seems 'the Tagus is now theirs! All the more, as Division Three is 'likewise got across from Estremadura, invading Alemtejo: what 'is to keep these Two from falling on Lisbon together?

'3°. Against this, Bückeburg does find a recipe. Despatches 'Brigadier Burgoyne with an English party upon a Town called 'Valencia d'Alcantara' (not Alcantara Proper, but Valencia of ditto, not very far from *Badajoz*), 'where the vanguard of this 'Third Division is, and their principal Magazine. Burgoyne 'and his English did perfectly: broke into the place, stormed it 'sword in hand (August 27th); kept the Magazine and it, though "the sixteen Portuguese Battalions" could not possibly get up in 'time. In manner following (say the Old Newspapers):

"The garrison of Almeida, before which place the whole Span- "ish Army had been assembled, surrendered to the Spaniards on "the 25th" (August 25th, as we have just heard), "having capitu- "lated on condition of not serving against Spain for six months.

"As a counterbalance to this advantage, the Count de Lippe "caused Valencia d'Alcantara to be attacked, sword-in-hand, by "the British troops; who carried it, after an obstinate resistance. "The loss of the British troops, who had the principal share in "this affair, is luckily but inconsiderable: and consists in Lieu- "tenant Burk of Colonel Frederick's, one sergeant, and three "privates, killed; two sergeants, one drummer, 18 privates "wounded; 10 horses killed, and 2 wounded" (loss not at all considerable, in a War of such dimensions!) "The British troops "behaved upon this occasion with as much generosity as courage; "and it deserves admiration, that, in an affair of this kind, the "town and the inhabitants suffered very little; which is owing "to the good order Brigadier Burgoyne kept up even in the "heat of the action. This success would probably have been "attended with more, if circumstances, that could not well be "expected, had not retarded the march of sixteen Portuguese "battalions, and three regiments of cavalry."[15]

[15] Old Newspapers (in *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1762, p. 443).

'Upon which—upon which, in fact, the War had to end. 'Rainy weather came, deluges of rain; Burgoyne, with or with-'out the sixteen Battalions of Portuguese, kept the grip he had. 'Valencia d'Alcantara and its Magazine a settled business, roads 'round gone all to mire,—this Third Division, and with it the '42,000 in general, finding they had nothing to live upon, went 'their ways again.' *Note*, The Burgoyne, who begins in this pretty way at Valencia d'Alcantara, is the same who ended so dismally at Saratoga, within twenty years:—perhaps, with other War-Offices, and training himself in something suitabler than Parliamentary Eloquence, he might have become a kind of General, and have ended far otherwise than there?—

'Such was the credit account on Carlos's side: By gratuitous 'assault on Portugal, which had done him no offence; result zero, 'and pay your expenses. On the English, or *per contra* side, 'again, there were these three items, two of them specifically on 'Carlos: *First*, Martinique captured from the French this Spring '(finished, 4th February 1762):[16]—was to have been done in any 'case, Guadaloupe and it being both on Pitt's books for some 'time, and only Guadaloupe yet got. *Secondly*, King Carlos, for 'Family Compact and fruitless attempt at burglary on an un-'offending neighbour, Debtor: 1°. To Loss of the Havanah (6th 'June—13th August 1762),[17] which might easily have issued in 'loss of all his West Indies together, and total abolition of the 'Pope's meridian in that Western Hemisphere; and 2°. To Loss 'of Manilla, with his Philippine Islands (23d September—6th 'October 1762),[18] which was abolition of it in the Eastern. 'After which, happily for Carlos, Peace came,—Peace, and no 'Pitt to be severe upon his Indies and him. Carlos's War of 'ten months had stood him uncommonly high.'

All these things the English Public, considerably sullen about the Cabinet-Council event of October 3d, ascribed to the real owner of them. The Public said: "These are, all of them, Pitt's bolts, not yours,—launched, or lying ready for launching, from that Olym-

[16] *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1762, p. 127.
[17] Ibid. 408-459, &c. [18] Ibid. xxxiii. 171-177.

pian battery which, in the East and in the West, had already smitten down all Lallys and Montcalms; and had force already massed there, rendering your Havanahs and Manillas easy for you. For which, indeed, you do not seem to care much; rather seem to be embarrassed with them, in your eagerness for Peace and a lazy life!" —Manilla was a beautiful work;[19] but the Manilla Ransom; a million sterling, half of it in bills,—which the Spaniards, on no pretext at all but the disagreeableness, refused to pay! Havanah, though victorious, cost a good many men: was thought to be but badly managed. "What to do with it?" said Bute, at the Peace: "Give us Florida in lieu of it,"—which proved of little benefit to Bute. Enough, enough, of Bute and his performances.

Pitt being gone, Friedrich's English Subsidy lags: this time, Friedrich concludes it is cut off;—silent on the subject; no words will express one's thoughts on it. Not till April 9th has poor Mitchell the sad errand of announcing formally that, such are our pressures, Portuguese War and other, we cannot afford it farther. Answered by I know not what kind of glance from Friedrich; answered, I find, by words few or none from the forsaken King: "Good; that too was wanting," thought the proud soul: "Keep your coin, since you so need it; I have still copper, and my sword!" The alloy this Year became as 3 to 1:—what other remedy?

From the same cause, I doubt not, this Year, for the first time in human memory, came that complete

[19] *A Journal of the Proceedings of his Majesty's Forces in the Expedition to Manilla* (*London Gazette*, April 19th, 1763; *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxxiii. 171 et seq.). Written by Colonel or Brigadier-General Draper (suggester, contriver, and performer of the Enterprise; an excellent Indian Officer, of great merit with his pen as well,—Bully *Junius's* Correspondent afterwards).

abeyance of the Gift-moneys (*Douceur-Gelder*), which are become a standing expectation, quasi-right, and necessary item of support to every Prussian Officer, from a Lieutenant upwards: not a word, in the least official, said of them this Year; still less a penny of them actually forthcoming to a worn-out expectant Army. One of the greatest sins charged upon Friedrich, by Prussian or Prussian-Military public opinion: not to be excused at all;—Prussian-Military and even Prussian-Civil opinion having a strange persuasion that this King has boundless supply of money, and only out of perversity refuses it for objects of moment. In the Army as elsewhere much is gone awry;[20] many rivets loose after such a climbing of the Alps as there has been, through dense and rare.

It will surprise everybody that Friedrich, with his copper and other resources, actually raised his additional 60,000; and has for himself 70,000 to recover Schweidnitz, and bring Silesia to its old state; 40,000 for Prince Henri and Saxony, with a 10,000 of margin for Sweden and accidental sundries. This is strange, but it is true.[21] And has not been done without strivings and contrivings, hard requisitions on the places liable; and has involved not a little of severity and difficulty,—especially a great deal of haggling with the collecting parties, or at least with Prince Henri, who presides in Saxony, and is apt to complain and mourn over the undoable, rather than proceed to do it. The King's Correspondence with Henri, this Winter, is curious enough; like a Dialogue between Hope on its feet, and Despair taking to its bed. "You know there are Two Doctors in *Molière*," says Friedrich to him once; "a Doctor *Tant-*

[20] See Möllendorf's two or three *Letters* (Preuss, iv. 407-411).

[21] Stenzel, v. 297, 286; Tempelhof, vi. 2, 10, 63.

mieux (So much the Better) and a Doctor *Tant-pis* (So much the Worse): these two cannot be expected to agree!"—Instead of infinite arithmetical details, here is part of a Letter of Friedrich's to D'Argens; and a Passage, one of many, with Prince Henri;—which command a view into the interior that concerns us.

The King to D'Argens (at Berlin).

"Breslau, 18th January 1762.

* * * "You have lifted the political veil which covered "horrors and perfidies meditated and ready to burst out" (Bute's dismal procedures, I believe; who is ravenous for Peace, and would fain force Friedrich along with him on terms altogether disgraceful and inadmissible[22]): "you judge correctly of the "whole situation I am in, of the abysses which surround me; "and, as I see by what you say, of the kind of hope that still re- "mains to me. It will not be till the month of February" (Turks, probably, and Tartar Khan; great things coming then!) "that "we can speak of that; and that is the term I contemplate "for deciding whether I shall hold to *Cato*" (Cato,—and the little Glass Tube I have!) "or to *Cæsar's Commentaries*," and the best fight one can make.

"The School of patience I am at is hard, long-continued, "cruel, nay barbarous. I have not been able to escape my lot: "all that human foresight could suggest has been employed, and "nothing has succeeded. If Fortune continues to pursue me, "doubtless I shall sink; it is only she that can extricate me "from the situation I am in. I escape out of it by looking at "the Universe on the great scale, like an observer from some "distant Planet; all then seems to me so infinitely small, and "I could almost pity my enemies for giving themselves such "trouble about so very little. What would become of us with- "out philosophy, without this reasonable contempt of things "frivolous, transient, and fugitive, about which the greedy and "ambitious make such a pother, fancying them to be solid!

[22] See D'Argens's Letter (to which this is Answer), *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 281, 282.

"This is to become wise by stripes, you will tell me; well, if one "do become wise, what matters it how?—I read a great deal; I "devour my Books, and that brings me useful alleviation. But "for my Books, I think hypochondria would have had me in "bedlam before now. In fine, dear Marquis, we live in trou- "blous times and in desperate situations:—I have all the pro- "perties of a Stage-Hero; always in danger, always on the "point of perishing. One must hope the conclusion will come; "and if the end of the piece be lucky, we will forget the rest. "Patience then, *mon cher*, till February 20th" (By which time, what far other veritable star-of-day will have risen on me!) "*Adieu, mon cher.*—F."[23]

Tiff of Quarrel between King and Henri (March—April 1762).

In the Spring months, Prince Henri is at Hof in Voigtland, on the extreme right of his long line of 'Quarters behind the Mulda;' busy enough, watching the Austrians and Reich; levying the severe contributions; speeding, all he can, the manifold preparatives;—conscious to himself of the greatest vigilance and diligence, but wrapt in despondency and black acidulent humours; a 'Doctor *So much the Worse*,' who is not a comforting Correspondent. From Hof, towards the middle of March, he becomes specially gloomy and acidulous; sends a series of Complaints; also of News, not important, but all rather in *your* favour, my dearest Brother, than in mine, if you will please to observe! As thus:

Henri (at Hof, 10th-13th March). * * "Sadly off here, "my dearest Brother! Of our '1,284 head of commissariat "horses,' only 180 are come in; of our '287 drivers,' not one. "Will be impossible to open Campaign at that rate."—"Grena- "dier Battalions *Rothenburg* and *Grant* demand to have picked "men to complete them" (of *Cantonist*, or sure Prussian sort). * * "I find" (*nota bene*, Reader!) "there are eight Austrian "regiments going to Silesia" (off my hands, and upon *yours*, in a sense), "eight instead of four that I spoke of: intending, pro-

[23] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 282, 283.

"bably, for Glatz, to replace Czernichef" (a Czernichef off for home lately, in a most miraculous way; as readers shall hear!) "—to replace Czernichef, and the blank he has left there? "Eight of them: Your Majesty can have no difficulty; but I "will detach Platen or somebody, if you order it; though I am "myself perilously ill off here, so scattered into parts, not capable "of speedy junction like your Majesty."

Friedrich (14th-16th March). "Commissariat horses, drivers? "I arranged and provided where everything was to be got. But "if my orders are not executed, nor the requisitions brought in, "of course there is failure. I am despatching Adjutant von "Anhalt to Saxony a second time, to enforce matters. If I "could be for three weeks in Saxony, myself, I believe I could "put all on its right footing; but, as I must not stir two steps "from here, I will send you Anhalt, with orders to the Generals, "to compel them to their duty."[24] "As to Grenadier Battalions "*Grant* and *Rothenburg*, it is absurd." (Henri falls silent for about a week, brooding his gloom;—not aware that still worse is coming. King continues:

King (22d March). "Eight regiments, you said? Here, by "enclosed List, are seventeen of them, names and particulars all "given," which is rather a different view of the account against Silesia! Seventeen of them, going, not for Glatz, I should say, but to strengthen our Enemies hereabouts.

Henri. "Hm, hah" (answers only in German; dry military reports, official merely;—thinks of writing to Chief-Clerk Eichel, who is factotum in these spheres). * * "Artillery recruits are "scarce in the extreme; demand bounty: five thalers, shall we "say?"

King. "Seventeen regiments of them, beyond question, instead "of eight, coming on us: strange that you didn't warn me bet- "ter. I have therefore ordered your Major-General Schmettau "hitherward at once. As he has not done raising the contribu- "tions in the Lausitz, you must send another to do it, and have "them ready when General Platen passes that way hither."— "'Five thalers bounty for artillery men,' say you? It is not "to be thought of. Artillery men can be had by conscription

[24] Schöning, iii. 301, 302.

"where you are." Henri (in silence, still more indignant) sends military reports exclusively. March 26th, Henri's gloom reaches the igniting-point; he writes to Chief-Clerk Eichel:

"Monsieur, you are aware that Adjutant von Anhalt is on the "way hither. To judge by his orders, if they correspond to the "Letters I have had from the King, Adjutant von Anhalt's "appearance here will produce an embarrassment, from which I "am resolved to extricate myself by a voluntary retirement from "office. My totally ruined (*abîmée*) health, the vexations I have "had, the fatigues and troubles of war, leave in me little regret "to quit the employment. I solicit only, from your attentions "and skill of management, that my retreat be permitted to take "place with the decency observed towards those who have served "the State. I have not a high opinion of my services; but per- "haps I am not mistaken in supposing that it would be more a "shame to the King than to me if he should make me endure "all manner of chagrins during my retirement."[25]

Eichel sinks into profound reflexion; says nothing. How is this fire to be got under? Where is the place to trample on it, before opening door or window, or saying a word to the King or anybody?

Henri (same day, 26th March). "My dearest Brother,—In "the List you send me of those seventeen Austrian regiments, "several, I am informed, are still in Saxony; and by all the "news that I get, there are only eight gone towards Silesia."— "From Leipzig my accounts are, the Reichs Army is to make a "movement in advance, and Prince Xavier with the Saxons was "expected at Naumburg the 20th ult. I know not if you have "arranged with Duke Ferdinand for a proportionate succour, in "case his French also should try to penetrate into Saxony upon "me? I am, with the profoundest attachment, your faithful and "devoted servant and Brother."

King (30th March). "Seventeen of them, you may depend; "I am too well informed to be allowed to doubt in any way. "What you report of the Reichsfolk and Saxons moving "hither, thither; that seems to me a bit of game on their "part. They will try to cut one post from you, then another,

[25] Schöning, iii. 307.

"unless you assemble a corps and go in upon them. Till you "decide for this resolution, you have nothing but chicanes "and provocations to expect there. As to Duke Ferdinand of "Brunswick, I don't imagine that his Orders" (from England) "would permit him what you propose" (for relief of yourself): "at any rate, you will have to write at least thrice to him,—that "is to say, waste three weeks, before he will answer No or Yes. "You yourself are in force enough for those fellows: but so "long as you keep on the defensive alone, the enemy gains time, "and things will always go a bad road." Henri's patience is already out; this same day, he is writing to the King.

Henri (30th March). * * "You have hitherto received "proofs enough of my ways of thinking and acting to know "that if in reality I was mistaken about those eight regiments, "it can only have been a piece of ignorance on the part of my "spy: meanwhile you are pleased to make me responsible for "what misfortune may come of it. I think I have my hands "full with the task laid on me of guarding 4,000 square miles "of country with fewer troops than you have, and of being op- "posite an enemy whose posts touch upon ours, and who is "superior in force. Your preceding Letters" (from March 16th hitherto), "on which I have wished to be silent, and this last "proof of want of affection, show me too clearly to what fortune "I have sacrificed these Six Years of Campaigning."

King (3d April: Official Orders given in Teutsch; at the tail of which). "Spare your wrath and indignation at your "servant, Monseigneur! You, who preach indulgence, have a "little of it for persons who have no intention of offending "you, or of failing in respect for you; and deign to receive with "more benignity the humble representations which the conjunc- "tures sometimes force from me. F."—Which relieves Eichel of his difficulties, and quenches this sputter.[26]

Prince Henri, for all his complaining, did beautifully, this Season again (though to us it must be silent, being small-war merely);—and in particular, *May* 12*th*, early in the morning, simultaneously in many different parts, burst across the Mulda,

[26] Plucked up from the waste imbroglios of *Schöning* (iii. 296-311), by arranging and omitting.

5th-19th Jan. 1762.

ten or twenty miles long (or *broad* rather, from his right hand to his left), sudden as lightning, upon the supine Serbelloni and his Austrians and Reichsfolk. And hurled them back, one and all, almost to the Plauen Chasm and their old haunts; widening his quarters notably.[27] A really brilliant thing, testifies everybody, though not to be dwelt on here. Seidlitz was of it (much fine cutting and careering, from the Seidlitz and others, we have to omit in these two Saxon Campaigns!)—Seidlitz was of it; he, and another still more special acquaintance of ours, the learned Quintus Icilius; who also did his best in it, but lost his '*Amusette*' (small bit of cannon, 'Plaything,' so called by Maréchal de Saxe, inventor of the article), and did not shine like Seidlitz.

Henri's quarters being notably widened in this way, and nothing but torpid Serbellonis and Prince Stollbergs on the opposite part, Henri 'drew himself out thirty-five miles long;' and stood there, almost looking into Plauen region as formerly. And with his fiery Seidlitzes, Kleists, made a handsome Summer of it. And beat the Austrians and Reichsfolk at Freyberg (*October 29th*, a fine Battle, and his sole one),—on the Horse which afterwards carried Gellert, as is pleasantly known.

But we are omitting the news from Petersburg,—which came the very day after that gloomy *Letter to D'Argens;* months before the *Tiff of Quarrel* with Henri, and the brilliant better destinies of that Gentleman in his Campaign.

Bright News from Petersburg (certain, January 19th); *which grow ever brighter; and become a Star-of-day for Friedrich.*

To Friedrich, long before all this of Henri, indeed almost on the very day while he was writing so despondently to D'Argens, a new phasis had arisen. Hardly

[27] *Bericht von dem Uebergang über die Mulde, den der Prinz Heinrich den 12ten May 1762 glucklich ausgeführt* (in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 280-291).

had he been five weeks at Breslau, in those gloomy circumstances, when,—about the middle of January 1762 (day not given, though it is forever notable),—there arrive rumours, arrive news,—news from Petersburg; such as this King never had before! "Among the thousand ill strokes of Fortune, does there at length come one preëminently good? The unspeakable Sovereign Woman, is she verily dead, then, and become peaceable to me for evermore?" We promised Friedrich a wonderful star-of-day; and this is it,—though it is long before he dare quite regard it as such. Peter, the Successor, he knows to be secretly his friend and admirer; if only, in the new Czarish capacity and its chaotic environments and conditions, Peter dare and can assert these feelings? What a hope to Friedrich, from this time onward! Russia may be counted as the bigger half of all he had to strive with; the bigger, or at least the far uglier, more ruinous and incendiary;—and if this were at once taken away, think what a day-break when the night was at the blackest!

Pious people say, The darkest hour is often nearest the dawn. And a dawn this proved to be for Friedrich. And the fact grew always the longer the brighter;—and before Campaign time, had ripened into real daylight and sunrise. The dates should have been precise; but are not to be had so: here is the nearest we could come. January 14th, writing to Henri, the King has a mysterious word about "possibilities of an uncommon sort,"—rumours from Petersburg, I could conjecture; though perhaps they are only Turk or Tartar-Khan affairs, which are higher this year than ever, and as futile as ever. But, on *January 19th*, he has heard plainly,—with what hopes (if one durst indulge them)!—that the implacable Imperial Woman, *infâme Catin*

du Nord, is verily dead. Dead; and does not hate me any more. Deliverance, Peace and Victory lie in the word!—Catin had long been failing, but they kept it religiously secret within the Court walls: even at Petersburg, nobody knew till the Prayers of the Church were required: Prayers as zealous as you can,—the Doctors having plainly intimated that she is desperate, and that the thing is over. On *Christmas-day* 1761 by Russian Style, *5th January* 1762 by European, the poor Imperial Catin lay dead;—a death still more important than that of George II. to this King.

Peter III., who succeeded, has long been privately a sworn friend and admirer of the King; and hastens, not too *slowly* as the King had feared, but far the reverse, to make that known to all mankind. That, and much else,—in a far too headlong manner, poor soul! Like an ardent, violent, totally inexperienced person (enfranchised *schoolboy*, come to the age of thirty-four), who has sat hitherto in darkness, in intolerable compression; as if buried alive! He is now Czar Peter, Autocrat, not of Himself only, but of All the Russias;—and has, besides the complete regeneration of Russia, two great thoughts: *First*, That of avenging native Holstein, and his poor martyr of a Father now with God, against the Danes;—and,

Second, what is scarcely second in importance to the first, and indeed is practically a kind of preliminary to it, That of delivering the Prussian Pattern of Heroes from such a pattern of foul combinations, and bringing Peace to Europe, while he settles the Holstein-Danish business. Peter is Russian by the Mother's side; his Mother was Sister of the late Catin, a Daughter, like her, of Czar Peter called the Great, and of the little brown Catharine whom we saw transiently long ago.

His Holstein Business shall concern us little; but that with Friedrich, during the brief Six Months allowed him for it,—for it, and for all his remaining businesses in this world,—is of the highest importance to Friedrich and us.

Peter is one of the wildest men; his fate, which was tragical, is now to most readers rather of a ghastly-grotesque than of a lamentable and pitiable character. Few know, or have ever considered, in how wild an element poor Peter was born and nursed; what a time he has had, since his fifteenth year especially, when Cousin of Zerbst and he were married. Perhaps the wildest and maddest any human soul had, during that Century. I find in him, starting out from the Lethean quagmires where he had to grow, a certain rash greatness of idea; traces of veritable conviction, just resolution; veritable and just, though rash. That of admiration for King Friedrich was not intrinsically foolish, in the solitary thoughts of the poor young fellow; nay it was the reverse; though it was highly inopportune in the place where he stood. Nor was the Holstein notion bad; it was generous rather, noble and natural, though, again, somewhat impracticable in the circumstances.

The summary of the Friedrich-Peter business is perhaps already known to most readers, and can be very briefly given; nor is Peter's tragical Six Months of Czarship (*5th January—9th July* 1762) a thing for us to dwell on beyond need. But it is wildly tragical, strokes of deep pathos in it, blended with the ghastly and grotesque: it is part of Friedrich's strange element and environment: and though the outer incidents are public enough, it is essentially little known. Had there been an Æschylus, had there been a Shakespeare!—

But poor Peter's shocking Six Months of History has been treated by a far different set of hands, themselves almost shocking to see: and, to the seriously inquiring mind, it lies, and will long lie, in a very waste, chaotic, enigmatic condition. Here, out of considerable bundles now burnt, are some rough jottings, Excerpts of Notes and Studies,—which, I still doubt rather, ought to have gone in *Auto de Fe* along with the others. *Auto de Fe* I called it; Act of *Faith*, not Spanish-Inquisitional, but essentially Celestial many times, if you reflect well on the poisonous consequences, on the sinfulness and deadly criminality, of Human Babble,—as nobody does nowadays! I label the different Pieces, and try to make legible;—hasty readers have the privilege of skipping, if they like. The first Two are of preliminary or prefatory nature,—perhaps still more skippable than those that will by and by follow:

1. *Genealogy of Peter.* 'His grandfather was Friedrich IV., 'Duke of Holstein-Gottorp and Schleswig, Karl XII.'s brother-'in-law; on whose score it was (Denmark finding the time 'opportune for a stroke of robbery there) that Karl XII., a 'young lad hardly eighteen, first took arms; and began the 'career of fighting that astonished Denmark and certain other 'Neighbours who had been too covetous on a young King. This 'his young Brother-in-law, Friedrich of Holstein-Gottorp (young 'he too, though Karl's senior by ten years), had been reinstated 'in his Territory, and the Danes sternly forbidden farther bur-'glary there, by the victorious Karl; but went with Karl in his 'farther expeditions. Always Karl's intimate, and at his right 'hand for the next two years: fell in the Battle of Clissow, '19th July 1702; age not yet thirty-one.

'He left as Heir a poor young Boy, at this time only two 'years old. His young Widow Hedwig survived him six years.[28] 'Her poor child grew to manhood; and had tragic fortunes in

[28] Michaelis, ii. 618-629.

'this world; Danes again burglarious in that part, again robbing 'this poor Boy at discretion, so soon as Karl XII. became un- 'fortunate; and refusing to restore (have not restored Schleswig 'at all[29]):—a grimly sad story to the now Peter, his only Child! 'This poor Duke at last died, 18th June 1739, age thirty- 'nine; the now Peter then about 11,—who well remembers 'tragic Papa; tragic Mamma not, who died above ten years 'before.[30]

'Czar Peter called the Great had evidently a pity for this 'unfortunate Duke, a hope in his just hopes; and pleaded, as 'did various others, and endeavoured with the unjust Danes, 'mostly without effect. Did, however, give him one of his 'Daughters to wife;—the result of whom is this new Czar 'Peter, called the Third: a Czar who is Sovereign of Holstein, 'and has claims of Sovereignty in Sweden, right of heirship in 'Schleswig, and of damages against Denmark, which are in 'litigation to this day. The Czarina *Catin*, tenderly remember- 'ing her Sister, would hear of no Heir to Russia but this Peter. 'Peter, in virtue of his paternal affinities, was elected King of 'Sweden about the same time; but preferred Russia,—with an 'eye to his Danes, some think. For certain, did adopt the Rus- 'sian Expectancy, the Greek religion so-called; and was,' in the way we saw long years ago, 'married (or to all appearance mar- 'ried) to Catharina Alexiewna of Anhalt-Zerbst, born in Stettin;[31] 'a Lady who became world-famous as Czarina of the Russias.

'Peter is an abstruse creature; has lived, all this while, with 'his Catharine an abstruse life, which would have gone altogether 'mad except for Catharine's superior sense. An awkward, ardent, 'but helpless kind of Peter, with vehement desires, with a dash 'of wild magnanimity even: but in such an inextricable element,

[29] A.D. 1864, *have* at last had to do it, under unexpected circumstances!

[30] Michaelis, ii. 617; Hübner, tt. 227, 229.

[31] Herr Preuss knows the house: 'Now Dr. Lehmann's' (at that time, the Governor of Stettin's), 'in which also Czar Paul's second Spouse' (Eugen of Würtemberg, a *new* Governor's Daughter), 'who is Mother of the Czars that follow, was born:' Preuss, ii. 310, 311. Catharine, during her reign, was pious in a small way to the place of her cradle; sent her successive *Medals* &c. to Stettin, which still has them to show.

Jan.—July 1762.

'amid such darkness, such provocations of unmanageable opu-'lence, such impediments, imaginary and real,—dreadfully real 'to poor Peter,—as made him the unique of mankind in his time. 'He "used to drill cats," it is said, and to do the maddest-'looking things (in his late buried-alive condition);—and fell 'partly, never quite, which was wonderful, into drinking, as the 'solution of his inextricabilities. Poor Peter: always, and now 'more than ever, the cynosure of vulturous vulpine neighbours, 'withal; which infinitely aggravated his otherwise bad case!—

'For seven or eight years, there came no progeny, nor could 'come; about the eighth or ninth, there could, and did: the 'marvellous Czar Paul that was to be. Concerning whose exact 'paternity there are still calumnious assertions widely current; 'to this individual Editor much a matter of indifference, though 'on examining, his verdict is: "Calumnies, to all appearance; 'mysteries which decent or decorous society refuses to speak of, 'and which indecent is pretty sure to make calumnies out of." 'Czar Paul may be considered genealogically genuine, if that is 'much an object to him. Poor Paul, does not he *father himself*, 'were there nothing more? Only that Peter and this Catha-'rine could have begotten such a Paul. Genealogically genuine 'enough,—my poor Czar, that needed to be garrotted so very 'soon!

2. *Of Catharine and the Books upon Peter and Her.* 'Catha-'rine too had an intricate time of it under the Catin; which 'was consoled to her only by a tolerably rapid succession of 'lovers, the best the ground yielded. In which department it is 'well known what a Thrice-Greatest she became: superior to any 'Charles II.; equal almost to an August the Strong! Of her 'loves now and henceforth, which are heartily uninteresting to 'me, I propose to say nothing further; merely this, That in extent 'they probably rivalled the highest male sovereign figures (and 'are to be put in the same category with these, and damned as 'deep, or a little deeper);—and cost her, in gifts, in magnificent 'pensions to the *emeriti* (for she did things always in a grandiose 'manner, quietly and yet inexorably dismissing the *emeritus* 'with stores of gold), the considerable sum of 20 millions ster-'ling, in the course of her long reign. One, or at most two,

'were off on pension, when Hanbury Williams brought Poniatowski for her, as we transiently saw. Poniatowski will be 'King of Poland in the course of events.' * *

'Russia is not a publishing country; the Books about Catharine are few, and of little worth. *Tooke*, an English Chaplain; *Castéra*, an unknown French Hanger-on, who copies from 'Tooke, or Tooke from him: these are to be read, as the bad-best, 'and will yield little satisfactory insight; Castéra, in particular, a 'great deal of dubious backstairs gossip and street rumour, which 'are not delightful to a reader of sense. In fine, there has been 'published, in these very years, a *Fragment* of early *Autobiography* 'by Catharine herself,—a credible and highly remarkable little 'Piece; worth all the others, if it is knowledge of Catharine 'you are seeking.[32] A most placid, solid, substantial young Lady 'comes to light there; dropped into such an element as might 'have driven most people mad. But it did not her; it only made 'her wiser and wiser in her generation. Element black, hideous, 'dirty, as Lapland Sorcery;—in which the first clear duty is to 'hold one's tongue well, and keep one's eyes open. Stars,—not 'very heavenly, but of fixed nature, and heavenly to Catharine,—'a star or two, shine through the abominable murk: Steady, 'patient; steer silently, in all weathers, towards these!

'Young Catharine's immovable equanimity in this distracted 'environment strikes us very much. Peter is careering, tumbling about, on all manner of absurd broomsticks, driven too 'surely by the Devil; terrific-absurd big Lapland Witch, surrounded by multitudes smaller, and some of them less ugly.

[32] *Mémoires de l'Impératrice Catharine II, écrits par Elle-même* (A. Herzen editing; London, 1859);—which we already cited, on occasion of Catharine's marriage.

Anonymous (Castéra), *Vie de Catharine II, Impératrice de Russie* (à Paris, 1797; or reprinted, most of it, enough of it, *à Varsovie*, 1798), 2 tomes, 8vo. Tooke, *Life of Catharine II.* (4th edition, London, 1800), 3 voll. 8vo; *View of the Russian Empire during* &c. (London, 1799), 3 voll. 8vo.—Hermann, *Geschichte des Russischen Staats* (Hamburg, 1853 *et antea*), v. 241-308 et seq.; is by much the most solid Book, though a dull and heavy. Stenzel cites, as does Hermann, a *Biographie Peters des IIIten;* which no doubt exists, in perhaps 3 volumes; but, where, when, by whom, or of what quality, they do not tell me.

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'Will be Czar of Russia, however;—and is one's so-called Hus-'band. These are prospects for an observant, immovably steady-'going young Woman! The reigning Czarina, old *Catin* herself, 'is silently the Olympian Jove to Catharine, who reveres her 'very much. Though articulately stupid as ever, in this Book 'of Catharine's, she comes out with a dumb weight, of silence, 'of obstinacy, of intricate abrupt rigour, which—who knows but 'it may savour of dumb unconscious wisdom in the fat old 'blockhead? The Book says little of her, and in the way of 'criticism, of praise or of blame, nothing whatever; but one 'gains the notion of some dark human female object, bigger 'than one had fancied it before.

'Catharine steered towards her stars. Lovers were vouch-'safed her, of a kind (her small stars, as we may call them); 'and, at length, through perilous intricacies, the big star, Auto-'cracy of all the Russias,—through what horrors of intricacy, that 'last! She had hoped always it would be by Husband Peter that 'she, with the deeper steady head, would be Autocrat: but the 'intricacies kept increasing, grew at last to the strangling pitch; 'and it came to be, between Peter and her, "Either you to 'Siberia (perhaps *farther*), or else I!" And it was Peter that 'had to go;—in what hideous way is well enough known; no 'Siberia, no Holstein thought to be far enough for Peter:— 'and Catharine, merely weeping a little for him, mounted to the 'Autocracy herself. And then, the big star of stars being once 'hers, she had, not in the lover kind alone, but in all unce-'lestial kinds, whole nebulæ and milky-ways of small stars. A 'very Semiramis, or the Louis-Quatorze of those Northern 'Parts. "Second Creatress of Russia," second Peter the Great 'in a sense. To me none of the loveliest objects; yet there are 'uglier, how infinitely uglier: object grandiose, if not great.'—We return to Friedrich and the Death of Catin.

Colonel Hordt, I believe, was the first who credibly apprised Friedrich of the great Russian Event. Colonel Hordt, late of the Free-Corps *Hordt*, but captive since soon after the Kunersdorf time; and whose doleful quasi-infernal "twenty-five months and three days" in the

Citadel of Petersburg have changed in one hour into celestial glories in the Court of that City;—as readers shall themselves see anon. By Hordt or by whomsoever, the instant Friedrich heard, by an authentic source, of the new Czar's Accession, Friedrich hastened to turn round upon him with the friendliest attitude, with arms as if ready to open; dismissing all his Russian Prisoners; and testifying, in every polite and royal way, how gladly he would advance if permitted. To which the Czar, by Hordt and by other channels, imperially responded; rushing forward, he, as if with arms flung wide.

January 31st, is Order from the King,[33] That our Russian Prisoners, one and all, shod, clad and dieted, be forthwith set under way from Stettin: in return for which generosity the Prussians, from Siberia or wherever they were buried, are, soon after, hastening home in like manner. Gudowitsh, Peter's favourite Adjutant, who had been sent to congratulate at Zerbst, comes round by Breslau (February 20th), and has joyfully benign audience next day; directly on the heel of whom, Adjutant Colonel von der Goltz, who is *Kammerherr* as well as Colonel, and understands things of business, goes to Petersburg. February 23d, Czarish Majesty, to the horror of Vienna and glad astonishment of mankind, emits Declaration (Note to all the Foreign Excellencies in Petersburg), "That there ought to be Peace with this King of Prussia; that Czarish Majesty, for his own part, is resolved on the thing; gives up East Preussen and the so-called conquests made; Russian participation in such a War has ceased." And practically orders Czernichef, who is wintering with his 20,000 in Glatz, to quit Glatz and these Austrian

[33] In *Schöning*, iii. 275 ('Breslau, 31st January 1762').

Combinations, and march homeward with his 20,000. Which Czernichef, so soon as arrangements of proviant and the like are made, hastens to do;—and does, as far as Thorn; but no farther, for a reason that will be seen. On the last day of March, Czernichef, off about a week ago from Glatz, and now got into the Breslau latitude,—came across, with a select Suite of Four, to pay his court there; and had the honour to dine with his Majesty, and to be, personally too, a Czernichef agreeable to his Majesty.

The vehemency of Austrian Diplomacies at Petersburg; and the horror of Kaiserinn and Kriegshofrath, in Vienna,—who have just discharged 20,000 of their own people, counting on this Czernichef, and being dreadfully tight for money,—may be fancied. But all avails nothing. The ardent Czar advances towards Friedrich with arms flung wide. Goltz and Gudowitsh are engaged on Treaty of Peace; Czar frankly gives up East Preussen, "Yours again; what use has Russia for it, Royal Friend?" Treaty of Peace goes forward like the drawing of a Marriage-settlement (concluded *May 5th*); and, in a month more, has changed into Treaty of Alliance;—Czernichef ordered to stop short at Thorn; to turn back, and join himself to this heroic King, instead of fighting against him. Which again Czernichef, himself an admirer of this King, joyfully does;—though, unhappily, not with all the advantage he expected to the King.

Swedish Peace, Queen Ulrique and the Anti-French Party now getting the upper hand, had been hastening forward in the interim (finished, at Hamburg, *May 22d*): a most small matter in comparison to the Russian; but welcome enough to Friedrich;—though he said slightingly of it, when first mentioned: "Peace?

I know not hardly of any War there has been with Sweden;—ask Colonel Belling about it!" Colonel Belling, a most shining swift Hussar Colonel, who, with a 2,000 sharp fellows, hanging always on the Swedish flanks, sharp as lightning, "nowhere and yet everywhere," as was said of him, has mainly, for the last year or two, had the management of this extraordinary "War." Peace over all the North, Peace and more, is now Friedrich's. Strangling imbroglio, wide as the world, has ebbed to man's height; dawn of day has ripened into sunrise for Friedrich; the way out is now a thing credible and visible to him. Peter's friendliness is boundless; almost too boundless! Peter begs a Prussian Regiment,—dresses himself in its uniform, Colonel of *Itzenplitz;* Friedrich begs a Russian Regiment, Colonel of *Schuwalof:* and all is joyful, hopeful; marriage-bells instead of dirge ditto and gallows ditto, —unhappily not for very long.

In regard to Friedrich's feelings while all this went on, take the following small utterances of his, before going farther: *January* 27*th*, 1762 (To Madame Camas, —eight days after the Russian Event): "I rejoice, my "good Mamma, to find you have such courage; I exhort "you to redouble it! All ends in this world; so we "may hope this accursed War will not be the only thing "eternal there. Since Death has trussed up a certain "'*Catin* of the Hyperborean Countries, our situation has "advantageously changed, and becomes more supportable than it was. We must hope that some other "good events" (favour of the new Czar mainly) "will "happen; by which we may profit to arrive at a good "Peace."

January 31*st* (To Minister Finckenstein): "Behold "the first gleam of light that rises;—Heaven be praised

"for it! We must hope good weather will succeed "these storms. God grant it."[34]

End of March (To D'Argens): * * "All that" (at Paris; about the Pompadourisms, the *exile* of Broglio and Brother, and your other news) "is very miserable; "as well as that discrepancy between King's Council "and Parlement for and against the Jesuits! But, *mon* "*cher Marquis*, my head is so ill, I can tell you nothing "more,—except that the Czar of Russia is a divine "man; to whom I ought to erect altars."[35]

May 25th (To the same,—Russian *Peace* three weeks ago): "It is very pleasant to me, dear Marquis, that "Sans-Souci could afford you an agreeable retreat dur- "ing the beautiful Spring days. If it depended only on "me, how soon should I be there beside you! But to "the Six Campaigns there is a Seventh to be added, "and will soon open; either because the Number 7 had "once mystic qualities, or because in the Book of Fate "from all eternity the"— * * "Jesuits banished "from France? Ah, yes:—hearing of that, I made my "bit of plan for them" (mean to have my pick of them as schoolmasters in Silesia here); "and am waiting only "till I get Silesia cleared of Austrians as the first thing. "You see we must not mow the corn till it is ripe."[36]

May 28th (To the same): * * 'Tartar Khan actu- 'ally astir, 10,000 men of his in Hungary' (I am told); 'Turk potentially ditto, with 200,000' (futile both, as ever): "All things show me the sure prospect of Peace "by the end of this Year; and, in the background of "it, Sans-Souci and my dear Marquis! A sweet calm "springs up again in my soul; and a feeling of hope, "to which for six years I had got unused, consoles me

[34] Preuss, ii. 312.
[35] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 301.
[36] Ibid. p. 321.

"for all I have come through. Think only what a "coil I shall be in, before a month hence" (Campaign opened by that time, horrid Game begun again); "and "what a pass we had come to, in December last: "Country at its last gasp (*agonisait*), as if waiting for "extreme unction: and now—!"[37] * *

June 8th (To Madame Camas,—Russian *Alliance* now come): "I know well, my good Mamma, the sincere part "you take in the lucky events that befal us. The mis- "chief is, we are got so low, that we want at present "all manner of fortunate events to raise us again; and "Two grand conclusions of Peace" (the Russian, the Swedish), "which might reëstablish Peace throughout, "are at this moment only a step towards finishing the "War less unfortunately."[38]

Same day, *June 8th* (To D'Argens): "Czernichef is "on march to join us. Our Campaign will not open till "towards the end of this month" (did open, July 1st); "but think then, what a pretty noise in this poor Silesia "again! In fine, my dear Marquis, the job ahead of me "is hard and difficult; and nobody can say positively "how it will all go. Pray for us; and don't forget a poor "devil who kicks about strangely in his harness, who "leads the life of one damned; and who nevertheless "loves you sincerely.—Adieu."[39] D'Argens (May 24th) has heard, by Letters from very well-informed persons in Vienna, that 'Imperial Majesty, for some time past, 'spends half of her time in praying to the Virgin, and 'the other half in weeping.' 'I wish her,' adds the ungallant D'Argens, 'as punishment for the mischiefs her 'ambition has cost mankind these seven years past, the 'fate of Phaëthon's Sisters, and that she melt altogether

[37] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 323.
[38] Ibid. xviii. 146-7.
[39] Ibid. xix. 327.

'into water!'[40]—Take one other little utterance; and then to Colonel Hordt and the Petersburg side of things.

June 19th (still to D'Argens): "What is now going "on in Russia no Count Kaunitz could foresee: what "has come to pass in England,—of which the hatefullest "part" (Bute's altogether extraordinary attempts, in the Kaunitz, in the Czar Peter direction, to *force* a Peace upon me) "is not yet known to you,—I had no notion "of, in forming my plans! The Governor of a State, in "troublous times, never can be sure. This is what dis-"gusts me with the business, in comparison. A Man of "Letters operates on something certain; a Politician "can have almost no data of that kind."[41] (How easy everybody's trade but one's own!)

Readers know what a tragedy poor Peter's was. His Czernichef did join the King; but with far less advantage than Czernichef or anybody had anticipated! —It is none of our intention to go into the chaotic Russian element, or that wildly-blazing sanguinary Catharine-and-Peter business; of which, at any rate, there are plentiful accounts in common circulation, more or less accurate,—especially M. Rulhière's,[42] the most succinct, lucid, and least unsatisfactory, in the accessible languages. Only so far as Friedrich was concerned are we. But readers saw this Couple married, under Friedrich's auspices,—a Marriage which he thought important twenty years ago; and sure enough the Dissolution of it did prove important to him, and is a necessary item here!

Readers, even those that know *Rulhière*, will doubt-

[40] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 320 ('24th May 1762'). [41] Ibid. p. 329.

[42] *Histoire ou Anecdotes sur la Révolution de Russie en l'année* 1762 (written, 1768; first printed, Paris, 1797: English Translation, London, 1797).

less consent to a little supplementing from Two other Eye-witnesses of credit. The first and principal is a respectable Ex-Swedish Gentleman, whom readers used to hear of; the Colonel Hordt above mentioned, once of the Free-Corps *Hordt*, but fallen Prisoner lafterly;—whose experiences and reports are all the more interesting to us, as Friedrich himself had specially to depend on them at present; and doubtless, in times long afterwards, now and then heard speech of them from Hordt. Our second Eye-witness is the Reverend Herr Doctor Büsching (of the *Erdbeschriebung*, of the *Beyträge*, and many other Works, an invaluable friend to us all along); who, in his wandering time, has come to be "Pastor of the *German Church at Petersburg*," some years back.

What Colonel Hordt and the Others saw at Petersburg (January—July 1762).

Autumn 1759, in the sequel to *Kunersdorf*,—when the Russians and Daun lay so long torpid, uncertain what to do except keep Friedrich and Prince Henri well separate, and Friedrich had such watchings, campings, and marchings about on the hither skirt of them (skirt always veiled in Cossacks, and producing skirmishes as you marched past),—we did mention Hordt's capture;[43] not much hoping that readers could remember it in such a press of things more memorable. It was in, or as prelude to, one of those skirmishes (one of the earliest, and a rather sharp one, 'at Trebatsch,' in Frankfurt-Lieberose Country, '4th September 1759'), that Hordt had his misfortune: he had been out reconnoitering, with an Orderly or two, before the skirmish began, was suddenly 'surrounded by 200 Cossacks,' and after desperate plunging into bogs, desperate firing of pistols and the like, was taken prisoner. Was carted miserably to Petersburg,—such a journey for dead ennui as Hordt never knew; and was then tumbled out into solitary confinement in

[43] *Suprà*, vol. v. p. 534.

the Citadel, a place like the Spanish Inquisition; not the least notice taken of his requests for a few Books, for leave to answer his poor Wife's Letter merely by the words, "Dear one, I am alive;"—and was left there, to the company of his own reflexions, and a life as if in vacant Hades, for twenty-five months and three days. After the lapse of that period, he has something to say to us again, and we transiently look in upon him there.

The Book we excerpt from is, *Mémoires du Comte de Hordt* (second edition, 2 volumes 12mo, Berlin, 1789). This is Bookseller Pitra's redaction of the Hordt Autobiography (Berlin, 1788, was Pitra's first edition): several years after, how many is not said, nor whether Hordt (who had become a dignitary in Berlin society before Pitra's feat) was still living or not, a 'M. Borelly, Professor in the Military School,' undertook a second considerably enlarged and improved redaction;—of which latter there is an English Translation; easy enough to read; but nearly without meaning, I should fear, to readers unacquainted with the scene and subject.[44] Hordt was reckoned a perfectly veracious, intelligent kind of man: but he seldom gives the least date, specification, or precise detail; and his Book reads, not like the Testimony of an Eye-witness, which it is, and valuable when you understand it; but more like some vague Forgery, compiled by a destitute inventive individual, regardless of the Ten Commandments (sparingly consulting even his file of Old Newspapers), and writing a Book which would deserve the treadmill, were there any Police in his trade!—

Wednesday, 6th January 1762, Hordt's vacant Hades of an existence in the Citadel of Petersburg was broken by a loud sound: three minute guns went off from different sides, close by; and then whole salvos, peal after peal: "Czarina gone overnight, Peter III. Czar in her stead!" said the Officer, rushing in to tell Hordt; to whom it was as news of resurrection from the dead. 'Evening of same day, an Aide-de-Camp of the new Czar came 'to announce my liberty; equipage waiting to take me at once

[44] *Memoirs of the Count de Hordt:* London, 1806: 2 voll. 12mo,—only the *first* volume of which (unavailable here) is in my possession.

'to his Russian Majesty. Asked him to defer it till the fol-
'lowing day;—so agitated was I.' And indeed the Czar, busy taking acclamations, oaths of fealty, riding about among his Troops by torchlight, could have made little of me that evening.[45] 'Ultimately, my presentation was deferred till Sunday,' January 10th, 'that it might be done with proper splendour, all 'the Nobility being then usually assembled about his Majesty.'

'Waited, amid crowds of Nobility, in the Gallery, accord-
'ingly. Was presented in the Gallery, through which the Czar, 'followed by Czarina and all the Court, were passing on their 'way to Chapel. Czar made a short kind speech ("Delighted 'to do you an act of justice, Monsieur, and return a valuable 'servant to the King I esteem"); gave me his hand to kiss: 'Czarina did the same. General Korf,' an excellent friend, so kind to me at Königsberg while I was getting carted hither, and a General now in high Office here, 'who had been my introducer, 'led me into Chapel, to the Court's place (*tribune de la Cour*). 'Czar came across repeatedly' (while public worship was going on; a Czar perhaps too regardless 'that way!) 'to talk to me; 'dwelt much on his attachment to the King. On coming out, 'the Head Chamberlain whispered me, "You dine with the 'Court."' Which, of course, I did.

'Table was of sixty covers; splendid as the Arabian Tales. 'Czar and Czarina sat side by side; Korf and I had the honour 'to be placed opposite them. Hardly were we seated when the 'Czar addressed me: "You have had no Prussian news this long "while. I am glad to tell you that the King is well, though "he has had such fighting to right and left;—but I hope there "will soon be an end to all that." Words which everybody 'listened to like prophecy!' (Peter is nothing of a Politician). "How long have you been in Prison?" continued the Czar. "Twenty-five months and three days, your Majesty." "Were "you well treated?" Hordt hesitated, knew not what to say; but the Czar urging him, confessed, "He had been always rather "badly used; not even allowed to buy a few books to read." At 'which the Czarina was evidently shocked: "*Cela est bien bar-*
'*bare!*" she exclaimed aloud.' 'I wished much to return home

[45] Hermann, *Geschichte des Russischen Staats*, v. 241.

'at once; and petitioned the Czar on that subject, during coffee, 'in the withdrawing rooms; but he answered, "No, you must "not,—not till an express Prussian Envoy arrive!" I had to 'stay, therefore; and was thenceforth almost daily at Court,'—but unluckily a little vague, and altogether *dateless* as to what I saw there!

Bieren and Münnich, both of them just home from Siberia, are to drink together (No date: Palace of Petersburg, Spring 1762).—Peter had begun in a great way: all for liberalism, enlightenment, abolition of abuses, general magnanimity on his own and everybody's part. Rulhière did not see the following scene; but it seems to be well enough vouched for, and Rulhière heard it talked of in society. 'As many as 20,000 persons, it is counted, 'have come home from Siberian Exile:' the L'Estocs, the Münnichs, Bierens, all manner of internecine figures, as if risen from the dead. 'Since the night when Münnich arrested Bieren' (readers possibly remember it, and Mannstein's account of it[46]), 'the first time these two met was in the gay and tumultuous 'crowd which surrounded the new Czar. "Come, bygones be "bygones," said Peter, noticing them; "let us three all drink "together, like friends!"—and ordered three glasses of wine. 'Peter was beginning his glass to show the others an example, 'when somebody came with a message to him, which was de-'livered in a low tone; Peter listening drank out his wine, set 'down the glass, and hastened off; so that Bieren and Münnich, 'the two old enemies, were left standing, glass in hand, each 'with his eyes on the Czar's glass;—at length, as the Czar did 'not return, they flashed each his eyes into the other's face; 'and after a moment's survey, set down their glasses untasted, 'and walked off in opposite directions.'[47] Won't coalesce, it seems, in spite of the Czar's high wishes. An emblem of much that befel the poor Czar in his present high course of good intentions and headlong magnanimities!—We return to Hordt:

The Czar wears a Portrait of Friedrich on his Finger. 'Czar 'Peter never disguised his Prussian predilections. One evening 'he said, "Propose to your friend Keith" (English Excellency here, whom we know) "to give me a supper at his house tomorrow

[46] *Suprà*, vol. iii. p. 252.

[47] Rulhière, p. 33.

"night. The other Foreign Ministers will perhaps be jealous; "but I don't care!" Supper at the English Embassy took place. 'Only ten or twelve persons, of the Czar's choosing, were pre-'sent. Czar very gay and in fine spirits. Talked much of the 'King of Prussia. Showed me a signet-ring on his finger, with 'Friedrich's Portrait in it; ring was handed round the table.'[48] This is a signet-ring famous at Court, in those months. One day Peter had lost it (mislaid somewhere), and got into furious explosion till it was found for him again.[49] Let us now hear Büsching, our Geographical Friend, for a moment:

Herr Pastor Büsching does the Homaging for Self and People. * * 'In most Countries, it is Official or Military People that ad-'minister the Oath of Homage, on a change of Sovereigns. But 'in Petersburg, among the German population, it is the Pastors 'of their respective Churches. At the accession of Peter III., 'I, for the first time' (being still a young hand rather than an old), 'took the Oath from several thousands in my Church,'—and handed it over, with my own, in the proper quarter.

'As to the Congratulatory Addresses, the new Czar received 'the Congratulations of all classes, and also of the Pastors of 'the Foreign Churches, in the following manner. He came 'walking slowly through a suite of rooms, in each of which a 'body of Congratulators were assembled. Court-officials pre-'ceded, State-officials followed him. Then came the Czarina, 'attended in a similar way. And always on entering a new 'room, they received a new Congratulation from the spokesman 'of the party there. The spokesman of us Protestant Pastors 'was my colleague, Senior Trefurt; but the General-in-Chief 'and Head-of-Police, Baron von Korf' (Hordt's friend, known to us above, German, we perceive, by creed and name), 'think-'ing it was I that had to make the speech, and intending to 'present me at the same time to the Czar, motioned to me from 'his place behind the Czar to advance. But I did not push for-'ward; thinking it inopportune and of no importance to me.'—'Neither did I share the great expectations which Baron von 'Korf and everybody entertained of this new reign. All people 'now promised themselves better times, without reflecting' (as-

[48] Hordt, ii. 118, 124, 129. [49] Hermann, v. 258.

they should have done!) 'that the better men necessary to pro-
'duce these were nowhere forthcoming!'[50]

For the first two or three months, Peter was the idol of all the world: Such generosities and magnanimities; such zeal and diligence, one magnanimous improvement following another! He had at once abolished Torture in his Law Courts; resolved to have a regular Code of Laws,—and Judges to be depended on for doing justice. He 'destroyed monopolies;' 'lowered the price of salt.' To the joy of everybody, he had hastened (January 18th, second week of reign) to abolish the *Secret Chancery*,—a horrid Spanish-Inquisition engine of domestic Politics. His Nobility he had determined should be noble: January 28th (third week of reign just beginning), he absolved the Nobility from all servile duties to him: "You can travel when and where you please; you are not obliged to serve in my Armies; you may serve in anybody's not at war with me!" under plaudits loud and universal from that Order of men. And was petitioned by a grateful Petersburg world: "Permit us, magnanimous Czar, to raise a Statue of your Majesty in solid Gold?" "Don't at all!" answered Peter: "Ah, if by good governing I could raise a memorial in my People's hearts; that would be the Statue for me!"[51] Poor headlong Peter!—It was a less lucky step that of informing the Clergy (date not given), That in the Czarship lay Spiritual Sovereignty as well as Temporal, and that *he* would henceforth administer their rich Abbey Lands and the like;—this gave a sad shock to the upper strata of Priesthood, extending gradually to the lower, and ultimately raising an ominous general thought (perhaps worse than a general cry) of "Church in Danger! Alas, is our Czar regardless of Holy Religion, then? Perhaps, at heart still Lutheran, and has no Religion?" This, and his too headlong Prussian tendencies, are counted to have done him infinite mischief.

Herr Büsching sees the Czar on Horseback. 'When the Czar's 'own Regiment of Cuirassiers came to Petersburg, the Czar, 'dressed in the uniform of the regiment, rode out to meet it; 'and returning at its head, rode repeatedly through certain quar-

[50] Büsching's *Beyträge*, vi. ('Author's own Biography') 462 et seq.
[51] Hermann, v. 248.

'ters of the Town. His helmet was buckled tight with leather 'straps under the chin; he sat his horse as upright and stiff as 'a wooden image; held his sabre in equally stiff manner; turned 'fixedly his eyes to the right; and never by a hairsbreadth 'changed that posture. In such attitude he twice passed my 'house with his regiment, without changing a feature at sight of 'the many persons who crowded the windows. To me' (in my privately austere judgment) 'he seemed so *kleingeistisch*, so small-'minded a person, that I'—in fact, knew not what to think of it.[52]

Hordt sees the deceased Czarina lying in State. 'One day, 'after dining at Court, General Korf proposed that we should 'go and see the *Lit de Parade*' (Parade-Bed) of the late Czarina, which is in another Palace, not far off. 'Count Schuwalof' (*not* her old lover, who has *died* since her, poor old creature; but his Son, a cultivated man, afterwards Voltaire's friend) 'accom-'panied us; and, his rooms being contiguous to those of the 'dead Lady, he asked us to take coffee with him afterwards. 'The Imperial Bier stood in the Grand Saloon, which was hung 'all round with black, festooned and garlanded with cloth-of-'silver; the glare of wax-lights quite blinding. Bier, covered 'with cloth-of-gold trimmed with silver lace, was raised upon 'steps. A rich Crown was on the head of the dead Czarina. 'Beside the bier stood Four Ladies, two on each hand, in grand 'mourning; immense crape training on the ground behind them. 'Two Officers of the Life-Guard occupied the lowest steps: on 'the topmost, at the foot of the bier, was an Archimandrite '(superior kind of *Abbot*), who had a Bible before him, from 'which he read aloud,—continuously till relieved by another. 'This went on day and night without interruption. All round 'the bier, on stools (*tabourets*), were placed different Crowns 'and the insignia of various Orders,—those of Prussia, among 'others. It being established usage, I had, to my great repug-'nance, to kiss the hand of the corpse! We then talked a little 'to the Ladies in attendance (with their crape trains), joking 'about the article of hand-kissing; finally we adjourned for 'coffee to Count Schuwalof's apartments, which were of an 'incredible magnificence.' That same evening, farther on,—

[52] Büsching's *Beyträge*, vi. 464.

'I supped with the Czar in his *Petit Appartement*, Private 'Rooms' (a fine free-and-easy nook of space!) 'The company 'there consisted of the Countess Woronzow, a creature without 'any graces, bodily or mental, whom the Czar had chosen for 'his Mistress' (snub-nosed, pock-marked, fat, and with a pert tongue at times), 'whom I liked the less, as there were one or 'two other very handsome women there. Some Courtiers too; 'and no Foreigners but the English Envoy and myself. The 'supper was very gay, and was prolonged late into the night. 'These late orgies, however, did not prevent his Majesty from 'attending to business in good time next morning. He would 'appear unexpectedly, at an early hour, at the Senate, at the 'Synod' (Head-*Consistory*), 'making them stand to their duties,' —or pretend to do it. His Majesty is not understood to have got much real work out of either of these Governing Bodies; the former, the Senate, or *secular* one, which had fallen very torpid latterly, was, not long after this, suffered to die out altogether. Peter himself was a violently pushing man, and never shrank from labour; always in a plunge of hurries, and of irregular hours. In his final time, people whispered, "The Czar is killing himself; sits smoking, tippling, talking till 2 in the morning; and is overhead in business again by 7!"

Czarina Elizabeth's Funeral, as seen by Hordt (much abridged). 'At 10 in the morning all the bells in Petersburg broke out; 'and tolled incessantly' (day or month not hinted at,—nor worth seeking; grim darkness of universal frost perceptible enough; clangour of bells; and procession seemingly of miles long,—on this extremely high errand!)—'Minute-guns were fired from the 'moment the procession set out from the Castle till it arrived 'at the Citadel, a distance of two English miles and a half. 'Planks were laid all the way; forming a sort of bridge through 'the streets, and over the ice of the Neva. All the soldiers of 'the Garrison were ranked in espalier on each side. Three hun- 'dred grenadiers opened the march; after them, three hundred 'priests, in sacerdotal costume; walking two-and-two, singing 'hymns. All the Crowns and Orders, above mentioned by me, 'were carried by high Dignitaries of the Court, walking in single 'file, each a chamberlain behind him. Hearse was followed by

'the Czar, his black cloak carried by Twelve Chamberlains, each 'a lighted taper in the *other* hand. Prince George of Holstein' (Czar's Uncle) 'came next, then Holstein-Beck' (Czar's Cousin). 'Czarina Catharine followed, also on foot, with a lighted taper; 'her cloak borne by all her Ladies. Three hundred grenadiers 'closed the procession. Bells tolling, minute-guns firing, seas of 'people crowding.'—Thus the Russians buried their Czarina. Day and its dusky frost-curtains sank; and Boötes, looking down from the starry deeps, found one Telluric Anomaly forever hidden from him. She had left of unworn Dresses, the richest procurable in Nature (five a-day her usual allowance, and never or seldom worn twice), '15,000 and some hundreds.'[53]

Hordt is of the new Czarina Catharine's Evening Parties. 'The 'Czarina received company every morning. She received every- 'body with great affability and grace. But notwithstanding her 'efforts to appear gay, one could perceive a deep background 'of sadness in her. She knew better than anybody the violent '(*ardente*) character of her husband; and perhaps she then 'already foresaw what would come. She also had her circle 'every evening, and always asked the company to stay supper. 'One evening, when I was of her party, a confidential Equerry 'of the Czar came in, and whispered me That I had been searched 'for all over Town, to come to supper at the *Countess's* (that 'was the usual designation of the Sultana,'—*das Fräulein*, spelt in Russian ways, is the more usual). 'I begged to be excused 'for this time, being engaged to sup with the Czarina, to whom 'I could not well state the reason for which I was to leave. The 'Equerry had not gone long, when suddenly a great noise was 'heard, the two wings of the door were flung open, and the Czar 'entered. He saluted politely the Czarina and her circle; called 'me with that smiling and gracious air which he always had; 'took me by the arm, and said to the Czarina: "Excuse me, 'Madam, if tonight I carry off one of your guests; it is this 'Prussian I had searched for all over the Town." The Czarina 'laughed; I made her a deep bow, and went away with my 'conductor. Next morning I went to the Czarina; who, with- 'out mentioning what had passed last night, said smiling,

[53] Hermann, v. 176.

"Come and sup with me always when there is nothing to pre-"vent it."'

February 21st, Hordt at Zarskoe-Zeloe. 'On occasion of the 'Czar's birthday' (which gives us a date, for once),[54] 'there 'were great festivities, lasting a week. It began with a grand '*Te Deum*, at which the Czar was present, but not the Czarina. 'She had, that morning, in obedience to her husband's will, 'decorated "the Countess" with the cordon of the Order of St. 'Catharine. She was now detained in her Apartment "by in-'disposition;" and did not leave it during the eight days the fes-'tivities lasted.' This happened at the Country Palace, Zarskoe-Zeloe; and is a turning-point in poor Peter's History.[55] From that day, his Czarina saw that, by the medium of her Peter, it was not she that would ever come to be Autocrat; not she, but a pock-marked, unbeautiful Person, with Cordon of the Order of St. Catharine,—blessings on it! From that day, the Czarina sat brooding her wrongs and her perils,—wrongs *done*, very many, and now wrongs to be *suffered*, who can say how many! She perceives clearly that the Czar is gone from her, fixedly sullen at her (not without cause);—and that Siberia, or worse, is possible by and by. The Czarina was helplessly wretched for some time; and by degrees entered on a Plot;—assisted by Princess Dashkof (Sister of the Snub-nosed), by Panin (our Son's Tutor, "a genuine Son, I will swear, whatever the Papa may think in his wild moments!"), by Gregory Orlof (one's present Lover), and others of less mark;—and it ripened exquisitely within the next four months!—

Hordt hears the Praises of his King. 'Next day' (nobody can guess what *day*) 'I dined at Court. I sat opposite the Czar, who 'talked of nothing but of his "good friend the King of Prussia." 'He knew all the smallest details of his Campaigns; all his 'military arrangements; the dress and strength of all his Regi-'ments; and he declared aloud that he would shortly put all his 'troops upon the same footing' (which he did shortly, to the great disgust of his troops).—'Rising from table, the Czar him-'self did me the honour to say, "Come tomorrow; dine with "me *en petit appartement*" (on the *snug*, where we often play

[54] Michaelis, ii. 627: '21st February 1728.' [55] Hermann, p. 253.

high-jinks, and go to great lengths in liquor and tobacco); "I "will show you something curious, which you will like." I went 'at the accustomed hour; I found Lieutenant-General Werner' (hidden since his accident at Colberg last winter, whom a beneficent Czar has summoned again into the light of noon). 'I 'made a great friendship with this distinguished General, who 'was a charming man; and went constantly about with him, 'till he left me here,'—Czarish kindness letting Werner home, and detaining me, to my regret.[56]

The Prussian Treaties, first of Peace (May 5th), with all our Conquests flung back, and then of Alliance, with yourself and ourselves, as it were, flung into the bargain,—were by no means so popular in Petersburg as in Berlin! From May 5th onwards, we can suppose Peter to be, perhaps rather rapidly, on the declining hand. Add the fatal element, "Church in Danger" (a Czar privately Apostate); his very Guardsmen indignant at their tight-fitting Prussian uniforms, and at their no less tight Prussian *drill* (which the Czar is uncommonly urgent with); and a Czarina Plot silently spreading on all sides, like subterranean mines filled with gunpowder!—

Herr Büsching sees the Catastrophe (Friday, 9th July 1762). 'This being the day before Peter-and-Paul, which is a great 'Holiday in Petersburg, I drove out, between 9 and 10 in the 'morning, to visit the sick. On my way from the first house 'where I had called, I heard a distant noise like that of a rising 'thunderstorm, and asked my people what it was. They did not 'know; but it appeared to them like the Shouting of a Mob '(*Volksgeschrei*), and there were all sorts of rumours afloat. 'Some said, "The Czar had suddenly resolved to get himself 'crowned at Petersburg, before setting out for the War on Den-'mark." Others said, "He had named the Czarina to be Regent 'during his absence, and that she was to be crowned for this 'purpose." These rumours were too silly: meanwhile the noise 'perceptibly drew nearer; and I ordered my coachman to pro-'ceed no farther, but to turn home.

'On getting home, I called my Wife; and told her, That 'something extraordinary was then going on, but that I could

[56] Hordt, ii. 133-145, 151.

'not learn what; that it appeared to me like some popular Tu-
'mult, which was coming nearer to us every moment! We hur-
'ried to the corner room of our house; threw open the window,
'which looks to the Church of St. Mary of Casan' (where an Act of Thanksgiving has just been consummated, of a very peculiar kind!)—'and we then saw, near this Church, an in-
'numerable crowd of people; dressed and half-dressed soldiers
'of the foot-regiments of the Guards, mixed with the populace.
'We perceived that the crowd pressed round a common two-
'seated Hackney Coach drawn by two horses; in which, after a
'few minutes, a Lady dressed in black, and wearing the Order of
'St. Catharine, coming out of the church, took a seat. Where-
'upon the church-bells began ringing, and the priests, with their
'assistants carrying crosses, got into procession, and walked be-
'fore the Coach. We now recognised that it was the Czarina
'Catharine saluting the multitude to right and left, as she fared
'along.'[57]

Yes, Doctor, that Lady in black is the Czarina; and has come a drive of twenty miles this morning; and done a great deal of business in Town,—one day before the set time. In her remote Apartment at Peterhof, this morning between 2 and 3, she awoke to see Alexei Orlof, called oftener *Scarred* Orlof (Lover *Gregory's* Brother), kneeling at her bedside, with the words, "Madam, you must come: there is not a moment to lose!" —who, seeing her awake, vanished to get the vehicles ready. About 7, she, with the Scarred and her maid and a valet or two, arrived at the Guards' Barracks here,—Gregory Orlof, and others concerned, waiting to receive her, in the fit temper for playing at sharps. She has spoken a little, wept a little, to the Guards (still only half-dressed, many of them): "Holy religion, Russian Empire thrown at the feet of Prussia; my poor Son to be disinherited: Alack, ohoo!" Whereupon the Guards (their Officers already gained by Orlof) have indignantly blazed up into the fit Hurra-hurra-ing:—and here, since about 9 A.M., we have just been in the 'Church of St. Mary of Casan' ("Oh, my friends, Orthodox Religion, first of all!"), doing *Te-Deums*, and the other Divine Offices, for the thrice-happy Revolution and Deliverance

[57] *Beyträge*, vi. 465: compare *Rulhière*, p. 95; *Hermann*, v. 287.

now vouchsafed us and you! And the Herr Doctor, under outburst of the chimes of St. Mary, and of the jubilant Soldieries and Populations, sees the Czarina saluting to right and left; and Priests, with their assistants and crucifixes ("behold them, ye Orthodox; is there anything equal to true Religion?"), walking before her Hackney Coach.

'On the one step of her Coach,' continues the Herr Doctor, 'stood Grigorei Grigorjewitsh Orlow,' so he spells him, 'and 'in front of it, with drawn sword, rode the Field-marshal and 'Hetman Count Kirila Grigorjewitsh Rasomowski, Colonel of 'the Ismailow Guard. Lieutenant-General (soon to be General-'Ordnance-Master) Villebois came galloping up; leapt from his 'horse under our windows, and placed himself on the other step 'of the Coach. The procession passed before our house; going 'first to the New stone Palace, then to the Old wooden Winter 'Palace. Common Russians shouted mockingly up to us, "Your "god" (meaning the Czar) "is dead!" And others, "He is gone; "we will have no more of him!"'—

About this hour of the day, at Oranienbaum (*Orange-Tree*, some twenty miles from here, and from Peterhof guess ten or twelve), Czar Peter is drilling zealously his brave Holsteiners (2,000 or more, "the flower of all my troops"); and has not, for hours after, the least inkling of all this. Catharine had been across to visit him, on Wednesday, no farther back; and had kindled Oranienbaum into opera, into illumination and what not. Thursday (yesterday), Czar and Czarina met at some Grandee's festivity, who lives between their two Residences. This day the Czar is appointed for Peterhof; tomorrow, July 10th (Peter-and-Paul's grand Holiday), Czar, Czarina, and united Court were to have done the Festivities together there,—with Czarina's powder-mine of Plot laid under them; which latter has exploded one day sooner, in the present happy manner! The poor Czar, this day, on getting to Peterhof, and finding Czarina vanished, understood too well: he saw 'big smoke-clouds rise suddenly over Petersburg region,' withal,—"Ha, she has cannon going for her yonder; salvoing and homaging!"—and rushed back to Oranienbaum half mad. Old Münnich undertook to save him, by one, by two or even three different methods, "Only order me, and stand up to

it with sword bare!"—but Peter's wits were all flying miscellaneously about, and he could resolve on nothing.

Peter and his Czarina never met more. Saturday (tomorrow), he abdicates; drives over to Peterhof, expecting, as per bargain, interview with his Wife; freedom to retire to Holstein, and "every sort of kindness compatible with his situation:" but is met there instead, on the staircases, by brutal people, who tear the orders off his coat, at length the very clothes off his back,—and pack him away to Ropscha, a quiet Villa some miles off, to sit silent there till Orlof and Company have considered. Consideration is: "To Holstein? He has an Anti-Danish Russian Army just now in that neighbourhood; he will not be safe in Holstein;—where will he be safe?" Saturday 17th, Peter's seventh day in Ropscha, the Orlofs (Scarred Orlof, and Four other miscreants, one of them a Prince, one a Playactor) came over, and murdered poor Peter, in a treacherous, and even bungling and disgusting, and altogether hideous manner. "A glass of burgundy" (poisoned burgundy), "your Highness?" said they, at dinner with his poor Highness. On the back of which, the burgundy having failed and been found out, came grappling and hauling, trampling, shrieking, and at last strangulation. Surely the Devil will reward such a Five of his Elect?— — But we detain Herr Büsching: it is still only Friday morning, 9th of the month; and the Czarina's Hackney Coach, in the manner of a comet and tail, has just gone into other streets:

'After this terrible uproar had left our quarter, I hastened 'to the Danish Ambassador, Count Haxthausen, who lived near 'me, to bring him the important news that the Czar was said to 'be dead. The Count was just about to burn a mass of Papers, 'fearing the mob would plunder his house; but he did not pro-'ceed with it now, and thanked Heaven for saving his Country. 'His Secretary of Legation, my friend Schumacher, gave me all 'the money he had in his pockets, to distribute amongst the poor; 'and I returned home. Directly after, there passed our house, 'at a rate as if the horses were running away, a common two-'horse coach, in which sat Head-Tutor (*Ober-Hofmeister*) von 'Panin with the Grand Duke' (famous Czar Paul, that is to be), 'who was still in his nightgown,' poor frightened little boy!—

'Not long after, I saw some of the Foot-guards, in the public 'street near the Winter Palace, selling, at rates dog-cheap, their 'new uniforms after the Prussian cut, which they had stript off; 'whilst others, singing merrily, carried about, stuck on the top 'of their muskets, or on their bayonets, their new grenadier caps 'of Prussian fashion.[58] I saw several soldiers, out on errand or 'otherwise, seizing the coaches they met in the streets, and 'driving on in them. Others appropriated the eatables which 'hucksters carried about in baskets. But, in all this wild tumult, 'nobody was killed; and only at Oranienbaum a few Holstein 'soldiers got wounded by some low Russians, in their wantonness.

'July 11th, the disorder amongst the soldiers was at its 'height; yet still much less than might have been expected. 'Many of them entered the houses of Foreigners, and demanded 'money. Seeing a number of them come into my house, I 'hastily put a quantity of roubles and half-roubles in my pocket, 'and went out with a servant, especially with a cheerful face, 'to meet them,'—and no harm was done.

'*Saturday, July 17th,* was the day of the Czar's death; on 'the same 17th, the Empress was informed of it; and next day, 'his body was brought from Ropscha to the Convent of St. 'Alexander Newski, near Petersburg. Here it lay in state three 'days; nay, an Imperial Manifesto even ordered that the last 'honours and duty be paid to it. July 20th, I drove thither 'with my Wife; and to be able to view the body more minutely, 'we passed twice through the room where it lay' (An uncommonly broad neckcloth on it, did you observe?) 'Owing to the 'rapid dissolution, it had to be interred on the following day:— 'and it was a touching circumstance that this happened to be 'the very day on which the Czar had fixed to start from Peters- 'burg on his Campaign against Denmark.'[59]

Catharine, one must own with a shudder, has not attained the Autocracy of All the Russias gratis. Let us hope she would once,—till driven upon a dire alter-

[58] See in *Hermann* (v. 291) the Saxon Ambassador's Report.

[59] Büsching, vi. 464-467.

native,—have herself shuddered to purchase at such a price. A kind of horror haunts one's notion of her redhanded brazen-faced Orlofs and her, which all the cosmetics of the world will never quite cover. And yet, on the spot, in Petersburg at the moment—! Read this Clipping from Smelfungus, on a collateral topic:

'In *Büsching's Magazine* are some Love-letters from the old 'Marshal Münnich to Catharine just after this event, which are 'psychologically curious. Love-letters, for they partake of that 'character; though the man is 82, and has had such breakages 'and vicissitudes in this Earth. Alive yet, it would seem; and 'full of ambitions. Unspeakably beautiful is this young Woman 'to him; radiant as ox-eyed Juno, as Diana of the silver bow,— 'such a power in her to gratify the avarices, ambitions, cupidities 'of an insatiable old fellow: Oh divine young Empress, Aurora 'of bright Summer epochs, rosy-fingered daughter of the Sun,— 'grant me the governing of This, the administering of That: 'and see what a thing I will make of it (I, an inventive old 'gentleman), for your Majesty's honour and glory, and my own 'advantage![60]— —Innumerable persons of less note than Mün- 'nich have their Biographies, and are known to the reading 'public and in all barbers'-shops, if that were an advantage to 'them. Very considerable, this Münnich, as a soldier, for one 'thing. And surely had very strange adventures; an original 'German character withal:—about the stature of Belleisle, for 'example; and not quite unlike Belleisle, in some of his ways? 'Came originally from the swamps of Oldenburg, or Lower 'Weser Country,—son of a *Deichgräfe* (Ditch-Superintendent) 'there. *Requiescant* in oblivious silence, Belleisle and he; it is 'better than being lied of, and maundered of, and blotched and 'blundered of.

'Biographies were once rhythmic, earnest as death or as life, 'earnest as transcendant human Insight risen to the Singing

[60] Büsching, *Magazin für die neue Historie und Geographie* (Halle, Year 1782), xvi. 413-477 (22 *Letters*, and only thrice or so a word of *Response* from "*ma Divinité*:" dates, 'Narva, 4th August 1762' ... 'Petersburg, 3d October 1762').

'pitch; some Homer, nay some Psalmist or Evangelist, spokes-'man of reverent Populations, was the Biographer. Rhythmic, '*with* exactitude, investigation to the very marrow; this, or else 'oblivion, Biography should now, and at all times, be; but is 'not,—by any manner of means. With what results is visible 'enough, if you will look! Human Stupor, fallen into the dis-'honest, lazy, and *un*flogged condition, is truly an awful thing.'

Catharine did not persist in her Anti-Prussian determination. July 9th, the Manifesto had been indignantly emphatic on Prussia; July 22d, in a Note to Goltz from the Czarina, it was all withdrawn again.[61] Looking into the deceased Czar's Papers, she found that Friedrich's Letters to him had contained nothing of wrong or offensive; always excellent advices, on the contrary,—advice, among others, To be conciliatory to his clever-witted Wife, and to make her his ally, not his opponent, in living and reigning. In Königsberg (July 16th, seven days after July 9th), the Russian Governor, just on the point of quitting, emitted Proclamation, to everybody's horror: "No; altered all that; under pain of death, your Oath to Russia still valid!" Which, for the next ten days, or till his new Proclamation, made such a Königsberg of it as may be imagined. The sight of those Letters is understood to have turned the scale; which had hung wavering till July 22d in the Czarina's mind. "Can it be good," she might privately think withal, "to begin our reign by kindling a foolish War again?" How Friedrich received the news of July 9th, and into what a crisis it threw him, we shall soon see. His Campaign had begun July 1st;—and has been summoning us home, into *its* horizon, for some time.

[61] Rödenbeck, ii. 171.

CHAPTER XI.

SEVENTH CAMPAIGN OPENS.

FRIEDRICH'S plan of Campaign is settled long since: Recapture Schweidnitz; clear Silesia of the enemy; Silesia and all our own Dominions clear, we can then stand fencible against the Austrian perseverances. Peace, one day, they must grant us. The general tide of European things is changed by these occurrences in Petersburg and London. Peace is evidently near. France and England are again beginning to negotiate; no Pitt now to be rigorous. The tide of War has been wavering at its summit for two years past; and now, with this of Russia, and this of Bute instead of Pitt, there is ebb everywhere, and all Europe determining for peace. Steady at the helm, as heretofore, a Friedrich, with the world-current in his favour, may hope to get home after all.

Austrian Headquarters had been at Waldenburg, under Loudon or his Lieutenants, all Winter. Loudon returned thither from Vienna, April 7th; but is not to command in chief, this Year,—Schweidnitz still sticking in some people's throats: "Dangerous; a man with such rash practices, rapidities and Pandour tendencies!" Daun is to command in Silesia; Loudon, under him, obscure to us henceforth, and inoffensive to Official people. Reichs Army shall take charge of Saxony; nominally a Reichs Army, though there are 35,000 Austrians in it, as the soul of it, under some Serbelloni,

some Stollberg as Chief—(the fact, I believe, is: Serbelloni got angrily displaced on that 'crossing of the Mulda by Prince Henri, May 13th;' Prince of Zweibrück had angrily abdicated the year before; and a Prince von Stollberg is now Generalissimo of Reich and Allies: but it is no kind of matter),—some Stollberg, with Serbelloni, Haddick, Maguire, and suchlike, in subaltern places. Cunctator Daun, in spite of his late sleepy ways, is to be Headman again: this surely is a cheering circumstance to Friedrich; Loudon, not Daun, being the only man he ever got much ill of hitherto.

Daun arrives in Waldenburg,* May 9th; and to show that he is not cunctatory, steps out within a week after. May 15th, he has descended from his Mountains; has swept round by the back and by the front of Schweidnitz, far and wide, into the Plain Country, and encamped himself crescent-wise, many miles in length, Headquarter near the Zobtenberg. Bent fondly round Schweidnitz; meaning, as is evident, to defend Schweidnitz against all comers,—his very position symbolically intimating: "I will fight for it, Prussian Majesty, if you like!"

Prussian Majesty, however, seemed to take no notice of him; and, what was very surprising, kept his old quarters: 'a Cantonment, or Chain of Posts, ten miles 'long; Schweidnitz Water on his right flank, Oder on 'his left;' perfectly safe, as he perceives, being able to assemble in four hours, if Daun try anything.[1] And, in fact, sat there, and did not come into the Field at all for five weeks or more;—waiting till Czernichef's 20,000 arrive, who are on march from Thorn since June 2d. Mere small-war goes on in the interim; world getting all greener and flowrier; the Glatz Highlands, to one's left yonder (Owl-Mountains, *Eulengebirge* so-called), ly-

* See Map, p. 306 *a*.

[1] Tempelhof, vi. 66.

ing magically blue and mysterious:—on the Plain in front of them, ten miles from the final peaks of them, is Schweidnitz Fortress, lying full in view, with a picked Garrison of 12,000 under a picked Captain, and all else of defence or impregnability; and Friedrich privately determined to take it, though by methods of his own choosing, and which cannot commence till Czernichef come. Daun, with his right wing, has hold of those Highland Regions, and cautiously guards them; can, when he pleases, wend back to Waldenburg Country; and at once, with his superior numbers, block all passages, and sit there impregnable. The methods of dislodging him are obscure to Friedrich himself; but methods there must be, dislodged he must be, and sent packing. Without that, all siege of Schweidnitz is flatly impossible.

June 27th, Friedrich's Headquarter is Tintz, Czernichef now nigh:[2] two days ago (June 25th), Czernichef's Cossacks 'crossed the Oder at Auras,'—with how different objects from those they used to have! *July 1st*, Czernichef himself is here, in full tale and equipment. Had encamped, a day ago, on the Field of Lissa; where Majesty reviewed him, inspected and manœuvered him, with great mutual satisfaction. "Field of Lissa;" it is where our poor Prussian people encamped on the night of Leuthen, with their "*Nun danket alle Gott*," five years ago, in memorable circumstances: to what various uses are Earth's Fields liable!

Friedrich, by degrees, has considerably changed his opinion, and bent towards the late Keith's, about Russian Soldiery: a Soldiery of most various kinds; from predatory Cossacks and Calmucks to those noble Grenadiers, whom we saw sit down on the Walls of Schweidnitz

[2] Tempelhof, vi. 76.

when their work was done. A perfectly steady obedience is in these men; at any and all times, obedient, to the death if needful, and with a silence, with a steadfastness as of rocks and gravitation. Which is a superlative quality in soldiers. Good in Nations too, within limits; and much a distinction in the Russian Nation: rare, or almost unique, in these unruly Times. The Russians have privately had their admirations of Friedrich, all this while; and called him by I forget what unpronounceable vernacular epithet, signifying "Son of Lightning," or some such thing.[3] No doubt they are proud to have a stroke of service under such a one, since Father Peter Feodorowitsh graciously orders it: the very Cossacks show an alertness, a vivacity; and see cheery possibilities ahead, in Countries not yet plundered out. They stayed with Friedrich only Three Weeks,—Russia being an uncertain Country. As we have seen above; though Friedrich, who is vitally concerned, has not yet seen! But their junction with him, and review by him in the Field of Lissa, had its uses by and by; and may be counted an epoch in Russian History, if nothing more. The poor Russian Nation, most pitiable of loyal Nations,—struggling patiently ahead, on those bad terms, under such *Catins* and foul Nightmares, —has it, shall we say, quite gone without conquest in this mad War? Perhaps, not quite. It has at least shown Europe that it possesses fighting qualities: a changed Nation, since Karl XII. beat them easily, at Narva, 8,000 to 80,000, in the snowy morning, long since!—

Czernichef once come, and in his place in the Camp of Tintz, business instantly begins,—business, and a press

[3] Buchholz, *Neueste Preussisch-Brandenburgische Geschichte* (1775), vol. ii. (page irrecoverable).

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of it, in right earnest;—upon the hitherto idle Daun. July 1st, there is general complex Advance everywhere on Friedrich's part; general attempt towards the Mountains. Upon which Daun, well awake, at once rolls universally thitherward again; takes post in front of the Mountains,—on the Heights of Kunzendorf, to wit (Loudon's old post in Bunzelwitz time);—and elaborately spreads himself out in defence there. "Take him multifariously by the left flank, get between him and his Magazine at Braunau!" thinks Friedrich. Discovering which, Daun straightway hitches back into the Mountains altogether, leaving Kunzendorf to Friedrich's use as main camp. His outmost Austrians, on the edge of the Mountain Country, and back as far as suitable, Daun elaborately posts; and entrenches himself behind them in all the commanding points,—Schweidnitz still well in sight; and Braunau and the roads to it well capable of being guarded. Daun's Headquarter is Tannhausen; Burkersdorf, Ludwigsdorf, if readers can remember them, are frontward posts:—in his old imperturbable way, Daun sits there waiting events.

And for near three weeks there ensues a very multiplex series of rapid movements, and alarming demonstrations, on Daun's front, on Daun's right flank; with serious extensive effort (masked in that way) to turn Daun's left flank, and push round by Landshut Country upon Bohemia and Braunau. Effort very serious indeed on that Landshut side: conducted at first by Friedrich in person, with General Wied (called also *Neu*wied, a man of mark since Liegnitz time) as second under him; latterly by Wied himself, as Friedrich found it growing dubious or hopeless. That was Friedrich's first notion of the Daun problem. There are rapid marches here, there, round that western or left flank of Daun; sudden

spurts of fierce fighting, oftenest with a stiff climb as preliminary: but not the least real success on Daun. Daun perfectly comprehends what is on foot; refuses to take shine for substance; stands massed, or grouped, at his own skilful judgment, in the proper points for Braunau, still more for Schweidnitz; and is very vigilant and imperturbable.

Kunzendorf Heights, which are not *of* the Hills, but in front of them, with a strip of flat still intervening;—these, we said, Daun had at once quitted: and these are now Friedrich's;—but yield him a very complex prospect at present. A line of opposing Heights, Burkersdorf, Ludwigsdorf, Leuthmannsdorf, bristling with abundant cannon; behind is the multiplex sea of Hills, rising higher and higher, to the ridge of the Eulenberg in Glatz Country 10 or 12 miles southward: Daun, with forces much superior, calmly lord of all that; infinitely needing to be ousted, could one but say how! Friedrich begins to perceive that Braunau will not do; that he must contrive some other plan. General Wied he still leaves to prosecute the Braunau scheme: perhaps there is still some chance in it; at lowest it will keep Daun's attention thitherward. And Wied perseveres upon Braunau; and Braunau proving impossible, pushes past it deeper into Bohemia, Daun loftily regardless of him. Wied's marches and attempts were of approved quality; though unsuccessful in the way of stirring Daun. Wied's Light troops went scouring almost as far as Prag,—especially a 500 Cossacks that were with him, following their old fashion, in a new Country. To the horror of Austria; who shrieked loudly, feeling them in her own bowels; though so quiet, while they were in other people's on her score. This of the 500 Cossacks under Wied, if this were any-

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thing, was all of actual work that Friedrich had from his Czernichef Allies;—nothing more of real or actual while they stayed, though something of imaginary or ostensible which had its importance, as we shall see.

Friedrich, in the third week, recalls Wied: "Braunau clearly impossible; only let us still keep up appearances!" July 18th, Wied is in Kunzendorf Country again; on an important new enterprise, or method with the Daun Problem, in which Wied is to bear a principal hand. That is to say, The discomfiture and overturn of Daun's right wing, if we can,—since his left has proved impossible. This was the *Storming of Burkersdorf Heights;* Friedrich's new plan. Which did prove successful, and is still famous in the Annals of War: reckoned by all judges a beautiful plan, beautifully executed, and once more a wonderful achieving of what seemed the impossible, when it had become the indispensable. One of Friedrich's prettiest feats; and the last of his notable performances in this War. Readers ought not to be left without some shadowy authentic notion of it; though the real portraiture or image (which is achievable too, after long study) is for the professional soldier only,—for whom *Tempelhof*, good maps, and plenty of patience, are the recipe.

'The scene is the Wall of Heights, running east and west, 'parallel to Friedrich's Position at Kunzendorf; which form the 'Face, or decisive beginning, of that Mountain Glacis spreading 'up ten miles farther, towards Glatz Country. They, these 'Heights called of Burkersdorf, are in effect Daun's right wing; 'vitally precious to Daun, who has taken every pains about 'them. Burkersdorf Height (or Heights, for there are two, 'divided by the Brook Weistritz; but we shall neglect the east-'ern or lower, which is ruled by the other, and stands or falls 'along with it), Burkersdorf Height is the principal: a Hill of 'some magnitude (short way south of the Village of Burkersdorf,

'which also is Daun's); Hill falling rather steep down, on two 'of its sides, namely on the north side, which is towards Fried- 'rich and Kunzendorf, and on the east side, where Weistritz 'Water, as yet only a Brook, gushes out from the Mountains,— 'hastening towards Schweidnitz or Schweidnitz-Water; towards 'Lissa and Leuthen Country, where we have seen it on an im- 'portant night. Weistritz, at this part, has scarped the eastern 'flank of Burkersdorf Height; and made for itself a pleasant 'little Valley there: this is the one Pass into the Mountains. 'A Valley of level bottom; where Daun has a terrific trench 'and sunk battery level with the ground, capable of sweeping 'to destruction whoever enters there without leave.

'East from Burkersdorf Lesser Height (which we neglect 'for the present), and a little farther inwards or south, are Two 'other Heights: Ludwigsdorf and Leuthmannsdorf; which also 'need capture, as adjuncts of Burkersdorf, or second line to 'Burkersdorf; and are abundantly difficult, though not so steep 'as Burkersdorf.

'The Enterprise, therefore, divides itself into two. Wied is 'to do the Ludwigsdorf-Leuthmannsdorf part; Möllendorf, the 'Burkersdorf. The strength of guns in these places, especially 'on Burkersdorf,—we know Daun's habit in that particular; 'and need say nothing. Man-devouring batteries, abatis; bat- 'talions palisaded to the teeth, "the pales strong as masts, and 'room only for a musket-barrel between;" nay, they are "fur- 'nished with a lath or cross-strap all along, for resting your 'gun-barrel on and taking aim:"—so careful is Daun. The 'ground itself is intricate, in parts impracticably steep; every- 'where full of bushes, gnarls, and impediments. Seldom was 'there such a problem altogether! Friedrich's position, as we 'say, is Kunzendorf Heights, with Schweidnitz and his old 'ground of Bunzelwitz to rear, Czernichef and others lying 'there, and Würben and the old Villages and Heights again 'occupied as posts:—what a tale of Egyptian bricks has one 'to bake, your Majesty, on certain fields of this world; and 'with such insufficiency of raw-material sometimes!'

By the 16th of July, Friedrich's plans are complete. Contrived, I must say, with a veracity and opulent

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potency of intellect, flashing clear into the matter, and yet careful of the smallest practical detail. *Friday* 17*th*, Möllendorf, with men and furnitures complete, circles off north-westward by Würben (for the benefit of certain onlookers), but will have circled round to Burkersdorf neighbourhood two days hence; by which time also Wied will be quietly in his place thereabouts, with a view to business on the 20th and 21st. Möllendorf, Wied and everything, are prosperously under way in this manner,—when, on the afternoon of that same Friday 17th,[4] Czernichef steps over, most privately, to headquarters: with what a bit of news! "A Revolution in Petersburg" (*July 9th*, as we saw above, or as Herr Büsching saw); "Czar Peter, your Majesty's adorer, is dethroned, perhaps murdered; your Majesty's enemies, in the name of Czarina Catharine, order me instantly homeward with my 20,000!" This is true news, this of Czernichef. A most unexpected, overwhelming Revolution in those Northern Parts;—not needing to be farther touched upon in this place.

What here concerns us is, Friedrich's feelings on hearing of it; which no reader can now imagine. Horror, amazement, pity, very poignant; grief for one's hapless friend Peter, for one's still more hapless self! "The Sisyphus stone, which we had got dragged to the top, the chains all beautifully slack these three months past,—has it leapt away again? And on the eve of Burkersdorf, and our grand Daun problem!" Truly, the Destinies have been quite dramatic with this King, and have contrived the moment of hitting him to the heart. He passionately intreats Czernichef to be helpful to him,—which Czernichef would fain be, only how can he? To be helpful; at least to keep the matter ab-

[4] Compare Tempelhof, vi. 99, and Rödenbeck, ii. 164.

solutely secret yet for some hours: this the obliging Czernichef will do. And Friedrich remains, Czernichef having promised this, in the throes of desperate consideration and uncertainty, hour after hour,—how many hours I do not know. It is confidently said,[5] Friedrich had the thought of forcibly disarming Czernichef and his 20,000:—in which case he must have given up the Daun Enterprise; for without Czernichef as a positive quantity, much more with Czernichef as a negative, it is impossible. But, at any rate, most luckily for himself, he came upon a milder thought: "Stay with us yet three days, merely in the semblance of Allies, no service required of you, but keeping the matter a dead secret;—on the fourth day go, with my eternal thanks!" This is his milder proposal; urged with his best efforts upon the obliging Czernichef: who is in huge difficulty, and sees it to be at peril of his head, but generously consents. It is the same Czernichef who got lodged in Cüstrin cellars, on one occasion: know, O King,—the King, before this, does begin to know,—that Russians too can have something of heroic, and can recognise a hero when they see him! In this fine way does Friedrich get the frightful chasm, or sudden gap of the ground under him, bridged over for the moment; and proceeds upon Burkersdorf all the same.

Of the Attack itself we propose to say almost nothing. It consists of Two Parts, Wied and Möllendorf, which are intensely Real; and of a great many more which are Scenic chiefly,—some of them Scenic to the degree of Drury-Lane itself, as we perceive;—all cunningly devised, and beautifully playing into one another, both the real and the scenic. *Evening of the 20th*, Friedrich is on his ground, according to Program.

[5] Retzow, ii. 415.

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Friedrich,—who has now his Möllendorf and Wied beside him again, near this Village of Burkersdorf; and has his completely-scenic Czernichef, and partly-scenic Ziethen and others, all in their places behind him,—quietly crushes Daun's people out of Burkersdorf Village; and furthermore, so soon as Night has fallen, bursts up, for his own uses, Burkersdorf old Castle, and its obstinate handful of defenders, which was a noisier process. Which done, he diligently sets to trenching, building batteries in that part; will have forty formidable guns, howitzers a good few of them, ready before sunrise. And so,

Wednesday, 21*st July* 1762, All Prussians are in motion, far and wide; especially Möllendorf and Wied (*versus* O'Kelly and Prince de Ligne),—which Pair of Prussians may be defined rather as near and close; these Two being, in fact, the soul of the matter, and all else garniture and semblance. About 4 in the morning, Friedrich's battery of 40 has begun raging; the howitzers diligent upon O'Kelly and his Burkersdorf Height,—not much hurting O'Kelly or his Height, so high was it, but making a prodigious noise upon O'Kelly;—others of the cannon sheering home on those palisades and elaborations, in the Weistritz Valley in particular, and quite tearing up a Cavalry Regiment which was drawn out there; so that O'Kelly had instantly to call it home, in a very wrecked condition. Why O'Kelly ever put it there,—except that he saw no place for it in his rugged localities, or no use for it anywhere,—is still a mystery to the intelligent mind.[6] The howitzers, their shells bursting mostly in the air, did O'Kelly little hurt, nor for hours yet was there any real attack on Burkersdorf or him; but the noise, the horrid death-blaze was pro-

[6] Tempelhof, vi. 107.

digious, and kept O'Kelly, like some others, in an agitated, occupied condition till their own turn came.

For it had been ordered that Wied and Möllendorf were not to attack together: not together, but successively,—for the following reasons. *Together;* suppose Möllendorf to prosper on O'Kelly (whom he is to storm, not by the steep front part as O'Kelly fancies, but to go round by the western flank and take him in rear); suppose Möllendorf to be near prospering on Burkersdorf Height,—unless Wied too have prospered, Ludwigsdorf batteries and forces will have Möllendorf by the right flank, and between two fires he will be ruined; he and everything! On the other hand, let Wied try first: if Wied *can* manage Ludwigsdorf, well: if Wied cannot, he comes home again with small damage; and the whole Enterprise is off for the present. That was Friedrich's wise arrangement, and the reason why he so bombards O'Kelly with thunder, blank mostly.

And indeed, from 4 this morning and till 4 in the afternoon, there is such an outburst and blazing series of Scenic Effect, and thunder mostly blank, going on far and near all over that District of Country; General This ostentatiously speeding off, as if for attack on some important place; General That, for attack on some other; all hands busy,—the 20,000 Russians not yet speeding, but seemingly just about to do it,—and blank thunder so mixed with not-blank, and scenic effect with bitter reality,[7]—as was seldom seen before. And no wisest Daun, not to speak of his O'Kellys and lieutenants, can, for the life of him, say where the real attack is to be, or on what hand to turn himself. Daun in person, I believe, is still at Tannhausen, near the centre of this astonishing scene; five or six miles from

[7] Tempelhof, vi. 105-111.

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any practical part of it. And does order forward, hither, thither, masses of force to support the De Ligne, the O'Kelly among others; but who can tell what to support? Daun's lieutenants were alert some of them, others less: General Guasco, for instance, who is in Schweidnitz, an alert Commandant, with 12,000 picked men, was drawing out, of his own will, with certain regiments to try Friedrich's rear: but a check was put on him (some dangerous shake of the fist from afar), when he had to draw in again. In general the O'Kelly supports sat gazing dubiously, and did nothing for O'Kelly but roll back along with him when the time came. But let us first attend to Wied, and the Ludwigsdorf-Leuthmannsdorf part.

Wied, divided into Three, is diligently pushing up on Ludwigsdorf by the slacker eastern ascents; meets firm enough battalions, potent, dangerous, and resolute in their strong posts; but endeavours firmly to be more dangerous than they. Dislodges everything, on his right, on his left; comes in sight of the batteries and ranked masses atop, which seem to him difficult indeed; flatly impossible, if tried on front; but always some Colonel Lottum, or quick-eyed man, finds some little valley, little hollow; gets at the Enemy side-wise and rear-wise; rushes on with fixed bayonets, double-quick, to coöperate with the front: and, on the whole, there are the best news from Wied, and we perceive he sees his way through the affair.

Upon which, Möllendorf gets in motion, upon his specific errand. Möllendorf has been surveying his ground a little, during the leisure hour; especially examining what mode of passage there may be, and looking for some road up those slacker western parts: has found no road, but a kind of sheep-track, which he

thinks will do. Möllendorf, with all energy, surmounting many difficulties, pushes up accordingly; gets into his sheep-track; finds, in the steeper part of this track, that horses cannot draw his cannon; sets his men to do it; pulls and pushes, he and they, with a right will;—sees over his left shoulder, at a certain point, the ranked Austrians waiting for him behind their cannon (which must have been an interesting glimpse of scenery for some moments); tugs along, till he is at a point for planting his cannon; and then, under help of these, rushes forward,—in two parts, perhaps in three, but with one impetus in all,—to seize the Austrian fruit set before him. Surely, if a precious, a very prickly pomegranate, to clutch hold of on different sides, after such a climb! The Austrians make stiff fight; have abatis, multiplex defences; and Möllendorf has a furious wrestle with this last remnant, holding out wonderfully,—till at length the abatis itself catches fire, in the musketry, and they have to surrender. This must be about noon, as I collect: and Feldmarschall Daun himself now orders everybody to fall back. And the tug of fight is over;—though Friedrich's scenic effects did not cease; and in particular, his big battery raged till 5 in the afternoon, the more to confirm Daun's rearward resolutions and quicken his motions. On fall of night, Daun, everybody having had his orders, and been making his preparations for six hours past, ebbed totally away; in perfect order, bag and baggage. Well away to southward; and left Friedrich quit of him.[8]

Quit of Daun forevermore, as it turned out. Plainly free, at any rate, to begin upon Schweidnitz, whenever

[8] Tempelhof, vi. 100-115: compare *Bericht von der bey Leutmannsdorf den 21sten Julius 1762 vorgefallenen Action* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 302-308); *Anderweiter Bericht von der &c.* (ibid. 308-314); Archenholtz, &c. &c.

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he sees good. Of the behaviour of Wied, Möllendorf, and their people, indeed of the Prussians one and all, what can be said, but that it was worthy of their Captain and of the Plannings he had made? Which is saying a great deal. 'We got above 14 big guns,' report they; 'above 1,000 prisoners, and perhaps twice as 'many that deserted to us in the days following.' Czernichef was full of admiration at the day's work: he marched early next morning,—I trust with lasting gratitude on the part of an obliged Friedrich.

Some three weeks before this of Burkersdorf, Duke Ferdinand, near a place called Wilhelmsthal, in the neighbourhood of Cassel, in woody broken country of Hill and Dale, favourable for strategic contrivances, had organised a beautiful movement from many sides, hoping to overwhelm the too careless or too ignorant French, and gain a signal victory over them: *Battle*, so-called, *of Wilhelmsthal, June 24th*, 1762, being the result. Mauvillon never can forgive a certain stupid Hanoverian, who mistook his orders; and on getting to his Hill-top, which was the centre of all the rest,—formed himself with his *back* to the point of attack; and began shooting cannon at next to nothing, as if to warn the French, that they had better instantly make off! Which they instantly set about, with a will; and mainly succeeded in; nothing all day but mazes of intricate marching, on both sides, with spurts of fight here and there,—ending in a truly stiff bout between Granby and a Comte de Stainville, who covered the retreat, and who could not be beaten without a great deal of trouble. The result a kind of victory to Ferdinand; but nothing like what he expected.[9]

Soubise leads the French this final Year; but he

[9] Mauvillon, ii. 227-236; Tempelhof, vi. &c. &c.

has a D'Estrées with him (our old D'Estrées of *Hastenbeck*), who much helps the account current; and though generally on the declining hand (obliged to give up Göttingen, to edge away farther and farther out of Hessen itself, to give up the Weser, and see no shift but the farther side of Fulda, with Frankfurt to rear), —is not often caught napping as here at Wilhelmsthal. There ensued about the banks of the Fulda, and the question, Shall we be driven across it sooner or not so soon? a great deal of fighting and pushing (Battle called of *Lutternberg*, Battle of *Johannisberg*, and others): but all readers will look forward rather to the *Cannonade of Amöneburg*, more precisely Cannonade of the *Brücken-Mühle* (September 21st), which finishes these wearisome death-wrestlings. Peace is coming; all the world can now count on that!

Bute is ravenous for Peace; has been privately taking the most unheard-of steps:—wrote to Kaunitz, "Peace at once, and we will vote for your *having* Silesia;" to which Kaunitz, suspecting trickery in artless Bute, answered, haughtily sneering, "No help needed from your Lordship, in that matter!" After which repulse, or before it, Bute had applied to the Czar's Minister in London: "Czarish Majesty to have East Preussen guaranteed to him, if he will insist that the King of Prussia *dispense* with Silesia;" which the indignant Czar rejected with scorn, and at once made his Royal Friend aware of;—with what emotion on the Royal Friend's part we have transiently seen. "Horrors and perfidies!" ejaculated he, in our hearing lately; and regarded Bute, from that time, as a knave and an imbecile both in one; nor ever quite forgave Bute's Nation either, which was far from being Bute's accomplice in this unheard-of procedure. "No more Alliances with England!" counted he: "What

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Alliance can there be with that ever-fluctuating People; today they have a thrice-noble Pitt; tomorrow a thrice-paltry Bute, and all goes heels-over-head on the sudden!"[10]—

Bute, at this rate of going, will manage to get hold of Peace before long. To Friedrich himself, a Siege of Schweidnitz is now free; Schweidnitz his, the Austrians will have to quit Silesia. "Their cash is out: except prayer to the Virgin, what but Peace can they attempt farther? In Saxony things will have gone ill, if there be not enough left us to offer them in return for Glatz. And Peace and *As-you-were* must ensue!"—

Let us go upon Schweidnitz, therefore; pausing on none of these subsidiary things; and be brief upon Schweidnitz too.

[10] Preuss, ii. 308; Mitchell, ii. 286.

CHAPTER XII.

SIEGE OF SCHWEIDNITZ: SEVENTH CAMPAIGN ENDS.

DAUN being now cleared away, Friedrich instantly proceeds upon Schweidnitz. Orders the necessary Siege Materials to get under way from Neisse; posts his Army in the proper places, between Daun and the Fortress,—King's headquarter Dittmannsdorf, Army spread in fine large crescent-shape, to south-west of Schweidnitz some ten miles, and as far between Daun and it;—orders home to him his Upper-Silesia Detachments, "Home, all of you, by Neisse Country, to make up for Czernichef's departure; from Neisse onwards you can guard the Siege-Ammunition wagons!" Naturally he has blockaded Schweidnitz, from the first; he names Tauentzien Siege-Captain, with a 10 or 12,000 to do the Siege: "Ahead, all of you!"—and in short, *August 7th*, with the due adroitness and precautions, opens his first parallel; suffering little or nothing hitherto by a resistance which is rather vehement.[1] He expects to have the place in a couple of weeks—"one week (*huit jours*)" he sometimes counts it; but was far out in his reckoning as to time.

The Siege of Schweidnitz occupied two most laborious, tedious months;—and would be wearisome to every reader now, as it was to Friedrich then, did we venture on more than the briefest outline. The resist-

[1] Tempelhof, vi. 126.

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ance is vehement, very skilful:—Commandant is Guasco (the same who was so truculent to Schmettau in the Dresden time); his Garrison is near 12,000, picked from all regiments of the Austrian Army; his provisions, ammunitions, are of the amplest; and he has under him as chief Engineer a M. Gribeauval, who understands "counter-mining" like no other. After about a fortnight of trial, and one Event in the neighbourhood which shall be mentioned, this of Mining and Countermining, —though the External Sap went restlessly forward too, and the cannonading was incessant on both sides,—came to be regarded more and more as the real method, and for six or seven weeks longer was persisted in, with wonderful tenacity of attempt and resistance. Friedrich's chief Mining Engineer is also a Frenchman, one Lefebvre; who is personally the rival of Gribeauval (his old class-fellow at College, I almost think); but is not his equal in subterranean work,—or perhaps rather has the harder task of it, that of Mining, instead of *Counter*-mining, or *spoiling* Mines. Tempelhof's account of these two people, and their underground wrestle here, is really curious reading;—clear as daylight to those that will study, but of endless expansion (as usual in Tempelhof), and fit only to be indicated here.[2]

The external Event I promised to mention is an attempt on Daun's part (August 16th) to break in upon Friedrich's position, and interrupt the Siege, or render it still impossible. Event called the *Battle of Reichenbach*, though there was not much of battle in it;—in which our old friend the Duke of Brunswick-Bevern

[2] Tempelhof, vi. 122-219; *Bericht und Tagebuch von der Belagerung von Schweidnitz vom 7ten August bis 9 October* 1762 (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 376-479); Archenholtz, Retzow, &c.

(whom we have seen in abeyance, and merely a Garrison Commandant, for years back, till the Russians left Stettin to itself) again played a shining part.

Daun,—at Tannhausen, 10 miles to south-west of Friedrich, and spread out among the Hills, with Loudons, Lacys, Becks, as lieutenants, and in plenty of force, could he resolve on using it,—has at last, after a month's meditation, hit upon a plan. Plan of flowing round by the southern skirt of Friedrich, and seizing certain Heights to the south-eastern or open side of Schweidnitz,—Költschen Height the key one;* from which he may spread up at will, Height after Height, to the very Zobtenberg on that eastern side, and render Schweidnitz an impossibility. The plan, people say, was good; but required rapidity of execution,—a thing Daun is not strong in.

Bevern's behaviour, too, upon whom the edge of the matter fell, was very good. Bevern, coming on from Neisse and Upper-Silesia, had been much manœuvered upon for various days by Beck; Beck, a dangerous, alert man, doing his utmost to seize post after post, and bar Bevern's way,—meaning especially, as ultimate thing, to get hold of a Height called Fischerberg, which lies near Reichenbach (in the southern Schweidnitz vicinities), and is preface to Költschen Height and to the whole Enterprise of Daun. In most of which attempts, especially in this last, Bevern, with great merit, not of dexterity alone (for the King's Orders had often to be *dis*obeyed in the letter, and only the spirit of them held in view), contrived to outmanœuvre Beck; and be found (August 13th) already firm on the Fischerberg, when Beck, in full confidence, came marching towards it. "The Fischerberg lost to us!" Beck had to report,

* See Map, p. 306 *a*.

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in disappointment. "Must be recovered, and my grand Enterprise no longer put off!" thinks Daun to himself, in still more disappointment ("Laggard that I am!").—And, on the third day following, the *Battle of Reichenbach* ensued. Lacy, as chief, with abundant force, and Beck and Brentano under him: these are to march, "Recover me that Fischerberg; it is the preface to Költschen, and all else!"[3]

Monday, August 16th, pretty early in the day, Lacy, with his Becks and Brentanos, appeared in great force on the western side of Fischerberg; planted themselves there, about the three Villages of Peilau (Upper, Nether, and Middle Peilau, a little way to south of Reichenbach), within cannonshot of Bevern; their purpose abundantly clear. Behind them, in the gorges of the Mountains, what is not so clear, lay Daun and most of his Army; intending to push through at once upon Költschen and seize the key, were this of Fischerberg had. Lacy, after reconnoitering a little, spreads his tents (which it is observable Beck does not); and all Austrians proceed to cooking their dinner. "Nothing coming of them till tomorrow!" said Friedrich, who was here; and went his way home, on this symptom of the Austrian procedures;—hardly consenting to regard them farther, even when he heard their cannonade begin.

Lacy, the general composure being thus established, and dinner well done, suddenly drew out about five in the evening, in long strong line, before these Hamlets of Peilau, on the western side of the Fischerberg; Beck privately pushing round by woods to take it on the eastern side: and there ensued abundant cannonading on the part of Lacy and Brentano, and some idle flourishing about of horse, responded to by Bevern; and, on

[3] Tempelhof, vi. 144.

the part of Lacy and Brentano, nothing else whatever. More like a theatre fight than a real one, says Tempelhof. Beck, however, is in earnest; has a most difficult march through the tangled pathless woods; does arrive at length, and begin real fighting, very sharp for some time; which might have been productive, had Lacy given the least help to it, as he did *not*.[4] Beck did his firiest; but got repulsed everywhere. Beck tries in various places; finds swamps, impediments, fierce resistance from the Bevern people;—finds, at length, that the King is awake, and that reinforcements, horse, foot, riding-artillery, are coming in at the gallop; and that he, Beck, cannot too soon get away.

None of the King's Foot people could get in for a stroke, though they came mostly running (distance five miles); but the Horse-charges were beautifully impressive on Lacy's theatrical performers, as was the Horse-Artillery, to a still more surprising degree; and produced an immediate *Exeunt Omnes* on the Lacy part. All off; about 7 P.M.,—Sun just going down in the autumn sky;—and the Battle of Reichenbach a thing finished. Seeing which, Daun also immediately withdrew, through the gorges of the Mountains again. And for seven weeks thenceforth sat contemplative, without the least farther attempt at relief of Schweidnitz. It was during those seven weeks, some time after this, that poor Madam Daun, going to a Levee at Schönbrunn one day, had her carriage half filled with symbolical nightcaps, successively flung in upon her by the Vienna people;—symbolical; in lieu of Slashing Articles, and Newspapers the best Instructors, which they as yet have not.

Next day the Joy-fire of the Prussians taught Guasco

[4] Tempelhof, vi. 146-151.

what disaster had happened; and on the fifth day afterwards (August 22d), hearing nothing farther of Daun, Guasco offered to surrender, on the principle of Free Withdrawal. "No, never," answered Tauentzien, by the King's order: "As Prisoners of War it must be!" Upon which Guasco stood to his defences again; and maintained himself,—Gribeauval and he did,—with an admirable obstinacy: the details of which would be very wearisome to readers. Gribeauval and he, I said; for from this time, Engineer Lefebvre, though he tried (with bad skill, thinks Tempelhof) some bits of assault above ground, took mainly to mining, and a grand underground invention called *Globes de Compression;* which he reckoned to be the real sovereign method,—unlucky that he was! I may at least explain what *Globe de Compression* is; for it becomes famous on this occasion, and no name could be less descriptive of the thing. Not a *globe* at all, for that matter, nor intended to 'compress,' but to *ex*press, and shatter to pieces in a transcendent degree: it is, in fact, a huge cubical mine-chamber, filled by a wooden box (till Friedrich, in his hurry, taught Lefebvre that a sack would do as well), loaded with, say, five thousand-weight of powder. Sufficient to blow any horn-work, bastion, bulwark, into the air,—provided you plant it in the right place; which poor Lefebvre never can. He tried, with immense labour, successively some four or almost five of these "*Press Balls*" so-called (or Volcanoes in Little); mining on, many yards, 15 or 20 feet underground (tormented by Gribeauval all the way); then at last, exploding his five thousand-weight,—would produce a "Funnel," or crater, of perhaps '30 yards in diameter,' but, alas, '150 yards *off* any bastion.' Funnel of no use to him;—mere sign to him that he must go down

into it, and begin there again; with better aim, if possible. And then Gribeauval's tormentings; never were the like! Gribeauval has, all round under the Glacis, mine-galleries, or main-roads for Countermining, ready to his hand (mine-galleries built by Friedrich, while lately proprietor); there Gribeauval is hearkening the beat of Lefebvre's picks: "Ten yards from us, think you? Six yards? Get a 30 hundred-weight of chamber ready for him!" And will, at the right moment, blow Lefebvre's gallery about his ears;—sometimes burst in upon him bodily with pistol and cutlass, or still worse, with explosive sulphur-balls, choke-pots, and infinitudes of malodour instantaneously developed on Lefebvre,—which mean withal, "You will have to begin again, Monsieur!" Enough to drive a Lefebvre out of his wits. Twice, or oftener, Lefebvre, a zealous creature, but a thin-skinned, flew out into open paroxysm; wept, invoked the gods, threatened suicide: so that Friedrich had to console him, "Courage, you will manage it; make chicanes on Gribeauval, as he does on you,"—and suggested that powder-*sack* instead of deal-box, which we just mentioned.

Friedrich's patience seems to have been great; but in the end he began to think the time long. He was in three successive headquarters, Dittmannsdorf, Peterswaldau, Bögendorf, nearer and nearer;* at length quite near (Bögendorf within a couple of miles); and wondering Gazetteers reported him on horseback, examining minutely the parallels and siege-works,—with a singular indifference to the cannon-balls flying about ("Not easy to hit a small object with cannon!"), and intent only on giving Tauentzien suggestions, admonitions, and new orders. Here, prior to Bögendorf, are three snatches of

* See Map, p. 306*a*.

16 15
16 45
Striegau
To Liegnitz & Jauer
Domanze
Wernersdorf
To Breslau
Floriansdorf
Hausdorf
Rogau
Schwarz Wr.
Guhlau
Strehlitz
Zobten
Hohenfriedberg
Stephanshain
Gorkau
Schollwitz
Zobtenberg
Seifferdau
Bankwitz
Fröhlichsdorf
Kaltenbrunn
Freyberg
Gr. Wierau
Fürstenstein
Költschen Height
Schlaupitz
Adelsbach
Koltschen
Langen Seiffersdorf
Hennersdorf
Waldenburg
Bertholdsdorf
45 50
Reichenbach
Fell Hammer Hayn
Girlachsdorf
Peterswaldau
Fischerberg
Lang Waltersdorf
Nether Peilau
Middle Peilau
Upper Peilau
Gorberstadt
To Gr. Nossen & Neisse

COUNTRY.

BUNZELWITZ - BURKERSDORF - REICHENBACH COUNTRY.

writing, which successively have indications for us. *King to Prince Henri:*

Peterswaldau (King has just shifted hither, August 10th, on the Bevern-*Reichenbach* score; continues here till September 23d), *August 13th*, 1762. * * "You are right to say, 'We "ourselves are our best Allies.' I am of the same opinion; "nevertheless, it is a clear duty and call of prudence to try "and alleviate the burden as much as possible: and I own to "you, that if, after all I have written, the thing fails this time" (as it does), "I shall be obliged to grant that there is nothing "to be made of those Turks."— —"We are now in the press "of our crisis as to Schweidnitz. The Siege advances beauti- "fully: but Beck is come hereabouts, Lacy masked behind him; "and I cannot yet tell you" (not till *Reichenbach* and the 16th) "whether the Enemy intends some big adventure for disengaging "Schweidnitz, or will content himself with disturbing and an- "noying us."

Peterswaldau, 9th September. 'Springs, water-threads coming 'into our mines delay us a little: "by the 12th" (in 3 days time, little thinking it would be 30 days!) "I still hope to despatch you "a courier with the news, All is over! Your Nephew" (Prince of Prussia) "is out today assisting in a forage; he begins to kindle "into fine action. We are nothing but pygmies in comparison "to him" (in point of physical stature); "imagine to yourself "Prince Franz" (of Brunswick; killed, poor fellow, at Hoch- kirch), "only taller still; this is the figure of him at present."

Peterswaldau, September 19th. * * "Our Siege wearies all "the world; people persecute me to know the end of it; I never "get a Berlin Letter without something on that head;—and I "have no resource myself but patience. We do all we can: but "I cannot hinder the enemy from defending himself, and Gri- "beauval from being a clever fellow:—soon, however, surely "soon, soon, we shall see the end. Our weather here is like De- "cember; the Seasons are as mad as the Politics of Europe. "Finally, my dear Brother, one must shove Time on; day fol- "lows day, and at last we shall catch the one that ends our

"labours. Adieu; *je vous embrasse.*"[5]—Here farther, from the Siege-ground itself, are some traceries, scratchings by a sure hand, which yield us something of image. Date is still only '*Before* Schweidnitz,' far on in the eighth week:

September 23*d*. 'This morning, before 9, the King' (direct from Peterswaldau, where he has been lodging hitherto,—must have breakfasted rather early) 'came into the Lines here:—his 'quarter is now to be at Bögendorf near hand, in a Farmhouse 'there. The Prince of Prussia was riding with him, and Lieu-'tenant-Colonel von Anhalt' (the Adjutant whom we have heard of): 'he looked at the Battery' lately ordered by him; 'looked 'at many things; rode along, a good 100 yards, inside of the 'vedettes; so that the Enemy noticed him, and fired violently,'—King decidedly ignoring. 'To Captain Beauvrye' (Captain of the Miners) 'he paid a gracious compliment; Major Lefebvre 'he rallied a little for losing heart, for bungling his business; 'but was not angry with him, consoled him rather; bantered 'him on the shabbiness of his equipments, and made him a gift 'of 400 thalers (60*l*.), to improve them. Lefebvre, Tauentzien, 'and' another General 'dined with him at Bögendorf today.'[6]

September 24*th, early*. 'The King on horseback viewed the 'trenches, rode close behind the first parallel, along the midmost 'communication-line: the Enemy cannonaded at us horribly '(*erschrecklich*); a ball struck down the Page von Pirch's horse' (Pirch lay writhing, making moan,—plainly over-much, thought the King): 'on Pirch's accident, too, the Prince of Prussia's 'horse made a wild plunge, and pitched its rider aloft out of 'the saddle; people thought the Prince was shot, and everybody 'was in horror: great was the commotion; only the King was 'heard calling with a clear voice, "*Pirch, vergiss Er seinen Sattel* "*nicht*,—Pirch, bring your saddle with you!"'—

This of Pirch and the saddle is an Anecdote in wide circulation; taken sometimes as a proof of Royal thrift; but is mainly the Royal mode of rebuking Pirch for his weak behaviour in the accident that had befallen. Pirch, an ingenious handy kind of

[5] Schöning, iii. 403, 430, 446.

[6] 'Captain Götz's *Notebook*' (a conspicuous Captain here, Notebook still in manuscript, I think): cited in *Schöning*, iii. 453 et seq.

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fellow, famed for his pranks and trickeries in those Page-days, had many adventures in the world;—was, for one while, something of a notability among the French; will "teach you the Prussian mode of drill," and actually got leave to try it "on the German Regiments in our service:"[7]—died, finally, as Colonel of one of these, at the Siege of Gibraltar, in 1783.

September 25th. 'Morning and noon, each time two hours, 'the King was in his new batteries; and, with great satisfaction, 'watched the working of them. This day there dined with him 'the Prince of Bernburg' (General of Brigade here), 'Tauen-'tzien, Lefebvre, and Dieskau' (head of the Artillery).

The King is always riding about; has now, virtually, taken charge of the Siege himself. 'In Bögendorf, the first night, he 'dismissed the Guard sent for him; would have nothing there 'but six chasers (*jäger*):' an alarming case! 'After a night or 'two, there came always, without his knowledge, a dragoon party 'of 30 horse; took post behind Bögendorf Church, patrolled 'towards Kunzendorf, Giesdorf, and had three pickets.'

September 28th. 'Gribeauval has sprung a mine last night;' totally blown up Lefebvre again! 'Engineer-Lieutenants Ger-'hard and Von Kleist were wounded by our own people; Captain 'Guyon was shot:' things all going wrong,—weather, I suspect also, bad. 'The King was in dreadful humour (*sehr ungnädig*); 'rated and rebuked to right and left: "If it should last till "January, the Attack must go on. Nobody seems to be able "for his business; Lefebvre a blockhead (*dummer Teufel*), who "knows nothing of mining: the Generals, too, where are they? "Every General henceforth is to take his place in the third "parallel, at the head of his Covering-Party" (most exposed place of all), "and stay his whole twenty-four hours there" (Prince of Anhalt-Bernburg is Covering-Party today; I hope, in his post during this thunder!): "Taken the Place can and must be! We "have the misfortune, That a stupid Engineer who knows no-"thing of his art has the direction; and a General without sense

[7] Voltaire's wondering Report of him ('Ferney, 7th December 1774'), and Friedrich's quiet Answer ('Berlin, 28th December 1774'): in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 297, 301. Rödenbeck (ii. 198-200) has a slight "*Biography*" of Pirch.

"in Sieging has the command. Everybody is at a *nonplus*, it "appears! Not all our Artillery can silence that Front-fire; not "in a single place can Thirty stupid Miners get into the Fort." 'Today and yesterday the King spoke neither to General Tauen-'tzien nor to Major Lefebvre; Lieutenant-Colonel von Anhalt 'had to give all the Orders.' An electric kind of day!

The weather is becoming wet. In fact, there ensue whole weeks of rain,—the trenches swimming, service very hard. Guasco's guns are many of them dismounted; no Daun to be heard of. Guasco again and again proposes modified capitulations; answer always, "Prisoners of War on the common terms." Guasco is wearing low: *October 7th* (Lefebvre sweating and puffing at his last Globe of Expression, hoping to hit the mark this last time), an accidental grenade from Tauentzien, above ground, rolled into one of Guasco's powder-vaults; blew it, and a good space of Wall along with it, into wreck; two days after which, Guasco had finished his Capitulating;—and we get done with this wearisome affair.[8] Guasco was invited to dine with the King; praised for his excellent defence. Prisoners of War his Garrison and he; about 9,000 of them still on their feet; their entire loss had been 3,552 killed and wounded; that of the Prussians 3,033. Poor Guasco died, in Königsberg, still prisoner, before the Peace came.

Of Austrian fighting in Silesia, this proved to be the last, in the present Controversy which has endured so long. No thought of fighting is in Daun; far the reverse. Daun is getting ill off for horse-forage in his Mountains; the weather is bad upon him; we hear 'he has had, for some time past, 12,000 labourers' palisading and forti-

[8] Tempelhof, vi. 122-220; *Tagebuch von der Belagerung von Schweidnitz vom 7ten August bis 9ten October* 1762 (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 376-479); Tielke, &c. &c.

fying at the Passes of Bohemia: "Truce for the Winter" is what he proposes. To which the King answers, "No; unless you retire wholly within Bohemia and Glatz Country:" this at present Daun grudged to do; but was forced to it, some weeks afterwards, by the sleets and the snows, had there been no other pressure. In about three weeks hence, Friedrich, leaving Bevern in command here, and a Silesia more or less adjusted, made for Saxony; whither important reinforcements had preceded him,—reinforcements under General Wied, the instant it was possible. Saxony he had long regarded as the grand point, were Schweidnitz over: "Recapture Dresden, and they will have to give us Peace this very Winter!" Daun, also with reinforcements, followed him to Saxony, as usual; but never quite arrived, or else found matters settled on arriving;—and will not require farther mention in this History. He died some three years hence, age 60;[9] an honourable, imperturbable, eupeptic kind of man, sufficiently known to readers by this time.

Friedrich did not recapture Dresden; far enough from that,—though Peace came all the same. Hardly a week after our recovery of Schweidnitz, Stollberg and his Reichsfolk, especially his Austrians, became unexpectedly pert upon Henri; pressed forward (October 15th), in overpowering force, into his Posts about Freyberg, Pretschendorf, and that south-western Reich-ward part: "No more invadings of Bohemia from you, Monseigneur; no more tormentings of the Reich; here is other work for you, my Prince!"—and in spite of all Prince Henri could do, drove him back, clear out of Freyberg; north-westward, towards Hülsen and his re-

[9] '5th February 1766;' 'born, 24th September 1705' (Hormayr, *Oesterreichischer Plutarch*, ii. 80-111).

serves.[10] Giving him, in this manner, what soldiers call a slap; slap which might have been more considerable, had those Stollberg people followed it up with emphasis. But they did not; so alert was Henri. Henri at once rallied beautifully from his slap (King's reinforcements coming, too, as we have said); and, in ten-days time, without any reinforcement, paid Stollberg and Company by a stunning blow: *Battle of Freyberg* (October 29th), —which must not go without mention, were it only as Prince Henri's sole Battle, and the last of this War. Preparatory to which and its sequel, let us glance again at Duke Ferdinand and the English-French posture,— also for the last time.

Cannonade at Amöneburg (21st September 1762). 'The con-
'troversies about right or left bank of the Fulda have been
'settled long since in Ferdinand's favour; who proceeded next
'to blockade the various French strongholds in Hessen; Mar-
'burg, Ziegenhayn, especially Cassel; with an eye to besieging
'the same, and rooting the French permanently out. To pre-
'vent or delay which, what can Soubise and D'Estrées do but
'send for their secondary smaller Army, which is in the Lower-
'Rhine Country under a Prince de Condé, mostly idle at pre-
'sent, to come and join them in the critical regions here.
'Whereupon new Controversy shifting westward to the Mayn
'and Nidda-Lahn Country, to achieve said Junction and to
'hinder it. Junction was not to be hindered.' The D'Estrées-
'Soubise people and young Condé made good manœuvering,
'handsome fight on occasion; so that in spite of all the Erb-
'prinz could do, they got hands joined; far too strong for the
'Erbprinz thenceforth; and on the last night of August were
'all fairly together, headquarter Friedberg in Frankfurt Coun-
'try (a thirty miles north of Frankfurt); and were earnestly con-

[10] *Bericht von dem Angriff so am 15ten October 1762 von der Reichs-Armee auf die Königlich-Preussischen unter dem Prinzen Heinrich geschehen* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 362-364). *Ausführlicher Bericht von der den 15ten October 1762 bey Brand vorgefallenen Action* (Ibid. iii. 350-362). Tempelhof, vi. 238.

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'sidering the now not hopeless question, "How, or by what routes "and methods, push to north-westward, get through to those "blockaded Hessian Strong-places, Cassel especially; and hinder "Ferdinand's besieging them, and quite outrooting us there?"

'This is a difficult question, but a vital. "Sweep rapidly 'past Ferdinand,—cannot we? Well frontward or westward of 'him, dexterously across the Lahn and its Branches (our light 'people are to rear of him, on this side of the Fulda, between 'the Fulda and him): once joined with those light people by 'such methods, we have Cassel ahead, Ferdinand to rear, and 'will make short work with the blockades,—the blockades will 'have to rise in a hurry!" This was the plan devised by D'Es-'trées; and rapidly set about; but it was seen into, at the first 'step, by Ferdinand, who proved still more rapid upon it. Camp-'ings, counter-campings, crossings of the Lahn by D'Estrées 'people, then recrossings of it, ensued for above a fortnight; 'which are not for mention here: in fine, about the middle of 'September, the D'Estrées Enterprise had plainly become im-'possible, unless it could get across the Ohm,—an eastern, or 'wide-circling north-eastern Branch of the Lahn,—where, on 'the right or eastern bank of which, as better for him than the 'Lahn itself in this part, Ferdinand now is. "Across the Ohm: "and that, how can that be done, the provident Ferdinand having "laid hold of Ohm, and secured every pass of it, several days "ago! Perhaps by a Surprisal; by extreme despatch?"

'Amöneburg is a pleasant little Town, about thirty miles 'east of Marburg,—in which latter we have been, in very old 'times; looking after St. Elizabeth, Teutsch Ritters, Philip the 'Magnanimous, and other objects. Amöneburg stands on the 'left or western bank of the Ohm, with an old Schloss in it, 'and a Bridge near by; both of which, Ferdinand, the left or 'southmost wing of whose Position on the other bank of Ohm is 'hereabouts, has made due seizure of. Seizure of the Bridge, 'first of all,—Bridge with a Mill at it (which, in consequence, is 'called *Brücken-Mühle*, Bridge-Mill),—at the eastern end of this 'there is a strong Redoubt, with the Bridge-way blocked and 'rammed ahead of it; there Ferdinand has put 200 men; 500 'more are across in Amöneburg and its old Castle. Unless by sur-'prisal and extreme despatch, there is clearly no hope! Ferdi-

'nand's headquarter is seven or eight miles to north-west of this 'his Brücken-Mühle and extreme left; next to Brücken-Mühle 'is Zastrow's Division; next, again, is Granby's; several Divi- 'sions between Ferdinand and it: "Do it by surprisal, by utmost 'force of vehemency!" say the French. And accordingly,

'*September* 21*st*' (day of the Equinox 1762), 'An hour before 'sunrise, there began, quite on the sudden, a vivid attack on the 'Brücken-Mühle and on Amöneburg, by cannon, by musketry, 'by all methods; and, in spite of the alert and completely ob- 'stinate resistance, would not cease; but, on the contrary, seemed 'to be on the increasing hand, new cannon, new musketries; and 'went on, hour after hour, ever the more vivid. So that, about '8 in the morning, after three hours of this, Zastrow, with his 'Division, had to intervene: to range himself on the Hill-top 'behind this Brücken-Mühle; replace the afflicted 200 (many of 'them hurt, not a few killed) by a fresh 200 of his own; who 'again needed to be relieved before long. For the French, whom 'Zastrow had to imitate in that respect, kept bringing up more 'cannon, ever more, as if they would bring up all the cannon of 'their Army; and there rose between Zastrow and them such a 'cannonade, for length and loudness together, as had not been 'heard in this War. Most furious cannonading, musketading; 'and seemingly no end to it. Ferdinand himself came over to 'ascertain; found it a hot thing indeed. Zastrow had to relieve 'his 200 every hour: "Don't go down in rank, you new ones," 'ordered he;—"slide, leap, descend the hill-face in scattered 'form:' rank at the bottom!"—and generally about half of the 'old 200 were left dead or lamed by their hour's work. "They 'intend to have this Bridge from us at any cost," thinks Ferdi- 'nand; "and at any cost they shall not!" And, in the end, orders 'Granby forward, in room of Zastrow who has had some eight 'hours of it now; and rides home to look after his main quarters.

'It was about 4 in the afternoon when Granby and his Eng- 'lish came into the fire; and I rather think the French onslaught 'was, if anything, more furious than ever:—Despair striding 'visibly forward on it, or something too like Despair. Amöne- 'burg they had battered to pieces, Wall and Schloss, so that the '500 had to ground arms: but not an inch of way had they 'made upon the Bridge, nor were like to make. Granby con-

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'tinued on the old plan, plying all his diligences and artilleries; 'needing them all. Fierce work to a degree: "200 of you go 'down on wings" (in an hour about 100 will come back)! In 'English Families you will still hear some vague memory of 'Amöneburg, How we had built walls of the dead, and fired 'from behind them,—French more and more furious, we more 'and more obstinate. Granby had still four hours of it; sunset, 'twilight, dusk; about 8, the French, in what spirits I can guess, 'ceased, and went their way. Bridge impossible; game up. 'They had lost, by their own account, 1,100 killed and wounded; 'Ferdinand probably not fewer.'[11]

And in this loud peal, what none could yet know, the French-English part of the Seven-Years War had ended. The French attempted nothing farther; hutted themselves where they were, and waited in the pouring rains: Ferdinand also hutted himself, in guard of the Ohm; while his people plied their Siege-batteries on Cassel, on Ziegenhayn, cannonading their best in the bad weather;—took Cassel, did not quite take Ziegenhayn, had it been of moment;—and for above six weeks coming (till November 7th-14th[12]), nothing more but skirmishings and small scuffles, not worth a word from us, fell out between the Two Parties there. That Cannonade of the Brücken-Mühle had been finis.

For supreme Bute, careless of the good news coming in on him from West and from East, or even rather embarrassed by them, had some time ago started decisively upon the Peace Negotiation. 'September 5th,' three weeks before that of Amöneburg, 'the Duke of Bedford, 'Bute's Plenipotentiary, set out towards Paris,—consi- 'derably hissed on the street here by a sulky population,' it would seem;—'but sure of success in Paris. Bute

[11] Mauvillon, ii. 251; *Helden-Geschichte*, vii. 432-439.

[12] Preliminaries of Peace *signed*, 'Paris, November 3d;' known to French Generals, 'November 7th;' not, *officially*, to Ferdinand till 'November 14th' (Mauvillon, ii. 257).

'shared in none of the national triumphs of this Year. 'The transports of rejoicing which burst out on the 'news of Havanah' were a sorrow and distress to him.[13] "Havanah, what shall we do with it?" thought he; and for his own share answered stiffly, "Nothing with it; fling it back to them!"—till some consort of his persuaded him Florida would look better.[14] Of Manilla and the Philippines he did not even hear till Peace was concluded; had made the Most Catholic Carlos a present of that Colony,—who would not even pay our soldiers their Manilla Ransom, as too disagreeable. Such is the Bute, such and no other, whom the satirical Fates have appointed to crown and finish off the heroic Day's-work of such a Pitt. Let us, if we can help it, speak no more of him! Friedrich writes before leaving for Saxony: "The "Peace between the English and the French is much "farther off than was thought;—so many oppositions "do the Spaniards raise, or rather do the French,—busy "duping this buzzard of an English Minister, who has not "common sense."[15] Never fear, your Majesty: a man with Havanahs and Manillas of that kind to fling about at random, is certain to bring Peace, if resolved on it!—

We said, Prince Henri rallied beautifully from his little slap, and loss of Freyberg (October 15th), and that the King was sending Wied with reinforcements to him. In fact, Prince Henri of himself was all alertness, and instantly appeared on the Heights again; seemingly quite in sanguinary humour, and courting Battle, much more than was yet really the case. Which cowed Stollberg from meddling with him farther, as he might have done. Not for some ten days had Henri

[13] Walpole's *George the Third*, ii. 191.

[14] Thackeray, ii. 11.

[15] Schöning, iii. 480 (To Henri: 'Peterswaldau, 17th October 1762').

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finished his arrangements; and then, under cloud of night (28*th*-29*th October* 1762), he did break forward on those Spittelwalds and Michael's Mounts, and multiplex impregnabilities about Freyberg, in what was thought a very shining manner. The *Battle of Freyberg*, I think, is five or six miles long, all on the west, and finally on the south-west side of Freyberg (north and north-west sides, with so many batteries and fortified villages, are judged unattackable); and the main stress, very heavy for some time, lay in the abatis of the Spittelwald (where Seidlitz was sublime), and about the roots of St. Michael's Mount (the *top* of it Stollberg, or some foolish General of Stollberg's, had left empty; nobody there when we reached the top),—down from which, Freyberg now lying free ahead of us, and the Spittelwald on our left now also ours, we take Stollberg in rear, and turn him inside out. The Battle lasted only three hours, till Stollberg and his Maguires, Campitellis, and Austrians (especially his Reichsfolk, who did no work at all, except at last running), were all under way; and the hopes of some Saxon Victory to balance one's disgraces in Silesia had altogether vanished.[16]

Of Austrians and Reichsfolk together I dimly count about 40,000, in this Action; Prince Henri seems to have been well under 30,000.[17] I will give Prince Henri's *Despatch* to his Brother (a most modest Piece); and cannot afford to say more of the matter,—except that 'Wegfurth,' where Henri gets on march the night before, lies 8 or more miles west-by-north of Freyberg and the Spittelwald, and is about as far straight south

[16] *Beschreibung der am 29sten October* 1762 *bey Freyberg vorgefallenen Schlacht* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 365-376). Tempelhof, vi. 235-258; *Helden-Geschichte*, vii. 177-181.

[17] '29 battalions, 60 squadrons,' *versus* '49 battalions, 68 squadrons' (Schöning, iii. 499).

from Hainichen, Gellert's birthplace, who afterwards got the War-horse now coming into action,—I sometimes think, with what surprise to that quadruped!

Prince Henri to the King (Battle just done; King on the road from Silesia hither, Letter meets him at Löwenberg).

"Freyberg, 29th October 1762.

"My dearest Brother,—It is a happiness for me to send you "the agreeable news, That your Army has this day gained a "considerable advantage over the combined Austrian and Reichs "Army. I marched yesternight; I had got on through Weg- "furth, leaving Spittelwald[18] to my left, with intent to seize" (storm, if necessary) "the Height of St. Michael,—when I came "upon the Enemy's Army. I made two true attacks, and two "false: the Enemy resisted obstinately; but the sustained valour "of your troops prevailed: and, after three hours in fire, the "Enemy was obliged to yield everywhere. I don't yet know "the number of Prisoners; but there must be above 4,000:— "the Reichs Army has lost next to nothing; the stress of effort "fell to the Austrian share. We have got quantities of Cannon "and Flags; Lieutenant-General Roth of the Reichs Army is "among our Prisoners. I reckon we have lost from 2 to 3,000 "men; among them no Officer of mark. Lieutenant-General "von Seidlitz rendered me the highest services; in a place "where the Cavalry could not act" (border of the Spittelwald, and its impassable entanglements and obstinacies), "he put him- "self at the head of the Infantry, and did signal services" (his Battle mainly, scheming and all, say some ill-natured private accounts); "Generals Belling and Kleist" (renowned Colonels known to us, now become Major-Generals) "did their very "best. All the Infantry was admirable; not one battalion "yielded ground. My Aide-de-Camp" (Kalkreuth, a famous man in the Napoleon times long after), "who brings you this, "had charge of assisting to conduct the attack through the "Spittelwald" (and did it well, we can suppose): "if, on that "ground, you pleased to have the goodness to advance him, I "should have my humble thanks to give you. There are a

[18] Tempelhof, p. 237.

29th Oct.—4th Nov. 1762.

"good many Officers who have distinguished themselves and "behaved with courage, for whom I shall present similar re- "quests. You will permit me to pay those who have taken "cannons and flags" (100 ducats per cannon, 50 per flag, or whatever the tariff was:—"By all manner of means!" his Majesty would answer).

"The Enemy is retiring towards Dresden and Dippoldis- "walda. I am sending at his heels this night, and shall hear "the result. My Aide-de-Camp is acquainted with all, and will "be able to render you account of everything you may wish to "know in regard to our present circumstances. General Wied, "I believe, will cross Elbe tomorrow" (General Wied, with 10,000 to help us,—for whom it was too dangerous to wait, or perhaps there was a spur on one's own mind?); "his arrival "would be" (not 'would have been:' *cela viendrait*, not even *viendra*) "very opportune for me. I am, with all attachment, "my dearest Brother,—your most devoted Servant and Bro- "ther,—HENRI."[19]

Tomorrow, in cipher, goes the following Despatch:

"Freyberg, 30th October 1762.

"General Wied" (not yet come to hand, or even got across Elbe) "informs me, That Prince Albert of Saxony" (pushing hither with reinforcement, sent by Daun) "must have crossed "Elbe yesterday at Pirna" (did not show face here, with his large reinforcements to them, or what would have become of us!);—"and that for this reason he, Wied, must himself cross; "which he will tomorrow. The same day I am to be joined by "some battalions from General Hülsen; and the day after to- "morrow, when General Wied" (coming by Meissen Bridge, it appears) "shall have reached the Katzenhäuser, the whole of "General Hülsen's troops will join me. Directly thereupon I "shall—"[20] Or no more of that second Despatch; Friedrich's *Letter in Response* is better worth giving:

"Löwenberg, 2d November 1762.

"My dear Brother,—The arrival of Kalkreuter" (so he persists in calling him), "and of your Letter, my dear Brother, has

[19] Schöning, iii. 491, 492.

[20] Ibid. p. 493.

"made me twenty" (not to say forty) "years younger: yester-
"day I was sixty, today hardly eighteen. I bless Heaven for
"preserving you in health (*bonne santé*," so we term escape of lesion in fight); "and that things have passed so happily! You
"took the good step of attacking those who meant to attack you;
"and, by your good and solid measures (*dispositions*), you have
"overcome all the difficulties of a strong Post and a vigorous re-
"sistance. It is a service so important rendered by you to the
"State, that I cannot enough express my gratitude, and will wait
"to do it in person.

"Kalkreuter will explain what motions I"— * * "If For-
"tune favour our views on Dresden" (which it cannot in the least, at this late season), "we shall indubitably have Peace this
"Winter or next Spring,—and get honourably out of a difficult
"and perilous conjuncture, where we have often seen ourselves
"within two steps of total destruction. And, by this which you
"have now done, to you alone will belong the honour of having
"given the final stroke to Austrian Obstinacy, and laid the foun-
"dations of the Public Happiness, which will be the consequence
"of Peace.—F."[21]

Two days after this, November 4th, Friedrich is in Meissen; November 9th, he comes across to Freyberg; has a pleasant day,—pleasant survey of the Battlefield, Henri and Seidlitz escorting as guides. Henri, in furtherance of the Dresden project, has Kleist out on the Bohemian Magazines,—"That is the one way to clear Dresden neighbourhood of Enemies!" thinks Henri always. Kleist burns the considerable magazine of Saatz; finds the grand one of Leitmeritz too well guarded for him:—upon which, in such snowdrifts and sleety deluges, is not Dresden plainly impossible, your Majesty? Impossible, Friedrich admits,—the rather as he now sees Peace to be coming without that. Freyberg has at last broken the back of Austrian Obstinacy. "Go in upon the Reich," Friedrich now orders Kleist, the instant

[21] Schöning, iii. 495, 496.

24th Nov. 1762.
Kleist is home from his Bohemian inroad: "In upon the Reich, with 6,000, in your old style! That will dispose the Reichs Principalities to Peace."

Kleist marched, November 3d; kept the Reich in paroxysm, till December 13th;—Plotho, meanwhile, proclaiming in the Reichs Diet: "Such Reichs Princes as wish for Peace with my King can have it; those that prefer War, they too can have it!" Kleist, dividing himself in the due artistic way, flew over the Voigtland, on to Bamberg, on to Nürnberg itself (which he took, by sounding ram's-horns, as it were, having no gun heavier than a carbine, and held for a week);[22]—fluttering the Reichs Diet not a little, and disposing everybody for Peace. The Austrians saw it with pleasure, "We solemnly engaged to save these poor people harmless, on their joining us;—and, behold, it has become thrice and four times impossible. Let them fall off into Peace, like ripe pears, of themselves; we can then turn round and say, 'Save you harmless? Yes; if you hadn't fallen off!'"

November 24th, all Austrians make Truce with Friedrich, Truce till March 1st;—all Austrians, and what is singular, with no mention of the Reich whatever. The Reich is defenceless, at the feet of Kleist and his 6,000. Stollberg is still in Prussian neighbourhood; and may be picked up any day! Stollberg hastens off to defend the Reich; finds the Reich quite empty of enemies before his arrival;—and at least saves his own skin. A month or two more, and Stollberg will lay down his Command, and the last Reichs-Execution Army, playing Farce-Tragedy so long, make its exit from the Theatre of this World.

[22] *Helden-Geschichte*, vii. 186-194.

CHAPTER XIII.

PEACE OF HUBERTSBURG.

THE Prussian troops took Winter-quarters in the Meissen-Freyberg region, the old Saxon ground, familiar to them for the last three years: room enough this Winter, 'from Plauen and Zwickau, round by Langensalza again;' Truce with everybody, and nothing of disturbance till March 1st at soonest. The usual recruiting went on, or was preparing to go on,—a part of which took immediate effect, as we shall see. Recruiting, refitting, "Be ready for a new Campaign, in any case: the readier we are, the less our chance of having one!" Friedrich's headquarter is Leipzig; but till December 5th, he does not get thither. "More business on me than ever!" complains he. At Leipzig he had his Nephews, his D'Argens; for a week or two his Brother Henri; finally, his Berlin Ministers, especially Herzberg, when actual Peace came to be the matter in hand. Henri, before that, had gone home: "Peace being now the likelihood;—Home; and recruit one's poor health, at Berlin, among friends!"

Before getting to Leipzig, the King paid a flying Visit at Gotha;—probably now the one fraction of these manifold Winter movements and employments, in which readers could take interest. Of this, as there happens

3d Dec. 1762.

to be some record left of it, here is what will suffice. From Meissen, Friedrich writes to his bright Grand-Duchess, always a bright, high and noble creature in his eyes: "Authorised by your approval" (has politely inquired beforehand), "I shall have the infinite satisfac-" tion of paying my duties on December 3d" (four days hence), "and of reiterating to you, Madame, my live-" liest and sincerest assurances of esteem and friend-" ship." * * 'Some of my Commissariat people have 'been misbehaving? Strict inquiry shall be had,'[1]—and we soon find, *was*. But the Visit is our first thing.

The Visit took place accordingly; Seidlitz, a man known in Gotha ever since his fine scenic-military procedures there in 1757, accompanied the King. Of the lucent individualities invited to meet him, all are now lost to me, except one Putter, a really learned Göttingen Professor (deep in *Reichs-History* and the like), whom the Duchess has summoned over. By the dim lucency of Putter, faint to most of us as a rushlight in the act of going out, the available part of our imagination must try to figure, in a kind of Obliterated-Rembrandt way, this glorious Evening; for there was but one,—December 3d-4th,—Friedrich having to leave early on the 4th. Here is Putter's record, given in the third person:

'During dinner, Putter, honourably present among 'the spectators of this high business, was beckoned by 'the Duchess to step near the King' (right hand or left, Putter does not say); but 'the King graciously turned 'round, and conversed with Putter.' The King said:

King. "In German History much is still buried; many im-" portant Documents lie hidden in Monasteries." Putter answered '*schicklich*—fitly;' that is all we know of Putter's answer.

[1] To the Grand-Duchess, 'Meissen, 29th November' (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xviii. 199).

King (thereupon). "Of Books on Reichs-History I know "only the *Père Barri*."[2]

Putter. * * "Foreigners have for most part known only, in regard to our History, a Latin work written by Struve at Jena."[3]

King. "Struv, Struvius; him I don't know."

Putter. "It is a pity Barri had not known German."

King. "Barri was a Lorrainer; Barri must have known Ger- "man!"—Then turning to the Duchess, on this hint about the German Language, he told her, 'in a ringing merry tone, How, 'at Leipzig once, he had talked with Gottsched' (talk known to 'us) on that subject, and had said to him, That the French had 'many advantages; among others, that a word could often be 'used in a complex signification, for which you had in German 'to scrape together several different expressions. Upon which 'Gottsched had said, "We will have that mended (*Das wollen 'wir noch machen*)!" These words the King repeated twice or 'thrice, with such a tone that you could well see how the man's 'conceit had struck him;'—and in short, 'as we know already, what a gigantic entity, consisting of wind mainly, he took this elevated Gottsched to be.

Upon which, Putter retires into the honorary ranks again; silent, at least to us, and invisible; as the rest of this Royal Evening at Gotha is.[4] Here, however, is the Letter following on it two days after:

Friedrich to the Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha.

"Leipzig, 6th December 1762.

"Madame,—I should never have done, my adorable Duchess, "if I rendered you account of all the impressions which the "friendship you lavished on me has made on my heart. I could

[2] *Barri de Beaumarchais*, 10 voll. 4to, Paris, 1748: I believe, an extremely feeble Pillar of Will-o'-Wisps by Night;—as I can expressly testify Pfeffel to be (Pfeffel, *Abrégé Chronologique de l'Histoire d'Allemagne*, 2 voll. 4to, Paris, 1776), who has succeeded Barri as Patent Guide through that vast *Sylva Sylvarum* and its pathless intricacies, for the inquiring French and English.

[3] Burkhard Gotthelf Struve, *Syntagma Historiæ Germanicæ* (1730, 2 voll. folio).

[4] 'Putter's *Selbstbiographie* (Autobiography), p. 406:' cited in Preuss, ii. 277 n.

25th Nov. 1762.

"wish to answer it by entering into everything that can be "agreeable to you" (conduct of my Recruiters or Commissariat people first of all). "I take the liberty of forwarding the *Answers* "which have come in to the Two *Mémoires* you sent me. I am "mortified, Madame, if I have not been able to fulfil completely "your desires: but if you knew the situation I am in, I flatter "myself you would have some consideration for it.

"I have found myself here" (in Leipzig, as elsewhere) "over-"whelmed with business, and even to a degree I had not ex-"pected. Meanwhile, if I ever can manage again to run over "and pay you in person the homage of a heart which is more "attached to you than that of your near relations, assuredly I "will not neglect the first opportunity that shall present itself.

"Messieurs the English" (Bute, Bedford and Company, with their Preliminaries signed, and all my Westphalian Provinces left in a condition we shall hear of) "continue to betray. Poor M. "Mitchell has had a stroke of apoplexy on hearing it. It is a "hideous thing (*chose affreuse*); but I will speak of it no more. "May you, Madame, enjoy all the prosperities that I wish for "you, and not forget a Friend, who will be till his death, with "sentiments of the highest esteem and the most perfect con-"sideration,—Madame, your Highness's most faithful Cousin "and Servant,—FRIEDRICH."[5]

For a fortnight past, Friedrich has had no doubt that general Peace is now actually at hand. November 25th, ten days before this visit, a Saxon Privy-Councillor, Baron von Fritsch, who, by Order from his Court, had privately been at Vienna on the errand, came privately next, with all speed, to Friedrich (Meissen, November 25th):[6] "Austria willing for Treaty; is your Majesty willing?" "Thrice-willing, I; my terms well known!" Friedrich would answer,—gladdest of mankind to see general Pacification coming to this vexed Earth again. The Dance of the Furies, waltzing itself off, *home* out of this upper sunlight: the mad Bellona steeds

[5] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xviii. 201. [6] Rödenbeck, ii. 193.

plunging down, down, towards their Abysses again, for a season!—

This was a result which Friedrich had foreseen as nearly certain ever since the French and English signed their Preliminaries. And there was only one thing which gave him anxiety: that of his Rhine Provinces and Strong Places, especially Wesel, which have been in French hands for six years past, ever since Spring 1757. Bute stipulates That those places and countries shall be evacuated by his Choiseul, as soon as weather and possibility permit; but Bute, astonishing to say, has not made the least stipulation as to whom they are to be delivered to,—allies or enemies, it is all one to Bute. Truly rather a shameful omission, Pitt might indignantly think,—and call the whole business steadily, as he persisted to do, "a shameful Peace," had there been no other article in it but this;—as Friedrich, with at least equal emphasis, thought and felt. And, in fact, it had thrown him into very great embarrassment, on the first emergence of it.

For her Imperial Majesty began straightway to draw troops into those neighbourhoods: "*We* will take delivery, our Allies playing into our hand!" And Friedrich, who had no disposable troops, had to devise some rapid expedient; and did. Set his Free-Corps agents and recruiters in motion: "Enlist me those Light people of Duke Ferdinand's, who are all getting discharged; especially that *Britannic Legion* so-called. All to be discharged; re-enlist them, you; Ferdinand will keep them till you do it. Be swift!" And it is done;—a small bit of actual enlistment among the many prospective that were going on, as we noticed above. Precise date of it not given; must have been soon after November 3d. There were from 5 to 6,000 of them; and it was

promptly done. Divided into various regiments; chief command of them given to a Colonel Bauer, under whom a Colonel Beckwith whose name we have heard: these, to the surprise of Imperial Majesty, and alarm of a pacific Versailles, suddenly appeared in the Cleve Countries, handy for Wesel, for Geldern; in such posts, and in such force and condition as intimated, "It shall be we, under favour, that take delivery!" Snatch Wesel from them, some night, sword in hand: that had been Bauer's notion; but nothing of that kind was found necessary; mere demonstration proved sufficient. To the French Garrisons the one thing needful was to get away in peace; Bauer with his brows gloomy is a dangerous neighbour. Perhaps the French Officers themselves rather favoured Friedrich than his enemies. Enough, a private agreement, or mutual understanding on word of honour, was come to: and, very publicly, at length, on the 11th and 12th days of March 1763 (Peace now settled everywhere), Wesel, in great gala, full of field-music, military salutations and mutual dining, saw the French all filing out, and Bauer and people filing in, to the joy of that poor Town.[7]

Soon after which, painful to relate, such the inexorable pressure of finance, Bauer and people were all paid off, flung loose again: ruthlessly paid off by a necessitous King! There were about 6,000 of those poor fellows,—specimens of the bastard heroic, under difficulties, from every country in the world; Beckwith and I know not what other English specimens of the lawless heroic; who were all cashiered, officer and man, on getting to Berlin. As were the earlier Free-Corps, and indeed the subsequent, all and sundry, 'except seven,' whose names will not be interesting to you. Paid off, with or without

[7] Preuss, ii. 342.

remorse, such the exhaustion of finance; Kleist, Icilius, Count Hordt and others vainly repugning and remonstrating; the King himself inexorable as Arithmetic. "Can maintain 138,000 of regular, 12,000 of other sorts; not a man more!" Zealous Icilius applied for some consideration to his Officers: "partial repayment of the money they have spent from their own pocket, in enlistment of their people now discharged!" Not a doit. The King's answer is in autograph, still extant; not in good spelling, but with sense clear as light: "*Seine Officiers haben wie die Raben gestollen Sie Krigen nichts*, Your Officers stole like ravens;—they get Nothing."[8] Lessing's fine play of *Minna von Barnhelm* testifies to considerable public sympathy for these impoverished Ex-Military people. Pathetic truly, in a degree; but such things will happen. Irregular gentlemen, to whom the world's their oyster,—said oyster does suddenly snap-to on them, by a chance. And they have to try it on the other side, and say little!—But we are forgetting the Peace-Treaty itself, which still demands a few words.

Kleist's raid into the Reich had a fine effect on the Potentates there; and Plotho's Offer was greedily complied with; the Kaiser, such his generosity, giving "free permission." We spoke of Privy-Councillor von Fritsch, and his private little word with Friedrich, at Meissen, on November 25th. The Electoral-Prince of Saxony, it seems, was author of that fine stroke; the history of it this. Since November 3d, the French and English have had their preliminaries signed; and all Nations are longing for the like. "Let us have a German Treaty for general Peace," said the Kurprinz of Saxony, that amiable Heir-Apparent whom we have seen sometimes, who

[8] Preuss, ii. 320.

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is rather crooked of back, but has a sprightly Wife. "By all means," answered Polish Majesty: "and as I am in the distance, do you in every way further it, my Son!" Whereupon despatch of Fritsch to Vienna, and thence to Meissen; with "Yes" to him from both parties. Plenipotentiaries are named: "Fritsch shall be ours: they shall have my Schloss of Hubertsburg for Place of Congress," said the Prince. And on Thursday, December 30th, 1762, the Three Dignitaries met at Hubertsburg, and began business.

This is the Schloss in Torgau Country which Quintus Icilius's people, Saldern having refused the job, willingly undertook spoiling; and, as is well known, did it, January 22d, 1761; a thing Quintus never heard the end of. What the amount of profit, or the degree of spoil and mischief, Quintus's people made of it, I could not learn; but infer from this new event that the wreck had not been so considerable as the noise was; at any rate, that the Schloss had soon been restored to its pristine state of brilliancy. The Plenipotentiaries,—for Saxony, Fritsch; for Austria, a Von Collenbach, unknown to us; for Prussia, one Hertzberg, a man experienced beyond his years, who is of great name in Prussian History subsequently,—sat here till February 15th, 1763, that is for six weeks and five days. Leaving their Protocols to better judges, who report them good, we will much prefer a word or two from Friedrich himself, while waiting the result they come to.

Friedrich to Prince Henri (home at Berlin).

"*Leipzig, 14th January* 1763. * * Am not surprised you "find Berlin changed for the worse: such a train of calamities "must, in the end, make itself felt in a poor and naturally barren "Country, where continual industry is needed to second its fecun- "dity and keep up production. However, I will do what I can to

"remedy this dearth (*la disette*), at least as far as my small "means permit." *~*

"No fear of Geldern and Wesel: all that has been cared "for by Bauer and the new Free-Corps. By the end of Febru- "ary, Peace will be signed; at the beginning of April, every- "body will find himself at home, as in 1756.

'The Circles are going to separate: indifferent to me, or 'nearly so; "but it is good to be plucking out tiresome burning "sticks, stick after stick. I hope you amuse yourself at Berlin: at "Leipzig, nothing but balls and redouts; my Nephews diverting "themselves amazingly. Madame Friedrich, lately Garden-maid "at Seidlitz" (Village in the Neumark, with this Beauty plucking weeds in it,—little prescient of such a fortune), "now Wife "to an Officer of the Free Hussars, is the principal heroine of "these Festivities."[9]

Leipzig, 25th January 1763. "Thanks for your care about "my existence. I am becoming very old, dear Brother; in a "little while, I shall be useless to the world and a burden to my- "self: it is the lot of all creatures to wear down with age,—but "one is not, for all that, to abuse one's privilege of falling into "dotage.

"You still speak without full confidence of our Negotiation "business" (going on at Hubertsburg yonder). "Most cer- "tainly the chapter of accidents is inexhaustible; and it is still "certain there may happen quantities of things which the limited "mind of man cannot foresee: but, judging by the ordinary "course, and such degrees of probability as human creatures "found their hopes on, I believe, before the month of February "entirely end, our Peace will be completed. In a permanent "Arrangement, many things need settling, which are easier to "settle now than they ever will be again. Patience; haste *with-* "*out* speed is a thriftless method."[10]

February 5th, the trio at Hubertsburg got their Preliminaries signed. On the tenth day thereafter, the Treaty itself was signed and sealed. All other Treaties

[9] Schöning, iii. 528.

[10] Ibid. iii. 529.

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on the same subject had been guided towards a contemporary finis: England and France, ready since the 3d of November last, signed and ended February 10th. February 11th, the Reich signed and ended; February 15th, Prussia, Austria, Saxony; and the *Third Silesian* or *Seven-Years War* was completely finished.[11]

It had cost, in loss of human lives first of all, nobody can say what: according to Friedrich's computation, there had perished of actual fighters, on the various fields, of all the nations, 853,000; of which above the fifth part, or 180,000, is his own share: and, by misery and ravage, the general Population of Prussia finds itself 500,000 fewer; nearly the ninth man missing. This is the expenditure of Life. Other items are not worth enumerating, in comparison; if statistically given, you can find the most approved guesses at them by the same Head, who ought to be an authority.[12] It was a War distinguished by—Archenholtz will tell you, with melodious emphasis, what a distinguished, great, and thrice-greatest War it was. There have since been other far bigger Wars,—if size were a measure of greatness; which it by no means is! I believe there was excellent Heroism shown in this War, by persons I could name; by one person, Heroism really to be called superior, or, in its kind, almost of the rank of supreme;—and that in regard to the Military Arts and Virtues, it has as yet, for faculty and for performance, had no rival; nor is likely soon to have. The Prussians, as we once mentioned, still use it as their school-model in those respects. And we—Oh readers, do not at least you and I thank God to have now done with it!—

[11] Copy of the Treaty, in *Helden-Geschichte*, vii. 624 et seq.; in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 479-495; in *Rousset*, in *Wenck*, in &c. &c.

[12] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 230-234; Preuss, iii. 349-351.

Of the Peace-Treaties at Hubertsburg, Paris, and other places, it is not necessary that we say almost anything. They are to be found in innumerable Books, dreary to the mind; and of the 158 Articles to be counted there, not one could be interesting at present. The substance of the whole lies now in Three Points, not mentioned or contemplated at all in those Documents, though repeatedly alluded to and intimated by us here.

The issue, as between Austria and Prussia, strives to be, in all points, simply *As-you-were;* and, in all outward or tangible points, strictly is so. After such a tornado of strife as the civilised world had not witnessed since the Thirty-Years War. Tornado springing doubtless from the regions called Infernal; and darkening the upper world from south to north, and from east to west for Seven Years long;—issuing in general *As-you-were!* Yes truly, the tornado was Infernal; but Heaven too had silently its purposes in it. Nor is the mere expenditure of men's diabolic rages, in mutual clash as of opposite electricities, with reduction to equipoise, and restoration of zero and repose again after seven years, the one or the principal result arrived at. Inarticulately, little dreamt of at the time by any by-stander, the results, on survey from this distance, are visible as Threefold. Let us name them one other time:

1°. There is no taking of Silesia from this man; no clipping of him down to the orthodox old limits; he and his Country have palpably outgrown these. Austria gives up the Problem: "We have lost Silesia!" Yes; and, what you hardly yet know,—and what, I perceive, Friedrich himself still less knows,—Teutschland has found Prussia. Prussia, it seems, cannot be conquered by the whole world trying to do it; Prussia has gone through its Fire-Baptism, to the satisfaction of gods

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and men; and is a Nation henceforth. In and of poor dislocated Teutschland, there is one of the Great Powers of the World henceforth; an actual Nation. And a Nation *not* grounding itself on extinct Traditions, Wiggeries, Papistries, Immaculate Conceptions; no, but on living Facts,—Facts of Arithmetic, Geometry, Gravitation, Martin Luther's Reformation, and what it really can believe in:—to the infinite advantage of said Nation and of poor Teutschland henceforth. To be a Nation; and to believe as you are convinced, instead of pretending to believe as you are bribed or bullied by the devils about you; what an advantage to parties concerned! If Prussia follow its star—As it really tries to do, in spite of stumbling! For the sake of Germany, one hopes always Prussia will; and that it may get through its various Child-Diseases, without death: though it has had sad plunges and crises,—and is perhaps just now in one of its worst Influenzas, the Parliamentary-Eloquence or Ballot-Box Influenza! One of the most dangerous Diseases of National Adolescence; extremely prevalent over the world at this time,—indeed unavoidable, for reasons obvious enough. "*Sic itur ad astra;*" all Nations certain that the way to Heaven is By voting, by eloquently wagging the tongue "within those walls!" Diseases, real or imaginary, await Nations like individuals; and are not to be resisted, but must be submitted to, and got through the best you can. Measles and mumps; you cannot prevent them in Nations either. Nay fashions even; fashion of Crinoline, for instance (how infinitely more, that of Ballot-Box and Fourth-Estate!),—are you able to prevent even that? You have to be patient under it, and keep hoping!

2°. In regard to England. Her *Jenkins's-Ear Controversy* is at last settled. Not only liberty of the Seas,

but if she were not wiser, dominion of them; guardianship of liberty for all others whatsoever: Dominion of the Seas for that wise object. America is to be English, not French; what a result is that, were there no other! Really a considerable Fact in the History of the World. Fact principally due to Pitt, as I believe, according to my best conjecture, and comparison of probabilities and circumstances. For which, after all, is not everybody thankful, less or more? Oh my English brothers, Oh my Yankee half-brothers, how oblivious are we of those that have done us benefit!—

These are the results for England. And in the rear of these, had these and the other elements once ripened for her, the poor Country is to get into such merchandisings, colonisings, foreign-settlings, gold-nuggetings, as lay beyond the drunkenest dreams of Jenkins (supposing Jenkins addicted to liquor);—and, in fact, to enter on a universal uproar of Machineries, Eldorados, "Unexampled Prosperities," which make a great noise for themselves in the very days now come. Prosperities evidently not of a sublime type: which, in the mean while, seem to be covering the at one time creditably clean and comely face of England with mud-blotches, soot-blotches, miscellaneous squalors and horrors; to be preaching into her amazed heart, which once knew better, the omnipotence of *shoddy;* filling her ears and soul with shriekery and metallic clangour, mad noises, mad hurries mostly nowhither;—and are awakening, I suppose, in such of her sons as still go into reflexion at all, a deeper and more ominous set of Questions than have ever risen in England's History before. As in the foregoing case, we have to be patient and keep hoping.

3°. In regard to France. It appears, noble old Teutschland, with such pieties, and unconquerable si-

16th March 1763.

lent valours, such opulences human and divine, amid its wreck of new and old confusions, is not to be cut in Four, and made to dance to the piping of Versailles or another. Far the contrary! To Versailles itself, there has gone forth, Versailles may read it or not, the writing on the wall: "Thou art weighed in the balance, and found wanting" (at last even "*found* wanting")! France, beaten, stript, humiliated; sinful, unrepentant, governed by mere sinners and, at best, clever fools (*fous pleins d'esprit*),—collapses, like a creature whose limbs fail it; sinks into bankrupt quiescence, into nameless fermentation, generally into *dry-rot*. Rotting, none guesses whitherward;—rotting towards that thrice-extraordinary Spontaneous-Combustion, which blazed out in 1789. And has kindled, over the whole world, gradually or by explosion, this unexpected Outburst of all the chained Devilries (among other chained things), this roaring Conflagration of the Anarchies; under which it is the lot of these poor generations to live,—for I know not what length of Centuries yet. "Go into Combustion, my pretty child!" the Destinies had said to this *belle France*, who is always so fond of shining and outshining: "Self-Combustion;—in that way, won't you shine, as none of them yet could?" Shine; yes, truly,—till you are got to *caput mortuum*, my pretty child (unless you gain new wisdom!)—But not to wander farther:

Wednesday, March 16th, Friedrich, all Saxon things being now settled,—among the rest 'eight Saxon Schoolmasters' to be a model in Prussia,—quitted Leipzig, with the Seven-Years War safe in his pocket, as it were. Drove to Moritzburg, to dinner with the amiable Kurprinz and still more amiable Wife: "It was to your Highness that we owe this Treaty!" A dinner, which readers may

hear of again. At Moritzburg; where, with the Lacys, there was once such rattling and battling. After which, rapidly on to Silesia, and an eight days of adjusting and inspecting there.

Wednesday, March 30th, Friedrich arrives in Frankfurt-on-Oder, on the way homeward from Silesia: 'takes view of the Field of Kunersdorf' (reflexions to be fancied); early in the afternoon, speeds forward again; at one of the stages (place called Tassdorf), has a Dialogue, which we shall hear of; and between 8 and 9 in the evening, *not* through the solemn receptions and crowded streets, drives to the Schloss of Berlin. 'Goes straight to the Queen's Apartment,' Queen, Princesses and Court all home triumphantly some time ago; sups there with the Queen's Majesty and these bright creatures,—beautiful supper, had it consisted only of cresses and salt; and, behind it, sound sleep to us under our own rooftree once more.[13] Next day, 'the King made 'gifts to,' as it were, to everybody; 'to the Queen about '5,000*l.*, to the Princess Amelia 1,000*l.*,' and so on; and saw true hearts all merry round him;—merrier, perhaps, than his own was.

[13] Rödenbeck, ii. 211, 212; Preuss, ii. 345, 346; &c. &c.

NORTH SEA
BALTIC SEA
FOR THE THIRD SILESIAN
OF THE
SEVEN YEARS WAR

BOOK XXI.

AFTERNOON AND EVENING OF FRIEDRICH'S LIFE.

1763-1786.

CHAPTER I.

PREFATORY.

THE Twelve Hercules-labours of this King have ended here; what was required of him in World-History is accomplished. There remain to Friedrich Twenty-three Years more of Life, which to Prussian History are as full of importance as ever; but do not essentially concern European History, Europe having gone the road we now see it in. On the grand World-Theatre, the curtain has fallen for a New Act; Friedrich's part, like everybody's for the present, is played out. In fact, there is, during the rest of his Reign, nothing of World-History to be dwelt on anywhere. America, it has been decided, shall be English; Prussia be a Nation. The French, as finis of their attempt to cut Germany in Four, find themselves sunk into torpor, abeyance, and dry rot; fermenting towards they know not what. Towards Spontaneous Combustion, in the year 1789, and for long years onwards!

There, readers, there is the next mile-stone for you, in the History of Mankind! That universal Burning-up, as in hellfire, of Human Shams. The oath of Twenty-five Million men, which has since become that of all men whatsoever, "Rather than live longer under lies, we will die!"—that is the New Act in World-History. New Act,—or, we may call it New *Part;* Drama of World-History, Part Third. If Part *Second* was 1,800 years ago, this I reckon will be Part *Third.* This is the truly

celestial-infernal Event: the strangest we have seen for a thousand years. Celestial in one part; in the other, infernal. For it is withal, the breaking-out of universal mankind into Anarchy, into the faith and practice of *No*-Government,—that is to say (if you will be candid), into unappeasable Revolt against Sham-Governors and Sham-Teachers,—which I do charitably define to be a Search, most unconscious, yet in deadly earnest, for true Governors and Teachers. That is the one fact of World-History worth dwelling on at this day; and Friedrich cannot be said to have had much hand farther in that.

Nor is the progress of a French or European world, all silently ripening and rotting towards such issue, a thing one wishes to dwell on. Only when the Spontaneous Combustion breaks out; and, many-coloured, with loud noises, envelopes the whole world in anarchic flame for long hundreds of years: then has the Event come; there is the thing for all men to mark, and to study and scrutinise as the strangest thing they ever saw. Centuries of it yet lying ahead of us; several sad Centuries, sordidly tumultuous, and good for little! Say Two Centuries yet,—say even Ten of such a process: before the Old is completely burnt out, and the New in any state of sightliness? Millennium of Anarchies;—abridge it, spend your heart's blood upon abridging it, ye Heroic Wise that are to come! For it is the consummation of All the Anarchies that are and were;—which I do trust always means the death (temporary death) of them! Death of the Anarchies: or a world once more built wholly on Fact better or worse; and the lying jargoning professor of Sham-Fact, whose name is Legion, who as yet (oftenest little conscious of himself) goes tumulting and swarming from shore to shore, become a species extinct, and well *known* to be gone down to Tophet!—

1763.

There were bits of Anarchies before, little and greater: but till that of France in 1789, there was none long memorable; all were pigmies in comparison, and not worth mentioning separately. In 1772 the Anarchy of Poland, which had been a considerable Anarchy for about three hundred years, got itself extinguished,—what we may call extinguished;—decisive surgery being then first exercised upon it: an Anarchy put in the sure way of extinction. In 1775, again, there began, over seas, another Anarchy much more considerable,—little dreaming that *it* could be called an Anarchy; on the contrary, calling itself Liberty, Rights of Man; and singing boundless Io-Pæans to itself, as is common in such cases; an Anarchy which has been challenging the Universe to show the like, ever since. And which has, at last, flamed up as an independent Phenomenon, unexampled in the hideously *suicidal* way;—and does need much to get burnt out, that matters may begin anew on truer conditions. But neither the *Partition of Poland* nor the *American War of Independence* have much general importance, or, except as precursors of 1789, are worth dwelling on in History. From us here, so far as Friedrich is concerned with them, they may deserve some transient mention, more or less: but World-History, eager to be at the general Funeral-pile and ultimate Burning-up of Shams in this poor World, will have less and less to say of small tragedies and premonitory symptoms.

Curious how the busy and continually watchful and speculating Friedrich, busied about his dangers from Austrian encroachments, from Russian-Turk Wars, Bavarian Successions, and other troubles and anarchies close by, saw nothing to dread in France; nothing to

remark there, except carelessly from time to time, its beggarly decaying condition, so strangely sunk in arts, in arms, in finance; oftenest an object of pity to him, for he still has a love for France;—and reads not the least sign of that immeasurable all-engulfing *French Revolution* which was in the wind! Neither Voltaire nor he have the least anticipation of such a thing. Voltaire and he see, to their contentment, Superstition visibly declining: Friedrich rather disapproves the heat of Voltaire's procedures on the *Infâme*. "Why be in such heat? Other nonsense, quite equal to it, will be almost sure to follow. Take care of your own skin!" Voltaire and he are deeply alive, especially Voltaire is, to the horrors and miseries which have issued on mankind from a Fanatic Popish Superstition, or Creed of Incredibilities,—which (except from the throat outwards, from the bewildered tongue outwards) the orthodox themselves cannot believe, but only pretend and struggle to believe. This Voltaire calls "*The Infamous;*" and this—what name can any of us give it? The man who believes in falsities is very miserable. The man who cannot believe them, but only struggles and pretends to believe; and yet, being armed with the power of the sword, industriously keeps menacing and slashing all round, to compel every neighbour to do like him: what is to be done with such a man? Human Nature calls him a Social Nuisance; needing to be handcuffed, gagged, and abated. Human Nature, if it be in a terrified and imperilled state, with the sword of this fellow swashing round it, calls him "Infamous," and a Monster of Chaos. He is indeed the select Monster of that region; the Patriarch of all the Monsters, little as he dreams of being such. An Angel of Heaven the poor caitiff dreams himself rather, and in

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cheery moments is conscious of being:—Bedlam holds in it no madder article. And I often think he will again need to be tied up (feeble as he now is in comparison, disinclined though men are to manacling and tying), so many helpless infirm souls are wandering about, not knowing their right-hand from their left, who fall a prey to him. "*L'Infâme*" I also name him,—knowing well enough how little he, in his poor muddled drugged and stupefied mind, is conscious of deserving that name. More signal enemy to God, and friend of the Other Party, walks not the Earth in our day.

Anarchy in the shape of religious slavery was what Voltaire and Friedrich saw all round them. Anarchy in the shape of Revolt against Authorities was what Friedrich and Voltaire had never dreamed of as possible, and had not in their minds the least idea of. In one, or perhaps two places, you may find in Voltaire a grim and rather glad forethought, not given out as prophecy, but felt as interior assurance in a moment of hope, How these Priestly Sham Hierarchies will be pulled to pieces, probably on the sudden, once people are awake to them. Yes, my much-suffering M. de Voltaire, be pulled to pieces; or go aloft, like the awakening of Vesuvius, one day,—Vesuvius awakening after ten centuries of slumber, when his crater is all grown grassy, bushy, copiously 'tenanted by wolves' I am told; which, after premonitory grumblings, heeded by no wolf or bush, he will hurl bodily aloft, ten acres at a time, in a very tremendous manner![1] A thought like this, about the Priestly Sham-Hierarchies, I have found somewhere in Voltaire: but of the Social and Civic Sham-Hierarchies (which are likewise accursed, if they knew it, and indeed are junior copartners of the Priestly; and, in a sense, sons

[1] First modern Eruption of Vesuvius, A.D. 1631, after long interval of rest.

and products of them, and cannot escape being partakers of their plagues), there is no hint in Voltaire, though Voltaire stood at last only fifteen years from the Fact (1778-1793); nor in Friedrich, though he lived almost to see the Fact beginning.

Friedrich's History being henceforth that of a Prussian King, is interesting to Prussia chiefly, and to us little otherwise than as the Biography of a distinguished fellow-man. Friedrich's Biography, his Physiognomy as he grows old, quietly on his own harvest-field, among his own People: this has still an interest, and for any feature of this we shall be eager enough; but this withal is the most of what we now want. And not very much even of this; Friedrich the unique King, not having as a man any such depth and singularity, tragic, humorous, devotionally pious, or other, as to authorise much painting in that aspect. Extreme brevity beseems us in these circumstances: and indeed there are,—as has already happened in different parts of this Enterprise (Nature herself, in her silent way, being always something of an Artist in such things),—other circumstances, which leave us no choice as to that of detail. Available details, if we wished to give them, of Friedrich's later Life, are not forthcoming: masses of incondite marine-stores, tumbled out on you, dry rubbish shot with uncommon diligence for a hundred years, till, for Rubbish-Pelion piled on Rubbish-Ossa, you lose sight of the stars and azimuths; whole mountain continents, seemingly all of cinders and sweepings (though fragments and remnants do lie hidden, could you find them again):—these are not details that will be available! Anecdotes there are in quantity; but of uncertain quality; of doubtful authenticity, above all.

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One recollects hardly any Anecdote whatever that seems completely credible, or renders to us the Physiognomy of Friedrich in a convincing manner. So remiss a creature has the Prussian Clio been,—employed on all kinds of loose errands over the Earth and the Air; and as good as altogether negligent of this most pressing errand in her own House. Peace be with her, poor slut; why should we say one other hard word on taking leave of her to all eternity!—

The practical fact is, what we have henceforth to produce is more of the nature of a loose Appendix of Papers, than of a finished Narrative. Loose Papers,—which, we will hope, the reader can, by industry, be made to understand and tolerate: more we cannot do for him. No continuous Narrative is henceforth possible to us. For the sake of Friedrich's closing Epoch, we will visit, for the last time, that dreary imbroglio under which the memory of Friedrich, which ought to have been, in all the epochs of it, bright and legible, lies buried; and will try to gather, as heretofore, and put under labels. What dwells with oneself as human, may have some chance to be humanly interesting. In the wildest chaos of marine-stores and editorial shortcomings (provided only the editors speak truth, as these poor fellows do), *this* can be done. Part the living from the dead; pick out what has some meaning, leave carefully what has none; you will in some small measure pluck up the memory of a hero, like drowned honour by the locks, and rescue it into visibility.

That Friedrich, on reaching home, made haste to get out of the bustle of joyances and exclamations on the streets; proceeded straight to his music-chapel in Charlottenburg, summoning the Artists, or having them

already summoned; and had there, all alone, sitting invisible wrapt in his cloak, Graun's or somebody's grand *Te-Deum* pealed out to him, in seas of melody, —soothing and salutary to the altered soul, revolving many things,—is a popular myth, of pretty and appropriate character; but a myth only, with no real foundation, though it has some loose and apparent.[2] No doubt, Friedrich had his own thoughts on entering Berlin again, after such a voyage through the deeps; himself, his Country still here, though solitary and in a world of wild shipwrecks. He was not without piety; but it did not take the devotional form, and his habits had nothing of the clerical.

What is perfectly known, and much better worth knowing, is the instantaneous practical alacrity with which he set about repairing that immense miscellany of ruin; and the surprising success he had in dealing with it. His methods, his rapid inventions and procedures, in this matter, are still memorable to Prussia; and perhaps might with advantage be better known than they are in some other Countries. To us, what is all we can do with them here, they will indicate that this is still the old Friedrich, with his old activities and promptitudes; which indeed continue unabated, lively in Peace as in War, to the end of his life and reign.

The speed with which Prussia recovered was extraordinary. Within little more than a year (June 1st, 1764), the Coin was all in order again; in 1765, the King had rebuilt, not to mention other things, 'in Silesia 8,000 Houses, in Pommern 6,500.'[3] Prussia has been a meritorious Nation; and, however cut and ruined, is and was in a healthy state, capable of recovering soon.

[2] In *Preuss*, ii. 46, all the details of it. [3] Rödenbeck, ii. 234, 261.

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Prussia has defended itself against overwhelming odds, —brave Prussia; but the real soul of its merit, was that of having merited such a King to command it. Without this King, all its valours, disciplines, resources of war, would have availed Prussia little. No wonder Prussia has still a loyalty to its great Friedrich, to its Hohenzollern Sovereigns generally. Without these Hohenzollerns, Prussia had been, what we long ago saw it, the unluckiest of German Provinces; and could never have had the pretension to exist as a Nation at all. Without this particular Hohenzollern, it had been trampled out again, after apparently succeeding. To have achieved a Friedrich the Second for King over it, was Prussia's grand merit.

An accidental merit, thinks the reader? No, reader, you may believe me, it is by no means altogether such. Nay, I rather think, could we look into the Account-Books of the Recording Angel for a course of centuries, no part of it is such! There are Nations in which a Friedrich is, or can be, possible; and again there are Nations in which he is not and cannot. To be practically reverent of Human Worth to the due extent, and abhorrent of Human Want of Worth in the like proportion, do you understand that art at all? I fear, not,—or that you are much forgetting it again! Human Merit, do you really love it *enough*, think you;—human Scoundrelism (brought to the dock for you, and branded as scoundrel), do you even abhor it enough? Without that reverence and its corresponding opposite-pole of abhorrence, there is simply no possibility left. That, my friend, is the outcome and summary of all virtues in this world, for a man or for a Nation of men. It is the supreme strength and glory of a Nation;—without which, indeed, all other strengths, and enormities of

bullion and arsenals and warehouses, are no strength. None, I should say;—and are oftenest even the *reverse.*

Nations who have lost this quality, or who never had it, what Friedrich can they hope to be possible among them? Age after age, they grind down their Friedrichs, contentedly under the hoofs of cattle on their highways; and even find it an excellent practice, and pride themselves on Liberty and Equality. Most certain it is, there will no Friedrich come to rule there; by and by, there will none be born there. Such Nations cannot have a King to command them; can only have this or the other scandalous swindling Copper Captain, constitutional Gilt Mountebank, or other the like unsalutary entity by way of King; and the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children in a frightful and tragical manner, little noticed in the Penny Newspapers and Periodical Literatures of this generation. Oh my friends—! —But there is plain Business waiting us at hand.

CHAPTER II.

REPAIRING OF A RUINED PRUSSIA.

THAT of Friedrich's sitting wrapt in a cloud of reflexions Olympian-Abysmal, in the music-chapel at Charlottenburg, while he had the Ambrosian Song executed for him there, as the preliminary step, was a loose myth; but the fact lying under it is abundantly certain. Few Sons of Adam had more reason for a piously-thankful feeling towards the Past, a piously-valiant towards the Future. What king or man had seen himself delivered from such strangling imbroglios of destruction, such devouring rages of a hostile world? And the ruin worked by them lay monstrous and appalling all round. Friedrich is now Fifty-one gone; unusually old for his age; feels himself an old man, broken with years and toils; and here lies his Kingdom in haggard slashed condition, worn to skin and bone: How is the King, resourceless, to remedy it? That is now the seemingly impossible problem. "Begin it,—thereby alone will it ever cease to be impossible!" Friedrich begins, we may say, on the first morrow morning. Labours at his problem, as he did in the march to Leuthen; finds it to become more possible, day after day, month after month, the farther he strives with it.

"Why not leave it to Nature?" think many, with the Dismal Science at their elbow. Well; that was the easiest plan, but it was not Friedrich's. His remain-

ing moneys, 25 million thalers ready for a Campaign which has not come, he distributes to the most necessitous: 'all his artillery-horses' are parted into plough-teams, and given to those who can otherwise get none: think what a fine figure of rye and barley, instead of mere windlestraws, beggary and desolation, was realised by that act alone. Nature is ready to do much; will of herself cover, with some veil of grass and lichen, the nakedness of ruin: but her victorious act, when she can accomplish it, is that of getting *you* to go with her handsomely, and change disaster itself into new wealth. Into new wisdom and valour, which are wealth in all kinds; California mere zero to them, zero, or even a frightful *minus* quantity! Friedrich's procedures in this matter I believe to be little less didactic than those other, which are so celebrated in War: but no Dryasdust, not even a Dryasdust of the Dismal Science, has gone into them, rendered men familiar with them in their details and results. His Silesian Land-Bank (joint-stock Moneys, lent on security of Land) was of itself, had I room to explain it, an immense furtherance.[1] Friedrich, many tell us, was as great in Peace as in War: and truly, in the economic and material provinces, my own impression, gathered painfully in darkness, and contradiction of the Dismal-Science Doctors, is much to that effect. A first-rate Husbandman (as his Father had been); who not only defended his Nation, but made it rich beyond what seemed possible; and diligently sowed annuals into it, and perennials which flourish aloft at this day.

Mirabeau's *Monarchie Prussienne*, in 8 thick Volumes 8vo, — composed, or hastily cobbled together, some Twenty years after this period,—contains the best tabu-

[1] Preuss, iii. 75; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vi. 81.

lar view one anywhere gets of Friedrich's economics, military and other practical methods and resources:—solid exact Tables these are, and intelligent intelligible descriptions, done by Mauvillon *Fils*, the same punctual Major Mauvillon who used to attend us in Duke Ferdinand's War;—and so far as Mirabeau is concerned, the Work consists farther of a certain small Essay done in big type, shoved into the belly of each Volume, and eloquently recommending, with respectful censures and regrets over Friedrich, the Gospel of Free Trade, dear to Papa Mirabeau. The Son is himself a convert; far above lying, even to please Papa: but one can see, the thought of Papa gives him new fire of expression. They are eloquent, ruggedly strong Essays, those of Mirabeau Junior upon Free Trade:—they contain, in condensed shape, everything we were privileged to hear, seventy years later, from all organs, coach-horns, jews-harps and scrannel-pipes, *pro* and *contra*, on the same sublime subject: 'God is great, and Plugson of Undershot is his 'Prophet. Thus saith the Lord, Buy in the cheapest 'market, sell in the dearest!' To which the afflicted human mind listens what it can;—and after seventy years, mournfully asks itself and Mirabeau, "M. le Comte, would there have been in Prussia, for example, any Trade at all; any Nation at all, had it always been left 'Free'? There would have been mere sand and quagmire, and a community of wolves and bisons, M. le Comte. Have the goodness to terminate that Litany, and take up another!"—

We said, Friedrich began his problem on the first morrow morning; and that is literally true, that or even *more*. Here is how Friedrich takes his stand amid the wreck, speedy enough to begin: this view of our old

friend Nüssler and him is one of the Pieces we can give, —thanks to Herr Büsching and his *Beyträge* for the last time! Nüssler is now something of a Country Gentleman, so to speak; has a pleasant place out to east of Berlin; is *Landrath* (County Chairman) there, "Landrath of Nether-Barnim Circle;" where we heard of the Cossacks spoiling him: he, as who not, has suffered dreadfully in these tumults. Here is Büsching's welcome Account.

Landrath Nüssler and the King (30th March—3d April 1763).

'*March 30th*, 1763, Friedrich, on his return to Berlin, 'came by the route of Tassdorf,'—Tassdorf, in Nether-Barnim Circle (40 odd miles from Frankfurt, and above 15 from Berlin);—'and changed horses there. During 'this little pause, among a crowd assembled to see him, 'he was addressed by Nüssler, Landrath of the Circle, 'who had a very piteous story to tell. Nüssler wished 'the King joy of his noble victories, and of the glorious 'Peace at last achieved: "May your Majesty reign in 'health and happiness over us many years, to the bless-'ing of us all!"—and recommended to his gracious 'care the extremely ruined, and, especially by the 'Russians, uncommonly devastated Circle, for which' (continues Büsching) 'this industrious Landrath had 'not hitherto been able to extract any effective help.' Generally for the Provinces wasted by the Russians there had already some poor 300,000 thalers (45,000*l.*) been allowed by a helpful Majesty, not over-rich himself at the moment; and of this, Nether-Barnim no doubt gets its share: but what is this to such ruin as there is? A mere preliminary drop, instead of the bucket

and buckets we need!—Büsching, a dull, though solid accurate kind of man, heavy-footed, and yet always in a hurry, always slipshod, has nothing of dramatic here; far from it; but the facts themselves fall naturally into that form,—in Three Scenes:

1. *Tassdorf* (still two hours from Berlin), *King, Nüssler and a Crowd of People*, Nüssler *alone daring to speak.*

King (from his Carriage, ostlers making despatch). "What "is your Circle most short of?"

Landrath Nüssler. "Of horses for ploughing the seed-fields, "of rye to sow them, and of bread till the crops come."

King. "Rye for bread, and to sow with, I will give; with "horses I cannot assist."

Nüssler. "On representation of Privy-Councillor von Bren- "kenhof" (the Minister concerned with such things), "your "Majesty has been pleased to give the Neumark and Pommern "an allowance of Artillery- and Commissariat-Horses: but "poor Nether-Barnim, nobody will speak for it; and unless "your Majesty's gracious self please to take pity on it, Nether- "Barnim is lost!"—('A great many things more he said, in 'presence of a large crowd of men who had gathered round 'the King's Carriage as the horses were being changed; and 'spoke with such force and frankness that the King was sur- 'prised, and asked:)—

King. "Who are you?" (has forgotten the long-serviceable man!)

Nüssler. "I am the Nüssler who was lucky enough to man- "age the Fixing of the Silesian Boundaries for your Majesty!"

King. "*Ja, ja,* now I know you again! Bring me all the "Landraths of the Kurmark" (Mark of Brandenburg Proper, *Electoral* Mark) "in a body; I will speak with them."

Nüssler. "All of them but two are in Berlin already."

King. "Send off estafettes for those two to come at once "to Berlin; and on Thursday," day after tomorrow, "come "yourself, with all the others, to the Schloss to me: I will "then have some closer conversation, and say what I can "and will do for helping of the country" (King's Carriage

rolls away, with low bows and blessings from Nüssler and everybody).

2. *Thursday, April 1st, Nüssler and assembled Landraths at the Schloss of Berlin.* To them, enter *King.* * *

Nüssler (whom they have appointed spokesman). * * "Your "Majesty has given us Peace; you will also give us Well-being "in the Land again: we leave it to Highest-the-Same's gracious "judgment" (no limit to Highest-the-Same's *power*, it would seem) "what you will vouchsafe to us as indemnification for the "Russian plunderings."

King. "Be you quiet; let me speak. Have you got a pencil "(*Hat Er crayon*)? Yes! Well then, write, and these Gentle-"men shall dictate to you:

'How much rye for bread; How much for seed; How 'many Horses, Oxen, Cows, their Circles do in an entirely 'pressing way require?

"Consider all that to the bottom; and come to me again the "day after tomorrow. But see that you fix everything with the "utmost exactitude, for I cannot give much." (*Exit* King.)

Nüssler (to the Landraths). "*Meine Herren*, have the good-"ness to accompany me to our Landschaft House" (we have a kind of County Hall, it seems); "there we will consider every-"thing."

'And Nüssler, guiding the deliberations, which are glad to 'follow him on every point, and writing as *Pro-tempore* Secre-'tary, has all things brought to luminous Protocol, in the course 'of this day and next.'

3. *Saturday April 3d, in the Schloss again: Nüssler and Landraths.* To them, the *King.*

Nüssler. "We deliver to your Majesty the written Specifica-"tion you were graciously pleased to command of us. It con-"tains only the indispensablest things that the Circles are in "need of. Moreover, it regards only the *Stände*" (richer Nobility), "who pay contribution; the Gentry" (*Adel*), "and other "poor people, who have been utterly plundered out by the Rus-"sians, are not included in it:—the Gentry too have suffered "very much by the War and the Plundering."

30th March—3d April 1763.

King. "What *Edelleute* that are members of *Stände* have "you" (*Er*) "got in your Circle?"

Nüssler (names them; and, as finis of the list, adds): * * "I myself, too, your Majesty, I have suffered more than any- "body: I absolutely could not furnish those 4,000 bushels of "meal ordered of me by the Russians; upon which they —"

King. "I cannot give to all: but if you have poor Nobles in "your Circle, who can in no way help themselves, I will give "them something."

Nüssler ('has not any in Nether-Barnim who are 'altogether 'in that extreme predicament; but knows several in Lebus Circle, 'names them to the King;—and turning to the Landrath of 'Lebus, and to another who is mute): "Herr, you can name "some more in Lebus; and you, in Teltow Circle, Herr Land- "rath, since his Majesty permits." * * In a word, 'the King 'having informed himself and declared his intention, Nüssler 'leads the Landraths to their old County Hall, and brings to 'Protocol what had taken place.

'Next day, the Kammer President' (Exchequer President), 'Von der Gröben, had Nüssler, with other Landraths, to dinner. 'During dinner, there came from Head-Secretary Eichel' (Majesty's unwearied Clerk of the *Pells*, Sheepskins, or *Papers*) 'an 'earnest request to Von der Gröben for help,—Eichel not being 'able to remember, with the requisite precision, everything his 'Majesty had bid him put down on this matter. "You will go, 'Herr von Nüssler; be so kind, won't you?" And Nüssler went, 'and fully illuminated Eichel.' * *

To the poorest of the Nobility, Büsching tells us, what is otherwise well known, the King gave considerable sums: to one Circle 12,000*l.*, to another 9,000*l.*, 6,000*l.*, and so on. 'By help of 'which bounties, and of Nüssler labouring incessantly with all his 'strength, Nieder-Barnim Circle got on its feet again, no subject 'having been entirely ruined, but all proving able to recover.'[2]

This Büsching Fragment is not in the style of the Elder Dramatists, or for the Bankside Theatre; but this represents a Fact which befel in God's Creation, and may have an interest of its own to the Practical Soul,

[2] Büsching, *Beyträge* (§ *Nüssler*), i. 401-405.

especially in anarchic Countries, far advanced in the "Gold-nugget and Nothing to Buy with it" Career of unexampled Prosperities.

On these same errands, the King is soon going on an Inspection Journey, where we mean to accompany. But first, one word, and one will suffice, on the debased Coin. The Peace was no sooner signed, than Friedrich proceeded on the Coin. The third week after his arrival home, there came out a salutary Edict on it, April 21st; King eager to do it without loss of time, yet with the deliberation requisite. Not at one big leap, which might shake, to danger of oversetting, much commercial arrangement; but at two leaps, with a halfway station intervening. Halfway station, with a new coinage ready, much purer of alloy (and marked *how* much, for the benefit of parties with accounts to settle), is to commence on *Trinitatis* (Whitsunday) instant; from and after Whitsunday, the improved new coin to be sole legal tender, till farther notice. Farther notice comes accordingly, within a year, March 29th, 1764: "Pure money of the standard of 1750" (honest silver coinage: readers may remember Linsenbarth, the *Candidatus Theologiæ*, and his sack of Batzen, confiscated at the Packhof) "shall be ready on the 1st of June instant;"[3] —from and after which day we hear no more of that sad matter. Finished off in about fourteen months. Here, meanwhile, is the Inspection Journey.

Kriegsrath Roden and the King (6th-13th June 1763).

June 2d, 1763, Friedrich left Potsdam for Westphalia; got as far as Magdeburg that day. Intends seeing into

[3] Rödenbeck, ii. 214, 234.

6th-13th June 1763.
matters with his own eyes in that region, as in others, after so long and sad an absence. There are with him Friedrich Wilhelm Prince of Prussia, a tall young fellow of nineteen; General-Adjutant von Anhalt; and one or two Prussian military people. From Magdeburg and onwards the great Duke Ferdinand accompanies,—who is now again Governor of Magdeburg, and a quiet Prussian Officer as heretofore, though with excellent Pensions from England, and glory from all the world.

The Royal Party goes by Halberstadt, which suffered greatly in the War; thence by *Minden* (June 4th); and the first thing next day, Friedrich takes view of the *Battlefield* there,—under Ferdinand's own guidance, doubtless; and an interesting thing to both Friedrich and him, though left silent to us. This done, they start for Lippstadt, are received there under joyous clangorous outburst of all the bells and all the honours, that same afternoon; and towards sunset, Hamm being the Night-quarter ahead, are crossing *Vellinghausen Battle-ground*,—where doubtless Ferdinand again, like a dutiful apprentice, will explain matters to his old master, so far as needful or permissible. The conversation, I suppose, may have been lively and miscellaneous: Ferdinand mentions a clever business-person of the name of Roden, whom he has known in these parts; "Roden?" the King carefully makes note;—and, in fact, we shall see Roden presently, and his bit of *Dialogue* with the King (recorded by his own hand) is our chief errand on this Journey. From Hamm, next morning (June 6th), they get to Wesel by 11 A.M. (only sixty miles); Wesel all in gala as Lippstadt was, or still more than Lippstadt; and for four days farther, they continue there very busy. As Roden is our chief errand, let us attend to Roden.

Wesel, Monday, June 6th, 'Dinner being done,' says an authentic Third-Party,[4] 'the King had Kammer-'Director Meyen summoned to him with his Register-'Books, Schedules, and Reports' (what they call *États*); 'and was but indifferently contented with Meyen and 'them.' And in short, 'ordering Meyen to remodel 'these into a more distinct condition,'—we may now introduce the Herr Kriegsrath Roden, a subaltern in rank, but who has perhaps a better head than Meyen to judge of these *États*. Roden himself shall now report. This is the Royal Dialogue with Roden; accurately preserved for us by him;—I wish it had been better worth the reader's trouble; but its perfect credibility in every point will be some recommendation to it.

'*Monday, 6th June* 1763, about 11 A.M. his Majesty arrived 'in Wesel,' says Roden (confirming to us the authentic Third-Party); 'I waited on Adjutant-General Colonel von Anhalt to 'announce myself; who referred me to Kriegsrath Cöper' ("*mein Segreter Köper*" is a name we have heard before), 'who told me 'to be ready so soon as Dinner should be over. Dinner was no 'sooner over' (2 P.M. or so), 'than the Herr Kammer-Director 'Meyen with his *États* was called in. His Majesty was not 'content with these, Herr Meyen was told; and they were to 'be remodelled into a more distinct condition. The instant Herr 'Meyen stept out, I was called in. His Majesty was standing 'with his back to the fire; and said:

King. "Come nearer" (Roden comes nearer). "Prince Fer-"dinand" (of Brunswick, whom we generally call *Duke* and great, to distinguish him from a little Prussian Prince Ferdinand) "has told me much good of you: where do you come "from?"

Roden. "From Soest" (venerable 'stone-old' little Town, in Vellinghausen region).

King. "Did you get my Letter?"

Roden. "Yea, *Ihro Majestät.*"

[4] Rödenbeck, ii. 217.

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King. "I will give you some employment. Have you got a "pencil?"

Roden. "Yea" (and took out his Notebook and tools, which he had 'bought in a shop a quarter of an hour before').

King. "Listen. By the War many Houses have got ruined: "I mean that they shall be put in order again; for which end, "—to those that cannot themselves help, particularly to Soest, "Hamm, Lünen and in part Wesel, as places that have suffered "most,—I intend to give the moneys. Now you must make "me an exact List of what is to be done in those places. Thus" (King, lifting his finger, let us fancy, dictates; Roden, with brand-new pencil and tablets, writes):

'1°. In each of those Towns, how many ruined Houses there 'are, which the proprietors themselves can manage to rebuild. '2°. How many which the proprietors cannot. 3°. The vacant 'grounds or steadings of such proprietors as are perhaps dead, or 'gone elsewhither, must be given to others that are willing to 'build: but, in regard to this, Law also must do its part, and the 'absent and the heirs must be cited to say, Whether they will 'themselves build? and in case they won't, the steadings can 'then be given to others.' Roden having written,—

King. "In the course of six days, you must be ready" (what an expeditious King! Is to be at Cleve the sixth day hence: Meet me there, then),—"longer I cannot give you."

Roden (considering a moment). "If your Majesty will per- "mit me to use *estafettes*" (express messengers) "for the Towns "farthest off,—as I cannot myself, within the time, travel over "all the Towns,—I hope to be ready."

King. "That I permit; and will repay you the *estafette* "moneys.—Tell me, How comes the decrease of population in "these parts? Recruits I got none."

Roden. "Under favour of your Majesty, Regiment Schenk- "endorf got, every year, for recompletion, what recruits were "wanted, from its Canton in the Grafschaft Mark here."

King. "There you may be right: but from Cleve Country "we had no recruits; not we, though the Austrians had" (with a slight sarcasm of tone).

Roden. "Out of Cleve, so far as I know, there were no re- "cruits delivered to the Austrians."

King. "You could not know; you were with the Allied "Army" (Duke Ferdinand's, commissariating and the like, where Duke Ferdinand recognised you to have a head).

Roden. "There have been many epidemic diseases too; es- "pecially in Soest;—after the Battle of Vellinghausen all the "wounded were brought thither, and the hospitals were esta- "blished there."

King. "Epidemic diseases they might have got without a "Battle" (dislikes hearing ill of the soldier trade). "I will have "Order sent to the Cleve Kammer, Not to lay hindrance in your "way, but the contrary. Now God keep you (*Gott bewahre "Ihn*)."—*Exit* Roden;—'*darauf retirirte mich*,' says he;—but will reappear shortly.

Sunday 12th June is the sixth day hence; later than the end of Sunday is not permissible to swift Roden; nor does he need it.

Friday 10th, Friedrich left Wesel; crossed the Rhine, intending for Cleve; went by *Crefeld*,—at Crefeld, had view of another *Battlefield*, under good ciceroneship; remarks or circumstances otherwise not given:—and, next day, Saturday 11th, picked up D'Alembert, who, by appointment, is proceeding towards Potsdam, at a more leisurely rate. That same Saturday, after much business done, the King was at Kempen, thence at Geldern; speeding for Cleve itself, due there that night. At Geldern, we say, he picked up D'Alembert;—concerning whom, more by and by. And finally, 'on Saturday night, about half-past 8, the King entered Cleve,' amid joyances extraordinary, but did not alight; drove direct through by the Nassau Gate, and took quarter 'in the neighbouring Country-house of Bellevue, with the Dutch General von Spaen there,'—an obliging acquaintance once, while *Lieutenant* Spaen, in our old Crown-Prince times of trouble! Had his year in Spandau for us there, while poor Katte lost his head! To whom, I have heard, the King talked charmingly on this occasion, but was silent as to old Potsdam matters.[5]—

By his set day, Roden is also in Cleve, punctual man, finished or just finishing; and ready for summons by his Majesty. And accordingly:

[5] Suprà, iii. 26.

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'*Cleve, Monday June* 13*th*, At 9 in the morning,' records he, 'I had audience of the King's Majesty:'—(In Spaen's Villa of Bellevue, shall we still suppose? Duke Ferdinand, Prince of Prussia, and the rest, have bestowed themselves in other fit houses; D'Alembert too,—who is to make direct for Potsdam henceforth, by his own route; and will meet us on arriving).—'I handed 'him my Report, with the Tabular Schedule. His Majesty read 'it carefully through, in my presence; and examined all of it 'with strictness. Was pleased to signify his satisfaction with my 'work. Resolved to allow 250,000 thalers (37,500*l.*) for this 'business of Rebuilding; gave out the due Orders to his Kam-'mer, in consequence, and commanded me to arrange with the 'Kammer what was necessary. This done, his Majesty said:

King. "What you were described to me, I find you to be. "You are a diligent laborious man; I must have you nearer to "me;—in the Berlin Kammer you ought to be. You shall have "a good, a right good Salary; your Patent I will give you gratis; "also a *Vorspann-Pass*" (Standing Order available at all Prussian Post-Stations) "for two carriages" (rapid Program of the thing, though yet distant, rising in the Royal fancy!). "Now "serve on as faithfully as you have hitherto done."

Roden. "That is the object of all my endeavours." (*Exit:*—I did not hear specially whitherward just now; but he comes to be supreme Kammer-President in those parts by and by.)

'The Herr Kriegsrath Cöper was present, and noted all the Orders to be expedited.'[6]

These snatches of notice at first-hand, and what the reader's fancy may make of these, are all we can bestow on this Section of Friedrich's Labours; which is naturally more interesting to Prussian readers than to English. He has himself given lucid and eloquent account of it,—Two ample Chapters, '*Des Finances*;' '*Du Militaire*,'[7]—altogether pleasant reading, should there still be curiosity upon it. There is something of flowingly

[6] Preuss, ii. 442; Rödenbeck, ii. 217, 218: in regard to D'Alembert, see *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiv. 190.

[7] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vii. 73-90, 91-109.

eloquent in Friedrich's account of this Battle waged against the inanimate Chaos; something of exultant and triumphant, not noticeable of him in regard to his other Victories. On the Leuthens, Rossbachs, he is always cold as water, and nobody could gather that he had the least pleasure in recording them. Not so here. And indeed here he is as beautiful as anywhere; and the reader, as a general son of Adam,—proud to see human intellect and heroism slaying that kind of lions, and doing what in certain sad epochs is unanimously voted to be impossible and unattemptable,—exults along with him; and perhaps whispers to his own poor heart, nearly choked by the immeasurable imbroglio of Blue-books and Parliamentary Eloquences which for the present encumber Heaven and Earth, "*Meliora spero.*" To Mirabeau, the following details, from First Hand, but already of twenty-three years distance, were not known,[8] while he sat penning those robust Essays on the Duty of *Leave-Alone*.

'To form an idea of the general subversion,' says the King, in regard to 1763, 'and how great were the desolation and dis-'couragement, you must represent to yourself Countries entirely 'ravaged, the very traces of the old habitations hardly discover-'able; Towns, some ruined from top to bottom, others half-'destroyed by fire;—13,000 Houses, of which the very vestiges 'were gone. No field in seed; no grain for the food of the 'inhabitants; 60,000 horses needed, if there was to be ploughing 'carried on: in the Provinces generally Half-a-million Popula-'tion (500,000) less than in 1756,—that is to say, upon only 'Four Millions and a Half, the ninth man was wanting. Noble 'and Peasant had been pillaged, ransomed, foraged, eaten out by 'so many different Armies; nothing now left them, but life and 'miserable rags.

'There was no credit by trading people, even for the daily

[8] Appeared first in *Tome* v. of '*Œuvres Posthumes de Frédéric II*' (are in Tome vi. of Preuss's Edition of *Œuvres*), 'Berlin 1788;'—above a year after Mirabeau had left.

'necessaries of life.' And furthermore, what we were not prepared for, 'No police in the Towns: to habits of equity and order 'had succeeded a vile greed of gain and an anarchic disorder. 'The Colleges of Justice and of Finance had, by these frequent 'invasions of so many enemies, been reduced to inaction:' no Judge, in many places not even a Taxgatherer: 'the silence 'of the Laws had produced in the people a taste for license; 'boundless appetite for gain was their main rule of action: the 'noble, the merchant, the farmer, the labourer, raising emulously each the price of his commodity, seemed to endeavour 'only for their mutual ruin. Such, when the War ended, was 'the fatal spectacle over these Provinces, which had once been 'so flourishing: however pathetic the description may be, it will 'never approach the touching and sorrowful impression which 'the sight of it produced.'

Friedrich found that it would never do to trust to the mere aid of Time in such circumstances: at the end of the Thirty-Years War, "Time" had, owing to absolute want of money, been the one recipe of the Great Elector in a similar case; and Time was then found to mean "about a hundred Years." Friedrich found that he must at once step in with active remedies, and on all hands to make the impossible possible. Luckily he had in readiness, as usual, the funds for an Eighth Campaign, had such been needed. Out of these moneys he proceeded to rebuild the Towns and Villages; 'from the Corn-'Stores (*granaries d'abondance*,' Government establishments gathered from plentiful harvests against scarce, according to old rule) 'were taken the supplies for food of the people and 'sowing of the ground: the horses intended for the artillery, 'baggage and commissariat,' 60,000 horses we have heard, 'were distributed among those who had none, to be employed 'in the tillage of the land. Silesia was discharged from all taxes 'for six months; Pommern and the Neumark for two years. A 'sum of about Three Million sterling' (in *thalers* 20,389,000) 'was given for relief of the Provinces, and as acquittance of the 'impositions the Enemy had wrung from them.

'Great as was this expense, it was necessary and indispensable. 'The condition of these Provinces after the Peace of Hubertsburg recalled what we know of them when the Peace of Münster

'closed the famous Thirty-Years War. On that occasion the 'State failed of help from want of means; which put it out of 'the Great Elector's power to assist his people: and what hap- 'pened? That a whole century elapsed before his Successors 'could restore the Towns and Champaigns to what they were. 'This impressive example was admonitory to the King: that to 'repair the Public Calamities, assistance must be prompt and 'effective. Repeated gifts (*largesses*) restored courage to the 'poor Husbandmen, who began to despair of their lot; by the 'helps given, hope in all classes sprang up anew: encouragement 'of labour produced activity; love of Country rose again with 'fresh life: in a word' (within the second year in a markedly hopeful manner, and within seven years altogether), 'the fields 'were cultivated again, manufacturers had resumed their work; 'and the Police, once more in vigour, corrected by degrees the 'vices that had taken root during the time of anarchy.'[9]

To Friedrich's difficulties, which were not inconsiderable, mark only this last additament: 'During this 'War, the elder of the Councillors, and all the Ministers 'of the Grand Directorium' (centre of Prussian Administration), 'had successively died: and in such time of 'trouble it had been impossible to replace them. The 'embarrassment was, To find persons capable of filling 'these different employments' (some would have very soon done it, your Majesty; but their haste would not have tended to speed!)—'We searched the Provinces' '(*on fouilla*, sifted), where good heads were found as 'rare as in the Capital: at length five Chief Ministers 'were pitched upon,'—who prove to be tolerable, and even good. Three of them were, the *Vons* Blumenthal, Massow, Hagen, unknown to readers here: fourth and fifth were, the Von Wedell as War Minister, once Dictator at Züllichau; and a Von der Horst, who had what we might partially call the Home Department, and who may by accident once or so be nameable again.

[9] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vi. 74, 75.

Nor was War all, says the King: 'accidental Fires 'in different places,' while we struggled to repair the ravagings of War, 'were of unexampled frequency, and 'did immense farther damage. From 1765 to 1769, 'here is the list of places burnt: In East Preussen, the 'City of Königsberg twice over; in Silesia, the Towns 'of Freystadt, Ober-Glogau' (do readers recollect Manteuffel of Foot and "*Wir wollen ihm was*"!), 'Parchwitz, 'Naumburg-on-Queiss, and Goldberg; in the Mark, 'Nauen; in the Neumark, Calies and a part of Lans-'berg; in Pommern, Belgard and Tempelburg. These 'accidents required incessantly new expenditures to re-'pair them.'

Friedrich was not the least of a Free Trader, except where it suited him: and his continual subventions and donations, guidances, encouragements, commandings and prohibitions, wise supervision and impulsion,—are a thing I should like to hear an intelligent Mirabeau (Junior or Senior) discourse upon, after he had well studied them! For example: '*On rendit les Prêtres utiles*, The Priests, 'Catholic Priests, were turned to use by obliging all 'the rich Abbeys to establish manufactures: here it 'was weavers making damasks and table-cloths; there 'oil-mills' (oil from linseed); 'or workers in copper, 'wire-drawers; as suited the localities and the natural 'products,—the flaxes and the metals, with water-power, 'markets, and so on.' What a charming resuscitation of the rich Abbeys from their dormant condition!

I should like still better to explain how, in Lower Silesia, 'we (*on*) managed to increase the number of 'Husbandmen by 4,000 families. You will be surprised 'how it was possible to multiply to this extent the people 'living by Agriculture in a Country where already not 'a field was waste. The reason was this. Many Lords

'of Land, to increase their Domain, had imperceptibly 'appropriated to themselves the holdings (*terres*) of their 'vassals. Had this abuse been suffered to go on, in 'time a great'— But the commentary needed would be too lengthy; we will give only the result: 'In the 'long-run, every Village would have had its Lord, but 'there would have been no tax-paying Farmers left.' The Landlord, ruler of these Landless, might himself (as Majesty well knows) have been made to *pay*, had that been all; but it was not. 'To possess something; 'that is what makes the citizen attached to his Country; 'those who have no property, and have nothing to lose, 'what tie have they?' A weak one, in comparison! 'All these things being represented to the Landlord 'Class, their own advantage made them consent to re-'place their Peasants on the old footing.' * *

'To make head against so many extraordinary de-'mands,' adds the King (looking over to a new Chapter, that of *The Military*, which Department, to his eyes, was not less shockingly dilapidated than the *Civil*, and equally or more needed instant repair), 'new resources had to 'be devised. For, besides what was needed for reësta-'blishment of the Provinces, new Fortifications were 'necessary; and all our Cannon, *évasés* (worn too wide 'in the bore), needed to be refounded; which occasioned 'considerable new expense. This led us to improve-'ment of the Excises,'—concerning which there will have to be a Section by itself.

Of Friedrich's new Excise-System.

In his late Inspection-Journey to Cleve country, D'Alembert, from Paris, by appointment waited for the

King;[10]—picked up at Geldern (June 11th), as we saw above. D'Alembert got to Potsdam, June 22d; stayed till middle of August. He had met the King once before, in 1755; who found him "a *bon garçon*," as we then saw. D'Alembert was always, since that time, an agreeable, estimable little man to Friedrich. Age now about forty-six; has lately refused the fine Russian post of 'Tutor to the Czarowitsh' (Czarowitsh Paul, poor little Boy of eight or nine, whom we, or Herr Büsching for us, saw galloping about, not long since, 'in his dressing-gown,' under Panim's Tutorage); refuses now, in a delicate gradual manner, the fine Prussian post of Perpetual President, or Successor to Maupertuis;—definitely preferring his frugal pensions at Paris, and garret all his own there. Continues, especially after this two-months visit of 1763, one of the King's chief correspondents for the next twenty years.[11] A man of much clear intellect; a thought *shrieky* in his ways sometimes; but always prudent, rational, polite, and loyally recognising Friedrich as a precious article in this world. Here is a word of D'Alembert's to Madame du Deffand, at Paris, some ten or twelve days after the Cleve meeting, and the third day after his arrival here:

'*Potsdam, 25th June* 1763. Madame,— * * I will not go 'into the praises of this Prince,' King Friedrich, my now Host; 'in my mouth it might be suspicious: I will merely send you two 'traits of him, which will indicate his way of thinking and feeling. 'When I spoke to him' (at Geldern, probably, on our first meeting) 'of the glory he had acquired, he answered, with the greatest

[10] In *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiv. 377-380 (D'Alembert's fine bits of Letters in prospect of Potsdam, 'Paris, 7th March—29th April 1763;' and two small Notes while there, 'Sans-Souci, 6th July—15th August 1763').

[11] '29th October 1783,' D'Alembert died: 'born 16th November 1717;'—a Foundling, as is well known; 'Mother a Sister of Cardinal Tencin's; 'Father,' accidental, 'an Officer in the Artillery.'

'simplicity, That there was a furious discount to be deducted 'from said glory; that chance came in for almost the whole of 'it; and that he would far rather have done Racine's *Athalie* 'than all this War:—*Athalie* is the work he likes, and re-reads 'oftenest; I believe you won't disapprove his taste there. The 'other trait I have to give you is, That on the day' (15th February last) 'of concluding this Peace, which is so glorious to him, 'some one saying, "It is the finest day of your Majesty's life:" "The finest day of life," answered he, "is the day on which one 'quits it." * *—Adieu, Madame.'[12]

The meeting in Cleve Country was, no doubt, a very pretty passage, with Two pretty Months following;—and if it be true that *Helvetius* was a consequence, the 11th of June 1763 may almost claim to be a kind of epoch in Friedrich's later history. The opulent and ingenious M. Helvetius, who wrote *De l'Esprit*, and has got banished for that feat (lost in the gloom of London in those months), had been a mighty Tax-gatherer as well; D'Alembert, as brother Philosophe, was familiar with Helvetius: It is certain, also, King Friedrich, at this time, found he would require annually two million thalers more;—where to get them, seemed the impossibility. A General Krockow, who had long been in French Service, and is much about the King, was often recommending the French Excise-system;—he is the Krockow of *Domstädtl*, and that *Siege of Olmütz*, memorable to some of us:—"A wonderful Excise-system," Krockow is often saying, in this time of straits. "Who completely understands it?" the King might ask. "Helvetius, against the world!" D'Alembert could justly answer. "Invite Helvetius to leave his London exile, and accept an asylum here, where he may be of vital use to me!" concludes Friedrich.

[12] '*Œuvres Posthumes de D'Alembert* (Paris, 1799), i. 197:' cited in *Preuss*, ii. 348.

1766.

Helvetius came in March 1765; stayed till June 1766:[13]—within which time a French Excise-system, which he had been devising and putting together, had just got in gear, and been in action for a month, to Helvetius's satisfaction. Who thereupon went his way, and never returned;—taking with him, as man and tax-gatherer, the King's lasting gratitude; but by no means that of the Prussian Nation, in his tax-gathering capacity! All Prussia, or all of it that fell under this Helvetius Excise-system, united to condemn it, in all manner of dialects, louder and louder: here, for instance, is the utterance of Herr Hamann, himself a kind of Custom-house Clerk (at Königsberg, in East Preussen), and on modest terms a Literary man of real merit and originality, who may be supposed to understand this subject: "And so," says Hamann, "the State has declared its "own subjects incapable of managing its Finance-sys- "tem; and in this way has intrusted its heart, that is "the purse of its subjects, to a company of Foreign "Scoundrels, ignorant of everything relating to it!"[14]

This lasted all Friedrich's lifetime; and gave rise to not a little buzzing, especially in its primary or incipient stages. It seems to have been one of the unsuccessfullest Finance-adventures Friedrich ever engaged in. It cost his subjects infinite small trouble; awakened very great complaining; and for the first time, real discontent,—skin-deep but sincere and universal, against the misguided Vater Fritz. Much noisy absurdity there was upon it, at home, and especially abroad: "Griping miser," "greedy tyrant," and so forth! Deducting all which, everybody now admits that Friedrich's aim was

[13] Rödenbeck, ii. 254; Preuss, iii. 11.

[14] 'Hamann to Jacobi' (see Preuss, iii. 1-35), 'Königsberg, 18th January 1786.'

excellent and proper; but nobody denies withal that the means were inconsiderate, of no profit in proportion to the trouble they gave, and improper to adopt unless the necessity compelled.

Friedrich is forbidden, or forbids himself, as we have often mentioned, to impose new taxes: and nevertheless now, on calculations deep, minute, and no doubt exact, he judges That for meeting new attacks of War (or being ready to meet, which will oftenest mean averting them),—a thing which, as he has just seen, may concern the very existence of the State,—it is necessary that there should be on foot such and such quotities and kinds of Soldiery and War-furniture, visible to all neighbours; and privately in the Treasury never less than such and such a sum. To which end Arithmetic declares that there is required about Two Million thalers more of yearly revenue than we now have. And where, in these circumstances, are the means of raising such a sum?

Friedrich imposes no new taxes; but there may be stricter methods of levying the old;—there may, and in fact there must, be means found! Friedrich has consulted his Finance Ministers; put the question *seriatim* to these wise heads: they answer with one voice, "There are no means."[15] Friedrich, therefore, has recourse to Helvetius; who, on due consideration, and after survey of much documentary and tabulary raw-material, is of opinion, That the Prussian Excises would, if levied with the punctuality, precision and vigilant exactitude of French methods, actually yield the required overplus. "Organise me the methods, then; get them put in action here; under French hands, if that be indispensable." Helvetius bethought him of what fittest French

[15] Rödenbeck, ii. 256.

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hands there were to his knowledge,—in France there are a great many hands flung idle in the present downbreak of finance there:—Helvetius appears to have selected, arranged and contrived in this matter with his best diligence. De Launay, the Head-engineer of the thing, was admitted by all Prussia, after Twenty-two years unfriendly experience of him, to have been a suitable and estimable person; a man of judicious ways, of no small intelligence, prudence, and of very great skill in administering business.

Head-engineer De Launay, one may guess, would be consulted by Helvetius in choice of the subaltern Officials, the stokers and steerers in this new Steam-Machinery, which had all to be manned from France. There were Four heads of departments immediately under De Launay, or scarcely under him, junior brothers rather:—who chose these I did not hear; but these latter, it is evident, were not a superior quality of people. Of these Four,—all at very high salaries, from De Launay downwards; "higher than a Prussian Minister of State!" murmured the public,—two, within the first year, got into quarrel; fought a duel, fatal to one of them; so that there were now only Three left. "Three, with De Launay, will do," opined Friedrich; and divided the vacant salary among the survivors: in which form they had at least no more duelling.

As to the subaltern working-parties, the *Visitateurs*, *Controlleurs*, *Jaugeurs* (Gaugers), *Plombeurs* (Lead-stampers), or the strangest kind of all, called 'Cellar-Rats (*Commis Rats-de-Cave*),' they were so detested and exclaimed against, by a Public impatient of the work itself, there is no knowing what their degree of scoundrelism was, nor even, within amazingly wide limits, what the arithmetical number of them was. About 500

in the whole of Prussia, says a quiet Prussian, who has made some inquiry;[16] 1,500 says Mirabeau; 3,000 say other exaggerative persons, or even 5,000; De Launay's account is, Not at any time above 200. But we can all imagine how vexatious they and their business were. Nobody now is privileged with exemption: from one and all of you, Nobles, Clergy, People, strict account is required, about your beers and liquors; your coffee, salt; your consumptions and your purchases of all excisable articles:—nay, I think in coffee and salt, in salt for certain, what you will require, according to your station and domestic numbers, is computed for you, to save trouble; such and such quantities you will please to buy in our presence, or to pay duty for, whether you buy them or not. Into all houses, at any hour of the day or of the night, these cellar-rats had liberty,—(on warrant from some higher rat of their own type, I know not how much higher; and no sure appeal for you, except to the King; tolerably sure there, if you be *innocent*, but evidently perilous if you be only *not-convicted!*) —had liberty, I say, to search for contraband; all your presses, drawers, repositories, you must open to these beautiful creatures; watch in nightcap, and candle in hand, while your things get all tumbled hither and thither, in the search for what perhaps is not there; nay, it was said and suspected, but I never knew it for certain, that these poisonous French are capable of slipping-in something contraband, on purpose to have you fined whether or not.

Readers can conceive, though apparently Friedrich did not, what a world of vexation all this occasioned; and how, in the continual annoyance to all mankind, the irritation, provocation, and querulous eloquence spread

[16] 'Beguelin, *Accise- und Zoll-Verfassung*, S. 138' (Preuss, iii. 18).

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among high and low. Of which the King knew something; but far from the whole. His object was one of vital importance; and his plan once fixed, he went on with it, according to his custom, regardless of little rubs. The Anecdote Books are full of details, comic mostly, on this subject: How the French rats pounced down upon good harmless people, innocent frugal parsonages, farmhouses; and were comically flung prostrate by native ready wit, or by direct appeal to the King. Details, never so authentic, could not be advisable in this place. Perhaps there are not more than Two authentic Passages, known to me, which can now have the least interest, even of a momentary sort, to English readers. The first is, Of King Friedrich caricatured as a Miser grinding Coffee. I give it, without essential alteration of any kind, in Herr Preuss's words, copied from those of one who saw it:—the second, which relates to a Princess or Ex-Princess of the Royal House, I must reserve for a little while. Herr Preuss says:

'Once, during the time of the Regie' (which lasted from 1766 to 1786 and the King's death: no other date assignable, though 1768, or so, may be imaginable for our purpose), 'as the King came riding along the 'Jäger Strasse, there was visible near what is called the 'Fürstenhaus,' kind of Berlin *Somerset-House*,[17] 'a great 'crowd of people. "See what it is!" the King sent 'his one attendant, a heiduc or groom, into it, to learn 'what it was. "They have something posted up about 'your Majesty," reported the groom; and Friedrich, 'who by this time had ridden forward, took a look at 'the thing; which was a Caricature figure of himself: 'King in very melancholy guise, seated on a Stool, a 'Coffee-mill between his knees; diligently grinding with

[17] Nicolai, i. 155.

'the one hand, and with the other picking up any bean 'that might have fallen. "Hang it lower," said the 'King, beckoning his groom with a wave of the finger: "Lower, that they may not have to hurt their necks "about it!" No sooner were the words spoken, which 'spread instantly, than there rose from the whole crowd 'one universal huzzah of joy. They tore the Caricature 'into a thousand pieces, and rolled after the King with 'loud "*Lebe hoch*, Our Friedrich forever!" as he rode 'slowly away.'[18] That is their Friedrich's method with the Caricature Department. Heffner, Kapellmeister in Upsala, reports this bit of memorability; he was then of the King's Music-Chapel in Berlin, and saw this with his eyes.

The King's tendency at all times, and his practice generally, when we hear of it, was to take the people's side; so that gradually these French procedures were a great deal mitigated; and *die Regie*,—so they called this hateful new-fangled system of Excise Machinery,—became much more supportable, 'the sorrows of it nothing but a tradition to the younger sort,' reports Dohm, who is extremely ample on this subject.[19] De Launay was honourably dismissed, and the whole Regie abolished, a month or two after Friedrich's death.

With a splenetic satisfaction authentic Dohm, who sufficiently condemns the *Regie*, adds that it was not even successful; and shows by evidence, and computation to the uttermost farthing, that instead of two million thalers annually, it yielded on the average rather less than one. The desired overplus of two millions, and a good deal more did indeed come in, says he: but

[18] Preuss, iii. 275 ('from *Berlin Conversationsblatt* &c. of 1827, No. 253').

[19] Christian Wilhelm von Dohm, *Denkwürdigkeiten meiner Zeit* (Lemgo und Hanover, 1819), iv. 500 et seq.

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it was owing to the great prosperity of Prussia at large, after the Seven-Years War; to the manifold industries awakening, which have gone on progressive ever since. Dohm declares farther, that the very object was, in a sort, fanciful, nugatory; arguing that nobody did attack Friedrich;—but omitting to prove that nobody would have done so, had Friedrich *not* stood ready to receive him. We will remark only, what is very indisputable, that Friedrich, owing to the Regie, or to other causes, did get the humble overplus necessary for him; and did stand ready for any war which might have come (and which did in a sort come); that he more and more relaxed the Regie, as it became less indispensable to him; and was willing, if he found the Caricatures and Opposition Placards too high posted, to save the poor reading people any trouble that was possible.

A French eyewitness testifies: 'They had no talent, 'these Régie fellows, but that of writing and ciphering; 'extremely conceited too, and were capable of the most 'ridiculous follies. Once, for instance, they condemned 'a common soldier, who had hidden some pounds of 'tobacco, to a fine of 200 thalers. The King, on re-'viewing it for confirmation, wrote on the margin: "Before confirming this sentence, I should wish to "know where the Soldier, who gets 8 groschen" (ninepence halfpenny) "in the 5 days, will find the 200 "crowns for paying this Fine!"'[20] Innumerable instances of a constant disposition that way, on the King's part, stand on record. "A crown a head on the import "of fat cattle, Tax on butcher's-meat?" writes he once to De Launay: "No, that would fall on the poorer "classes; to that I must say No. I am, by office, Pro-"curator of the Poor (*l'avocat du pauvre*)." Elsewhere

[20] Laveaux (2d edition), iii. 228.

it is, "*Avocat du pauvre et du soldat* (of the working-man "and of the soldier); and have to plead their cause."[21]

We will now give our Second Anecdote; which has less of memorability to us strangers at present, though doubtless it was then, in Berlin society, the more celebrated of the two; relating, as it did, to a high Court-Lady, almost the highest, and who was herself only too celebrated in those years. The heroine is Princess Elizabeth of Brunswick, King's own Niece and a pretty woman; who for four years (14th July 1765—18th April 1769) of her long life was Princess Royal of Prussia,—Wife of that tall young Gentleman, whom we used to see dancing about, whom we last saw at Schweidnitz, getting flung from his horse, on the day of Pirch's saddle there;—but in the fourth year ceased to be so[22] (for excellent reasons, on both sides), and lived thenceforth in a divorced eclipsed state, at Stettin, where is laid the scene of our Anecdote. I understand it to be perfectly true; but cannot ascertain from any of the witnesses in what year the thing happened; or whether it was at Stettin or Berlin,—though my author has guessed, 'Stettin, in the Lady's divorced state,' as appears:

'This Princess had commissioned, direct from Lyon, a very 'beautiful dress; which arrived duly, addressed to her at Stettin. 'As this kind of stuffs is charged with very heavy dues, the '*Douanier*, head Customhouse Personage of the Town, had the 'impertinence to detain the dress till payment were made. The 'Princess, in a lofty indignation, sent word to this person, To 'bring the dress instantly, and she would pay the dues on it. 'He obeyed: but,'—mark the result,—'scarcely had the Princess 'got eye on him, when she seized her Lyon Dress; and, giving 'the Douanier a couple of good slaps on the face, ordered him 'out of her apartment and house.

[21] Preuss, iii. 20.

[22] Rödenbeck, ii. 241, 257.

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'The Douanier, thinking himself one and somewhat, with-'drew in high choler; had a long *Procès-verbal* of the thing 'drawn out; and sent it to the King with eloquent complaint, "That he had been dishonoured in doing the function appointed 'him." Friedrich replied as follows: '*To the Douanier at Stettin:* "The loss of the Excise-dues shall fall to my score; the Dress "shall remain with the Princess; the slaps to him who has received "them. As to the pretended Dishonour, I entirely relieve the "complainant from that: never can the appliance of a beautiful "hand dishonour the face of an Officer of Customs.—F."[23]

Northern Tourists, Wraxall and others, passing that way, speak of this Princess, down to recent times, as a phenomenon of the place. Apparently a high and peremptory kind of Lady, disdaining to be bowed too low by her disgraces. She survived all her generation, and the next and the next, and indeed into our own. Died, 18th February 1840: at the age of ninety-six. Three score and eleven years of that eclipsed Stettin Existence; this of the Lyon gown, and caitiff of a Customhouser slapped on the face, her one adventure put on record for us!—

She was signally blameable in that of the Divorce; but not she alone, nor first of the Two. Her Crown-Prince, Friedrich Wilhelm, called afterwards, as King, "*der Dicke* (the Fat, or the Big)," and held in little esteem by Posterity,—a headlong, rather dark and physical kind of creature, though not ill-meaning or dishonest,—was himself a dreadful sinner in that department of things; and had *begun* the bad game against his poor Cousin and Spouse! Readers of discursive turn are perhaps acquainted with a certain "Gräfin von Lichtenau," and her *Memoirs* so-called:—not willingly, but driven, I fish up one specimen, and one only, from that record of human puddles and perversities:

[23] Rödenbeck (abridged), iii. 229.

'From the first year of our attachment,' says this precious Gräfin, 'I was already the confidant of his,' the Prince of Prussia's, 'most secret thoughts. One day' (in 1767, second year of his married life, I then fifteen, slim Daughter of a Player on the French Horn, in his Majesty's pay), 'the Prince happened 'to be very serious; and was owning to me with frankness that 'he had some wrongs towards my sex to reproach himself with,' —alas yes, some few:—'and he swore that he would never for-'sake *me;* and that if Heaven disposed of my life before his, 'none but he should close my eyes. He was fingering with a 'penknife, at the time; he struck the point of it into the palm 'of his left hand, and wrote with his blood' (the unclean creature), 'on a little bit of paper, the Oath which his lips had just 'pronounced in so solemn a tone. Vainly should I undertake to 'paint my emotion on this action of his! The Prince saw what 'I felt; and took advantage of it to beg that I would follow his 'example. I hastened to satisfy him; and traced, as he had 'done, with my blood, the promise to remain his friend to the 'tomb, and never to forsake him. This Promise must have been 'found among his Papers after his death' (still in the Archives? we will hope not!)—'Both of us stood faithful to this Oath. The 'tie of love, it is true, we broke: but that was by mutual con-'sent, and the better to fix ourselves in the bonds of an inviolable 'friendship. Other mistresses reigned over his senses; but I'— *Ach Gott,* no more of that.[24]

The King's own account of the affair is sufficiently explicit. His words are: 'Not long ago' (about two years before this of the penknife), 'we mentioned the 'Prince of Prussia's marriage with Elizabeth of Bruns-'wick' (his Cousin twice over, her Mother, Princess Charlotte of Prussia, being his Father's Sister and mine, and her Father *his* Mother's Brother,—if you like to count it). 'This engagement, from which everybody 'had expected happy consequences, did not correspond 'to the wishes of the Royal House.' Only one Princess

[24] *Mémoires de la Comtesse de Lichtenau* (à Londres, chez Colburn Libraire, Conduit-street, Bond-street, 2 tomes, small 8vo, 1809), i. 129.

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could be realised (subsequently Wife to the late Duke of York),—she came this same year of the penknife,—and bad outlooks for more. 'The Husband, young and 'dissolute (*sans mœurs*), given up to a crapulous life, 'from which his relatives could not correct him, was 'continually committing infidelities to his Wife. The 'Princess, who was in the flower of her beauty, felt 'outraged by such neglect of her charms; her vivacity, 'and the good opinion she had of herself, brought her 'upon the thought of avenging her wrongs by retaliation. Speedily she gave into excesses, scarcely inferior 'to those of her Husband. Family quarrels broke out, and 'were soon publicly known. The antipathy that ensued, 'took away all hope of succession' (had it been desirable in these sad circumstances!). 'Prince Henri' (*Junior*, this hopeful Prince of Prussia's Brother), 'who was 'gifted with all the qualities to be wished in a young 'man' (witness my tears for him), 'had been carried off 'by smallpox.[25] The King's Brothers, Princes Henri and 'Ferdinand, avowed frankly that they would never consent to have, by some accidental bastard, their rights 'of succession to the crown carried off. In the end, 'there was nothing for it but proceeding to a divorce.'[26]

Divorce was done in a beautiful private manner; case tried with strictly-shut doors; all the five judges under oath to carry into the grave whatever they came to know of it:[27] divorce completed, 18th April 1769; and, within three months, a new marriage was accomplished, Princess Frederika Luisa of Hessen-Darmstadt the happy woman. By means of whom there was duly realised a Friedrich Wilhelm, who became "King

[25] '26th May 1767,' age 19 gone; *Éloge* of him by Friedrich ('*Ms.* still stained with tears'), in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vii. 37 et seq.

[26] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vi. 23. [27] Preuss, iv. 180-186.

Friedrich Wilhelm III." (a much-enduring, excellent, though inarticulate man), as well as various other Princes and Princesses, in spite of interruptions from the Lichtenau Sisterhood. High-souled Elizabeth was relegated to Stettin; her amount of Pension is not mentioned; her Family, after the unhappy proofs communicated to them, had given their consent and sanction;—and she stayed there, idle, or her own mistress of work, for the next seventy-one years.—Enough of *her* Lyon Dress, surely, and of the Excise-system altogether!—

The Neue Palais, in Sans-Souci Neighbourhood, is founded and finished (1763-1770).

If D'Alembert's Visit was the germ of the Excise-system, it will be curious to note,—and indeed whether or not, it will be chronologically serviceable to us here, and worth noting,—that there went on a small synchronous affair, still visible to everybody: namely, That in the very hours while Friedrich and D'Alembert were saluting mutually at Geldern (11th June 1763), there was laid the foundation of what they call the *Neue Palais;* New Palace of Sans-Souci:[28] a sumptuous Edifice, in the curious *Louis-Quinze* or what is called "Rococo" style of the time; Palace never much inhabited by Friedrich or his successors, which still stands in those ornamental Potsdam regions. Why built, especially in the then down-pressed financial circumstances, some have had their difficulties to imagine. It appears, this New Palace had been determined on, before the War broke out; and Friedrich said to himself: "We will build it now, to help the mechanical classes in Berlin,—perhaps also, in part" (think some, and why should not they, a

[28] Rödenbeck, ii. 219.

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little?) "to show mankind that we have still ready money; and are nothing like so ruined as they fancy."

'This *Neue Palais*,' says one recent Tourist, 'is a 'pleasant quaint object, nowadays, to the stranger. It 'has the air *dégagé, pococurante;* pleasantly fine in aspect 'and in posture;—spacious expanses round it, not in a 'waste, but still less in a strict condition; and (in its 'deserted state) has a silence, especially a total absence 'of needless flunkeys and of gaping fellow-loungers, 'which is charming. Stands mute there, in its solitude, 'in its stately silence and negligence, like some Tadmor 'of the Wilderness in small. The big square of Stables, 'Coach-houses, near by, was locked up,—probably one 'sleeping groom in it. The very *Custos* of the grand 'Edifice (such the rarity of fees to him) I could not 'awaken without difficulty. In the gray autumn zephyrs, 'no sound whatever about this New Palace of King 'Friedrich's, except the rustle of the crisp brown leaves, 'and of any faded or fading memories you may have.

'I should say,' continues he, 'it somehow reminds 'you of the City of Bath. It has the cut of a battered 'Beau of old date; Beau still extant, though in strangely 'other circumstances; something in him of pathetic dig- 'nity in that kind. It shows excellent sound masonries; 'which have an over-tendency to jerk themselves into 'pinnacles, curvatures and graciosities; many statues 'atop,—three there are, in a kind of grouped, or part- 'nership attitude; "These," said diligent scandal, "note 'them; these mean Maria Theresa, Pompadour and *Ca- 'tin du Nord*" (mere Muses, I believe, or of the Nymph 'or Hamadryad kind, nothing of harm in them). In 'short, you may call it the stone Apotheosis of an old 'French Beau. Considerably weatherbeaten (the brown 'of lichens spreading visibly here and there, the firm-set

'ashlar telling you, "I have stood a hundred years");—
'Beau old and weatherbeaten, with his cocked-hat not
'in the fresh condition, all his gold-laces tarnished; and
'generally looking strange, and in a sort tragical, to
'find himself, fleeting creature, become a denizen of the
'Architectural Fixities and earnest Eternities!'—

From Potsdam Palace to the New Palace of Sans-Souci may be a mile distance; flat ground, parallel to the foot of Hills; all through arbours, parterres, waterworks, and ornamental gardenings and cottagings or villa-ings,—Cottage-Villa for Lord Marischal is one of them. This mile of distance, taking the *Cottage* Royal of Sans-Souci on its hill-top as vertex, will be the base of an isosceles or nearly isosceles triangle, flatter than equilateral. To the Cottage Royal of Sans-Souci may be about three-quarters of a mile north-east from this New Palace, and from Potsdam Palace to it rather less. And the whole square-mile or so of space is continuously a Garden, not in the English sense, though it has its own beauties of the more artificial kind; and, at any rate, has memories for you, and footsteps of persons still unforgotten by mankind.—Here is a Notice of Lord Marischal; which readers will not grudge; the chronology of the worthy man, in these his later epochs, being in so hazy a state:

Lord Marischal, we know well and Pitt knows, was in England in 1761,—ostensibly, on the Kintore Heritage; and in part perhaps, really on that errand. But he went and came, at dates now uncertain; was back in Spain after that, had difficult voyagings about;[29]—and did not get to rest again, in his Government of Neufchâtel, till April 1762. There is a Letter of the King's, which at least fixes that point:

"*Breslau*, 10*th April* 1762. My nose is the most impertinent

[29] King's Letters to him, in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xx. 282-285.

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"nose in the universe, *mon cher Mylord*" (Queen-Dowager snuff, *Spaniol* from the fountain-head, of Marischal's providing; quality exquisite, but difficult to get transmitted in the Storms of War); "I am ashamed of the trouble it costs you! I beg many pardons; "—and should be quite abashed, did I not know how you com- "passionate the weak points of your friends, and that, for a long "time past, you have a singular indulgence for my nose. I am "very glad to know you happily returned to your Government, "safe at Colombier (*Dove-cote*) in Neufchâtel again." This is 10th April 1762. There, as I gather, quiet in his Dove-cote, Marischal continued, though rather weary of the business, for about a year more; or till the King got home,—who delights in companionship, and is willing to let an old man demit for good.

It was in Summer 1762 (about three months after the above Letter from the King), that Rousseau made his celebrated exodus into Neufchâtel Country, and found the old Governor so good to him,—glad to be allowed to shelter the poor skinless creature. And, mark as curious, it must have been on two of those mornings, towards the end of the Siege of Schweidnitz, when things were getting so intolerable, and at times breaking out into electricity, into 'rebuke all round,' that Friedrich received that singular pair of Laconic Notes from Rousseau in Neufchâtel: forwarded, successively, by Lord Marischal; *Note First*, of date, 'Motier-Travers, Neufchâtel, September,' nobody can guess what day, '1762:' "I have said much ill of you, "and don't repent it. Now everybody has banished me; and "it is on your threshold that I sit down. Kill me, if you "have a mind!" And then (after, not death, but the gift of 100 crowns), *Note Second*, 'October 1762:' * * "Take "out of my sight that sword, which dazzles and pains me; *it* "has only too well done its duty, while the sceptre is aban- "doned:" Make Peace, can't you![30]—What curious reading for a King in such posture, among the miscellaneous arrivals overnight! Above six weeks before either of these *Notes*, Friedrich, hearing of him from Lord Marischal, had answered: "An asylum? Yes, by all means: the unlucky cynic!" It is on

[30] *Œuvres complètes de Rousseau* (à Genève, 1782-1789), xxxiii. 64, 65.

September 1st, that he sends, by the same channel, 100 crowns for his use, with advice to "give them *in naturâ*, lest he refuse otherwise;" as Friedrich knows to be possible. In words, the Rousseau Notes got nothing of Answer. "A *garçon singulier*," says Friedrich: odd fellow, yes indeed, your Majesty;—and has such a pungency of flattery in him, too, presented in the way of snarl! His Majesty might take him, I suppose, with a kind of relish, like Queen-Dowager snuff.

There was still another shift of place, shift which proved temporary, in old Marischal's life: Home to native Aberdeenshire. The two childless Brothers, Earls of Kintore, had died successively, the last of them, November 22d, 1761: title and heritage, not considerable the latter, fell duly, by what preparatives we know, to old Marischal; but his Keith kinsfolk, furthermore, would have him personally among them,—nay, after that, would have him to wed and produce new Keiths. At the age of 78; decidedly an inconvenient thing! Old Marischal left Potsdam, 'August 1763,'[31]—*New-Palace* scaffoldings and big stone-blocks conspicuous in those localities; pleasant D'Alembert now just about leaving in the other direction;—much to Friedrich's regret, the old Marischal especially, as is still finely evident.

Friedrich to Lord Marischal (in Scotland for the last six months).

"Sans-Souci, 16th February 1764.

"I am not surprised that the Scotch fight to have you among "them; and wish to have progeny of yours, and to preserve your "bones. You have, in your lifetime, the lot of Homer after death: "Cities arguing which is your birthplace;—I myself would dis- "pute it with Edinburgh to possess you. If I had ships, I would "make a descent on Scotland, to steal off my *cher Mylord*, and "bring him hither. Alas, our Elbe Boats can't do it. But you "give me hopes;—which I seize with avidity! I was your late "Brother's friend, and had obligations to him; I am yours with "heart and soul. These are my titles, these are my rights:— "you shan't be forced in the matter of progeny here (*faire l'étalon*

[31] Letter of his to the King ('*Londres*, 14 *Août* 1763'), in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xx. 293.

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"*ici*), neither priests nor attorneys shall meddle with you; you "shall live here in the bosom of friendship, liberty and philo- "sophy." Come to me! * *—F.[32]

Old Marischal did come; and before long. I know not the precise month: but 'his Villa-Cottage was built for him,' the Books say, 'in 1764.' He had left D'Alembert just going; next year, he will find Helvetius coming. He lived here, a great treasure to Friedrich, till his death, 25th May 1778, age 92.

The New Palace was not finished till 1770;—in which year, also, Friedrich reckons that the general Problem of Repairing Prussia was victoriously over. New Palace, growing or complete, looks down on all these operations and occurrences. In its cradle, it sees D'Alembert go, Lord Marischal go; Helvetius come, Lord Marischal come; in its boyhood or maturity, the Excise, and French *Rats-de-Cave*, spring up; Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm prick his hand for a fit kind of ink; Friedrich Wilhelm's Divorced Wife give her Douanier two slaps in the face, by way of payment. Nay, the same Friedrich Wilhelm, become "Friedrich Wilhelm II., or *der Dicke*," died in it,—his Lichtenau *and* his second Wife, jewel of women, nursing him in his last sickness there.[33]

The violent stress of effort for repairing Prussia, Friedrich intimates, was mostly over in 1766: till which date specifically, and in a looser sense till 1770, that may be considered as his main business. But it was not at any time his sole business; nor latterly at all equal in interest to some others that had risen on him, as the next Chapter will now show. Here, first, is a little Fraction of *Necrology*, which may be worth taking with us. Readers can spread these fateful specialities

[32] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xx. 295. [33] 'Died, 16th November 1797.'

over the Period in question; and know that each of them came with a kind of knell upon Friedrich's heart, whatever he might be employed about. Hour striking after hour on the Horologe of Time; intimating how the Afternoon wore, and that Night was coming. Various meanings there would be to Friedrich, in these footfalls of departing guests, the dear, the less dear, and the indifferent or hostile; but each of them would mean: "Gone, then, gone; thus we all go!"

'*Obituary in Friedrich's Circle till* 1771.'

Of Polish Majesty's death (5th October 1763), and then (2d December following) of his Kurprinz or Successor's, with whom we dined at Moritzburg so recently, there will be mention by and by. November 28th, 1763, in the interval between these two, the wretched Brühl had died. April 14th, 1764, died the wretched Pompadour;—"To us not known, *Je ne la connais pas:*"—hapless Butterfly, she had been twenty years in the winged condition; age now forty-four: dull Louis, they say, looked out of window as her hearse departed, "*froidement,*" without emotion of any visible kind. These little concern Friedrich or us; we will restrict ourselves to Friends.

'*Died in* 1764. At Pisa, Algarotti (23d May 1764, age fifty-two); with whom Friedrich has always had some correspondence hitherto (to himself interesting, though not to us), and will never henceforth have more. Friedrich raised a Monument to him; Monument still to be seen in the Campo-Santo of Pisa: "*Hic jacet Ovidii æmulus et Neutoni discipulus;*" friends have added "*Fredericus Magnus poni fecit;*" and on another part of the Monument, "*Algarottus non omnis.*"[34]

'— *in* 1765. At the age of eighty, November 18th, Gräfin Camas, "*Ma bonne Maman*" (widow since 1741); excellent old Lady,—once brilliantly young, German by birth, her name Brandt;—to whom the King's *Letters* used to be so pretty.' This same year, too, Kaiser Franz died; but him we will reserve, as not belonging to this Select List.

[34] Preuss, iv. 188.

1766.

'*Died in* 1766. At Nanci, 23d February, age eighty-six, 'King Stanislaus Leczinsky: "his clothes caught fire" (acci- 'dental spark or sputter on some damask dressing-gown or the 'like); and the much-enduring innocent old soul ended pain- 'fully his Titular career.

'— *in* 1767. October 22d, the Grand-Duchess of Sachsen- 'Gotha, age fifty-seven; a sad stroke this also, among one's 'narrowing List of Friends.—I doubt if Friedrich ever saw this 'high Lady after the Visit we lately witnessed. His *Letters* to 'her are still in the Archives of Gotha: not hers to him; all 'lost, these latter, but an accidental Two, which are still beau- 'tiful in their kind.[35]

'— *in* 1770. Bielfeld, the fantastic individual of old days. 'Had long been out of Friedrich's circle,—in Altenburg Coun- 'try, I think;—without importance to Friedrich or us: the *year* 'of him will do, without search for day or month.

'— *in* 1771. Two heavy deaths come this year. January '28th, 1771, at Berlin, dies our valuable old friend Excellency 'Mitchell,—still here on the part of England, in cordial esteem 'as a man and companion; though as Minister, I suppose, with 'function more and more imaginary. This painfully ushers in 'the year. To usher it out, there is still worse: faithful D'Ar- 'gens dies, 26th December 1771, on a visit in his native Pro- 'vence,—leaving, as is still visible,[36] a big and sad blank behind 'him at Potsdam.' But we need not continue; at least not at present.

Long before all these Friedrich had lost friends; with a sad but quiet emotion he often alludes to this tragic fact, that all the souls he loved most are gone. His Winterfelds, his Keiths, many loved faces, the War has snatched: at Monbijou, at Baireuth, it was not War; but they too are gone. Is the world becoming all a Mausoleum, then; nothing of divine in it but the Tombs of vanished loved ones? Friedrich makes no noise on such subjects: loved and unloved alike must go.

We have still to mark Kaiser Franz's sudden death; a thing politically interesting, if not otherwise. August 1765, at

[35] Given in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xviii. 165, 256.

[36] Friedrich's two Letters to the Widow (Ibid. xix. 427-429).

Innspruck, during the Marriage-festivities of his Second Son, Leopold (Duke of Florence, who afterwards, on Joseph's death, was Kaiser),—Kaiser Franz, sauntering about in the evening gala, '18th August, about 9 P.M.,' suddenly tottered, staggered as falling; fell into Son Joseph's arms; and was dead. Above a year before, this same Joseph, his Eldest Son, had been made King of the Romans: 'elected, 26th March; crowned, 3d April 1764;'—Friedrich furthering it, wishful to be friendly with his late enemies.[37]

On this Innspruck Tragedy, Joseph naturally became Kaiser, —Part-Kaiser; his Dowager-Mother, on whom alone it depends, having decided that way. The poor Lady was at first quite overwhelmed with her grief. She had the death-room of her Husband made into a Chapel; she founded furthermore a Monastery in Innspruck, 'Twelve Canonesses to pray there for the repose of Franz;' was herself about to become Abbess there, and quit the secular world; but in the end was got persuaded to continue, and take Son Joseph as Coadjutor.[38] In which capacity we shall meet the young man again.

[37] Rödenbeck, ii. 234.

[38] Hormayr, *Oesterreichischer Plutarch* (§ Maria Theresa), iv. (2tes Bändchen) 6-124; *Maria Theresiens Leben*, p. 30.

CHAPTER III.

TROUBLES IN POLAND.

APRIL 11th, 1764, one year after his Seven-Years labour of Hercules, Friedrich made Treaty of Alliance with the new Czarina Catharine. England had deserted him; France was his enemy, especially Pompadour and Choiseul, and refused reconcilement, though privately solicited: he was without an Ally anywhere. The Russians had done him frightful damage in the last War, and were most of all to be dreaded in the case of any new one. The Treaty was a matter of necessity as well as choice. Agreement for mutual good neighbourhood and friendly offices; guarantee of each other against intrusive third parties: should either get engaged in war with any neighbour, practical aid to the length of 12,000 men, or else money in lieu. Treaty was for eight years, from day of date.

As Friedrich did not get into war, and Catharine did, with the Turks and certain loose Polacks, the burden of fulfilment happened to fall wholly on Friedrich; and he was extremely punctual in performance, —eager now, and all his life after, to keep well with such a Country under such a Czarina. Which proved to be the whole rule of his policy on that Russian side. "Good that Country cannot bring me by any quarrel with it; evil it can, to a frightful extent, in case of my quarrelling with others! Be wary, be punctual, mag-

nanimously polite, with that grandiose Czarina and her huge territories and notions:" this was Friedrich's constant rule in public and in private. Nor is it thought his *Correspondence with the Empress Catharine*, when future generations see it in print, will disclose the least ground of offence to that highflying Female Potentate of the North. Nor will it ever be known what the silently observant Friedrich thought of her, except indeed what we already know, or as good as know, That he, if anybody did, saw her clearly enough for what she was; and found good to repress into absolute zero whatever had no bearing upon business, and might by possibility give offence in that quarter. For we are an old King, and have learned by bitter experiences! No more nicknames, biting verses, or words which a bird of the air could carry; though this poor Lady too has her liabilities, were not we old and prudent;—and is entirely as weak on certain points (deducting the devotions and the brandy-and-water) as some others were! The Treaty was renewed when necessary; and continued valid and vital in every particular, so long as Friedrich ruled.

By the end of the first eight years, by strictly following this passive rule, Friedrich, in counterbalance of his losses, unexpectedly found himself invested with a very singular bit of gain,—"unjust gain!" cried all men, making it of the nature of gain and loss to him,—which is still practically his, and which has made, and makes to this day, an immense noise in the world. Everybody knows we mean West-Preussen; Partition of Poland; bloodiest picture in the Book of Time, Sarmatia's fall unwept without a crime;—and that we have come upon a very intricate part of our poor History.

No prudent man,—especially if to himself, as is my own poor case in regard to it, the subject have long been

altogether dead and indifferent,—would wish to write of the Polish Question. For almost a hundred years the Polish Question has been very loud in the world; and ever and anon rises again into vocality among Able Editors, as a thing pretending not to be dead and buried, but capable of rising again, and setting itself right, by good effort at home and abroad. Not advisable, beyond the strict limits of compulsion, to write of it at present! The rather as the History of it, any History we have, is not an intelligible series of events, but a series of vociferous execrations, filling all Nature, with nothing left to the reader but darkness, and such remedies against despair as he himself can summon or contrive.

'Rulhière's on that subject,' says a Note which I may cite, 'is the only articulate-speaking Book to which mankind as yet 'can apply;[1] and they will by no means find that a sufficient 'one. Rulhière's Book has its considerable merits; but it abso-'lutely wants those of a History; and can be recognised by no 'mind as an intelligible cosmic Portraiture of that chaotic Mass 'of Occurrences: chronology, topography, precision of detail by 'time and place; scene, and actors on scene, remain unintelli-'gible. Rulhière himself knew Poland, at least had looked on 'it from Warsaw outwards, year after year, and knew of it what 'an inquiring Secretary of Legation could pick up on those 'terms, which perhaps, after all, is not very much. His Narra-'tive is drowned in beautiful seas of description and reflexion; 'has neither dates nor references; and advances at an intolerable 'rate of slowness; in fact, rather turns on its axis than advances; 'produces on you the effect of a melodious Sonata, not of a lucid 'and comfortably instructive History.

'I forget for how long Rulhière had been in Poland, as Am-'bassador's Assistant: but the Country, the King, and leading 'Personages were personally known to him, more or less; Events 'with all details of them were known: "Why not write a His-

[1] Cl. Rulhière, *Histoire de l'Anarchie de Pologne* (Paris, 1807), 4 voll. 12mo.

'tory of the Anarchy and Wreck they fell into?" said the 'Official people to him, on his return home: "For behoof of 'the Dauphin" (who is to be Louis XVI. shortly); "may not 'he perhaps draw profit from it? At the top of the Universe, 'experience is sometimes wanted. Here are the Archives, here 'is Salary, here are what appliances you like to name: Write!" 'It is well known he was appointed, on a Pension of 250*l.* 'a-year, with access to all archives, documents, and appliances 'in possession of the French Government, and express charge to 'delineate this subject for benefit of the Dauphin's young mind. 'Nor can I wonder, considering everything, that the process on 'Rulhière's part, being so full of difficulties, was extremely delibe-'rate; that his Book did not grow so steadily or fast as the Dau-'phin did; and that in fact the poor Dauphin never got the least 'benefit from it,—being guillotined, he, in 1793, and the Book 'intended for him never coming to light for fourteen years after-'wards, it too in a posthumous and still unfinished condition.

'Rulhière has heard the voices of rumour, knows an infinitude 'of events that were talked of; but has not discriminated which 'were the vital, which were the insignificant; treats the vital 'and the insignificant alike; seldom with satisfactory precision; 'mournfully seldom giving any date, and by no chance any 'voucher or authority;—and instead of practical terrestrial scene 'of action, with distances, milestones, definite sequence of occur-'rences, and of causes and effects, paints us a rosy cloudland, 'which if true at all, as he well intends it to be, is little more 'than symbolically or allegorically so; and can satisfy no clear-'headed Dauphin or man. Rulhière strives to be authentic, too; 'gives you no suspicion of his fairness. There is really fine high-'coloured painting in Rulhière; and you hope always he will let 'you into the secret of the matter: but the sad fact is, he never 'does. He merely loses himself in picturesque details, philoso-'phic eloquences, elegancies; takes you to a Castle of Choczim, 'a Monastery of Czenstochow, a Bay of Tschesme, and lets off 'extensive fireworks that contain little or no shot; leads you on 'trackless marches, inroads or outroads, through the Lithuanian 'Peatbogs, on daring adventures and hairbreadth escapes of 'mere Pulawski, Potocki, and the like;—had not got to under-

'stand the matter himself, you perceive: how hopeless to make 'you understand it!'

English readers, however, have no other shift; the rest of the Books I have seen,—*Histoire des Révolutions de Pologne;*[2] *Histoire des Trois Démembremens de la Pologne;*[3] *Letters on Poland,*[4] and many more,—are not worth mentioning at all. Comfortable in the mad dance of these is Hermann's recent dull volume;[5]—commonplace, dull, but steady and faithful; yielding us at least dates, and an immunity from noise. By help of Hermann and the others, distilled to *caput mortuum*, a few dated facts (cardinal we dare not call them) may be extracted;—dimly out of these, to the meditating mind, some outline of the phenomenon may begin to become conceivable.

King of Poland dies; and there ensue huge Anarchies in that Country.

The poor old King of Poland,—whom we saw, on that fall of the curtain, at Pirna seven years ago, rush off for Warsaw with his Brühl, with expressive speed and expressive silence, and who has been waiting there ever since, sublimely confident that his powerful terrestrial friends, Austria, Russia, France, not to speak of Heaven's justice at all, would exact due penalty, of signal and tremendous nature, on the Prussian Aggressor,—has again been disappointed. The poor old Gentleman got no compensation for his manifold losses and

[2] 1778 (*à Warsovie, et se trouve à Paris*), 2 voll. 8vo.

[3] Anonymous (by one *Ferrand*, otherwise unknown to me), Paris, 1820, 3 voll. 8vo.

[4] Anonymous (by a 'Reverend Mr. Lindsey,' it would seem), *Letters concerning the Present State of Poland, together with* &c. (London, 1773; 1 vol. 8vo): of these *Letters*, or at least of Reverend Lindsey, Author of them, 'Tutor to King Stanislaus's Nephew,' and a man of painfully loud loose tongue, there may perhaps be mention afterwards.

[5] Hermann, *Geschichte des Russischen Staats*, vol. v. (already cited in regard to the Peter-Catharine tragedy); seems to be compiled mainly from the Saxon Archives, from *Despatches* written on the spot, and at the time.

woes at Pirna or elsewhere; not the least mention of such a thing, on the final winding-up of that War of Seven Years, in which his share had been so tragical; no alleviation was provided for him in this world. His sorrows in Poland had been manifold; nothing but anarchies, confusions and contradictions had been his Royal portion there: in about Forty different Diets he had tried to get some business done,—no use asking what; for the Diets, one and all, exploded in *Nie pozwalam;* and could do no business, good, bad, or indifferent, for him or anybody. An unwise, most idle Country; following as chief employment perpetual discrepancy with its idle unwise King and self; Russia the virtual head of it this long while, so far as it has any head.

February—August 1763, just while the Treaty of Hubertsburg was blessing everybody with the return of Peace, and for long months after Peace had returned to everybody, Polish Majesty was in sore trouble. Trouble in regard to Courland, to his poor Son Karl, who fancied himself elected, under favour and permission of the late Czarina our gracious Protectress and Ally, to the difficult post of Duke in Courland; and had proceeded, three or four years ago, to take possession,—but was now interrupted by Russian encroachments and violences. Not at all well disposed to him, these new Peters, new Catharines. They have recalled their Bieren from Siberia; declare that old Bieren is again Duke, or at least that young Bieren is, and not Saxon Karl at all; and have proceeded, Czarina Catharine has, to instal him forcibly with Russian soldiers. Karl declares, "You shall kill *me* before you or he get into this Palace of Mietau!"—and by Domestics merely, and armed private Gentlemen, he does maintain himself in said Palatial Mansion; valiantly indignant, for about six months; the Russian Battalions

girdling him on all sides, minatory more and more, but loth to begin actual bloodshed.[6] A transaction very famed in those parts, and still giving loud voice in the Polish Books, which indeed get ever noisier from this point onward, till they end in inarticulate shrieks, as we shall too well hear.

Empress Catharine, after the lapse of six months, sends an Ambassador to Warsaw (Kayserling by name), who declares, in tone altogether imperative, that Czarish Majesty feels herself weary of such contumacy, weary generally of Polish Majesty's and Polish Republic's multifarious contumacies; and, in fine, cruellest of all, that she has troops on the Frontier; that Courland is not the only place where she has troops. What a stab to the poor old man! 'Contumacies?' Has not he been Russia's patient stepping-stone, all along; his anarchic Poland and he accordant in that, if in nothing else? "Let us to Saxony," decides he passionately, "and leave all this." In Saxony his poor old Queen is dead long since; much is dead: Saxony and Life generally, what a Golgotha! He immediately sends word to Karl: "Give up Courland; I am going home!"—and did hastily make his packages, and bid adieu to Warsaw, and, in a few weeks after, to this anarchic world altogether. Died at Dresden, 5th October 1763.

Polish Majesty had been elected, 5th October 1733; died, you observe, 5th October 1763;—was King of Poland ("King," save the mark!) for 30 years to a day. Was elected—do readers still remember how? Leaves a ruined Saxony lying round him; a ruined life mutely asking him, "Couldst thou have done no better, then?" Wretched Brühl followed him in four or five weeks. Nay, in about two months, his Son and Successor,

[6] Rulhière, ii. (*Livre* v.) 81 et antea; Hermann, v. 348 et seq.

"Friedrich Christian" (with whom we dined at Moritzburg), had followed him;[7] leaving a small Boy, age 13, as new Kurfürst, "Friedrich August" the name of him, with guardians to manage the Minority; especially with his Mother as chief guardian,—of whom, for two reasons, we are now to say something. Reason *first* is, That she is really a rather brilliant, distinguished creature, distinguished more especially in Friedrich's world; whose *Letters* to her are numerous, and, in their kind, among the notablest he wrote;—of which we would gladly give some specimen, better or worse: and reason *second*, That in so doing, we may contrive to look, for a moment or two, into the preliminary Polish Anarchies at first hand; and, transiently and far off, see something of them as if with our own eyes.

Marie-Antoine, or Marie-Antoinette, Electress of Saxony, is still a bright Lady, and among the busiest living; now in her 36th year: 'born 17th July 1724; second child of Kaiser Karl VII.';—a living memento to us of those old times of trouble. Papa, when she came to him, was in his 27th year; this was his second daughter; three years afterwards, he had a son (born, 1727; died, 1777), who made the "Peace of Füssen," to Friedrich's disgust, in 1745, if readers recollect;—and who, dying childless, will give rise to another War (the "Potato War" so-called), for Friedrich's behoof and ours. This little creature would be in her teens during that fatal Kaisership (1742-1745, her age then 18-21), —during these triumphs, flights, and furnished-lodging intricacies. Her Mamma, whom we have seen, a little fat bullet given to devotion, was four years younger than Papa. Mamma died, '11th December 1756,' Germany

[7] Prince died, 17th December (Brühl, 18th November) 1763.

all blazing out in War again; she had been a Widow eleven years.

Marie-Antoine was wedded to Friedrich Christian, Saxon Kurprinz, '20th June 1747;' her age 23, his 25: —Chronology itself is something, if one will attend to it, in the absence of all else! The young pair were Cousins, their Mothers being Sisters; Polish Majesty one's Uncle, age now 51,—who was very fond of us, poor indolent soul, and glad of our company on an afternoon, 'being always in his dressing-gown by 2 o'clock.' Concerning which the tongue of Court scandal was not entirely idle,—Hanbury chronicling, as we once noticed. All which I believe to be mere lying wind. The young Princess was beautiful; extremely clever, graceful and lively, we can still see for ourselves: no wonder poor Polish Majesty, always in his dressing-gown by 2, was charmed to have her company,—the rather as I hope she permitted him a little smoking withal.

Her Husband was crook-backed; and, except those slight, always perfectly polite little passages, in Schmettau's Siege (1759), in the Hubertsburg Treaty affair, in the dinner at Moritzburg, I never heard much history of him. He became Elector, 5th October 1763; but enjoyed the dignity little more than two months. Our Princess had borne him seven children,—three boys, four girls,—the eldest about 13, a Boy, who succeeded; the youngest a girl, hardly 3. The Boy is he who sent Gellert the caparisoned Horse, and had estafettes on the road while Gellert lay dying. This Boy lived to be 77, and saw strange things in the world; had seen Napoleon and the French Revolution; was the first "King of Saxony" so-called; saw Jena, retreat of Moscow; saw the "Battle of the Nations" (Leipzig, 15th-18th October 1813), and his great Napoleon terminate in bankruptcy.

He left no Son. A Brother, age 72, succeeded him as King for a few years; whom again a Brother would have succeeded, had not he (this third Brother, age now 66) renounced, in favour of *his* Son, the present King of Saxony. Enough, enough!—

August 28th, 1763, while afflicted Polish Majesty is making his packages at Warsaw, far away,—Marie-Antoinette, in Dresden, had sent Friedrich an Opera of her composing, just brought out by her on her Court-theatre there. Here is Friedrich's Answer,—to what kind of *Opera* I know not, but to a Letter accompanying it which is extremely pretty.

Friedrich to the Electoral Princess (at Dresden).

"Potsdam, 5th September 1763.

"Madam my Sister,—The remembrance your Royal High-"ness sends is the more flattering to me, as I regret infinitely "not to have been spectator and hearer of the fine things" (Opera *Thalestris*, words and music entirely lost to us) "which I "have admired for myself in the silent state.

"I wish I could send you things as pleasant out of these "parts: but, Madam, I am obliged to give you a hint, which "may be useful if you can have it followed. In Saxony, how-"ever, my Letters get opened;—which obliges me to send this "by a special Messenger; and him, that he may cause no suspi-"cion, I have charged with fruits from my garden. You will "have the goodness to say" (if anybody is eavesdropping) "that "you asked them of me at Moritzburg, when I was happy "enough to see you there" (six months ago, coming home from the Seven-Years War). "The hint I had to give was this:

"In Petersburg people's minds are getting angry at the "stubbornness your friends show in refusing to recognise Duke "Bieren" (home from Siberia, again Duke of Courland, by Russian appointment, as if Russia had that right; Polish Majesty and his Prince Karl resisting to the uttermost). "I counsel you "to induce the powerful in your circle to have this condescen-"sion" (they have had it, been obliged to have it, though Fried-

rich does not yet know); "for it will turn out ill to them, if they "persist in being obstinately stiff. It begins already to be said "That there are more than a million Russian subjects at this "time refugees in Poland; whom, by I forget what cartel, the "Republic was bound to deliver up. Orders have been given "to Detachments of Military to enter certain places, and bring "away these Russians by force. In a word, you will ruin your "affairs forever, unless you find means to produce a change of "conduct on the part of him they complain of. Take, Madam, "what I now say as a mark of the esteem and profound regard "with which—"—F.[8]

This hint, if the King knew, had been given, in a less kind shape, by Necessity itself; and had sent Polish Majesty, and his Brühls and 'powerful people,' bodily home, and out of that Polish-Russian welter, in a headlong and tragically passionate condition. Electoral Princess, next time she writes, is become Electress all at once.

Electress Marie-Antoine to Friedrich.

"Dresden, 5th October 1763.

"Sire,—Your Majesty has given me such assurance of your "goodness and your friendship, that I will now appeal to that "promise. You have assured us, too, that you would with "pleasure contribute to secure Poland for us. The moment is "come for accomplishing that promise. The King is dead" (died this very day; see if *I* lose time in sentimental lamentations!)— "with him these grievances of Russia" (our stiffness on Courland and the like) "must be extinct; the rather as we" (the now reigning) "will lend ourselves willingly to everything that can be re- "quired of us for perfect reconcilement with that Power.

"You can do all, if you will it; you can contribute to this "reconcilement! You can render it favourable to us. You will "give me that proof of the flattering sentiments I have been "so proud of hitherto,"—won't you, now? "Russia cannot dis- "approve the mediation you might deign to offer on that be- "half;—our intentions being so honestly amicable, and all ground "of controversy having died with the late King. Russia recon-

[8] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiv. 46.

"ciled, our views on the Polish Crown might at once be de-
"clared (*éclater*)." Oh, do it, your Majesty;—"my gratitude
"shall only end with life!—M. A."[9]

Friedrich, who is busy negotiating his Treaty with Russia (perfected 11th April next), and understands that they will mean *not* to have a Saxon, but to have a Piast, and perhaps dimly even what Piast (Stanislaus Poniatowski, the *emeritus* Lover), who will be their own, and not Saxony's at all,—must have been a little embarrassed by such an appeal from his fair friend at this moment. "Wait a little; don't answer yet," would have occurred to the common mind. But that was not Friedrich's resource: he answers by return of post, as always in such cases;—and in the following adroit manner brushes off, without hurt to it, with kisses to it rather, the beautiful hand that has him by the button:

To the Electress Marie-Antoine (at Dresden).

"Berlin, 8th October 1763.

"Madam my Sister,—I begin by making my condolences
"and my congratulations to your Electoral Highness on the
"death of the King your Father-in-law, and on your Accession
"to the Electorate.

"Your Electoral Highness will remember what I wrote, not
"long since, on the affairs of Poland. I am afraid, Madam, that
"Russia will be more contrary to you than you think. M. de
"Woronzow" (famous Grand-Chancellor of Russia; saved himself dexterously in the late Peter-Catharine overturn; has since fallen into disfavour for his notions about our Gregory Orlof, and is now on his way to Italy, 'for health's sake,' in consequence), "who is just arrived here,[10] told me, too, of some things which
"raise an ill augury of this affair. If you do not disapprove of
"my speaking frankly to you, it seems to me that it would be
"suitable in you to send some discreet Diplomatist to that Court
"to notify the King's death; and you would learn by him what
"you have to expect from her Czarish Majesty" (the Empress, he always calls her, knowing she prefers that title). "It seems
"to me, Madam, that it would be precipitate procedure should

[9] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiv. 47.

[10] 'Had his audience, 7th October' (yesterday): Rödenbeck, ii. 224.

"I wish to engage you in an Enterprise, which appears to "myself absolutely dubious (*hasardée*), unless approved by that "Princess. As to me, Madam, I have not the ascendant there "which you suppose: I act under rule of all the delicacies and "discretions with a Court which separated itself from my Ene- "mies when all Europe wished to crush me: but I am far "from being able to regulate the Empress's way of thinking.

"It is the same with the quarrels about the Duke of Cour- "land; one cannot attempt mediation except by consent of both "parties. I believe I am not mistaken in supposing that the "Court of Russia does not mean to terminate that business by "foreign mediation. What I have heard about it (what, how- "ever, is founded only on vague news) is, That the Empress "might prevail upon herself (*pourrait se résoudre*) to purchase "from Brühl the Principality of Zips" (Zips, on the edge of Hungary; let readers take note of that Principality, at pre- sent in the hand of Brühl,—who has much disgusted Poland by his voracity for Lands; and is disgorging them all again, poor soul!), "to give it to Prince Karl in compensation: but "that would lead to a negotiation with the Court of Vienna, "which might involve the affair in other contentions.

"I conjure you, Madam, I repeat it, Be not precipitate in "anything; lest, as my fear is, you replunge Europe into the "troubles it has only just escaped from! As to me, I have "found, since the Peace, so much to do within my own borders, "that I have not, I assure you, had time, Madam, to think of "going abroad. I confine myself to forming a thousand wishes "for the prosperity of your Electoral Highness, assuring you "of the high esteem with which I am,—F."[11]

After some further Letters, of eloquently pressing solicita- tion on the part of the Lady, and earnest advising, as well as polite fencing, on the part of Friedrich, the latter writes:

Friedrich to Electress.

"Potsdam, 3d November 1763.

"Madam my Sister,—At this moment I receive a Letter "from the Empress of Russia, the contents of which do not

[11] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiv. 48.

"appear to me favourable, Madam, to your hopes. She requires "(*exige*) that I should instruct my Minister in Poland to act "entirely in concert with the Count Kayserling; and she adds "these very words: 'I expect, from the friendship of your Ma- "jesty, that you will not allow a passage through your territory, "nor the entry into Poland, to Saxon troops, who are to be "regarded there absolutely as strangers.'

"Unless your Letters, Madam" (Madam had said that she had written to the Empress, assuring her &c.) "change the "sentiments of the Empress, I do not see in what way the Elector "could arrive at the throne of Poland; and consequently, whether "I deferred to the wishes of the Empress in this point, or re- "fused to do so, you would not the more become Queen; and I "might commit myself against a Power which I ought to keep "well with (*ménager*). I am persuaded, Madam, that your Elec- "toral Highness enters into my embarrassment; and that, un- "less you find yourself successful in changing the Empress's own "ideas on this matter, you will not require of me that I should "embroil myself fruitlessly with a neighbour who deserves the "greatest consideration from me.

"All this is one consequence of the course which Count "Brühl induced his late Polish Majesty to take with regard to "the interests of Prince Karl in Courland; and your Electoral "Highness will remember, that I often represented to you the "injury which would arise to him from it.

"I will wish, Madam, that other opportunities may occur, "where it may be in my power to prove to your Electoral "Highness the profound esteem and consideration with which "I am—"—F.[12]

Electress to Friedrich.

"Dresden, 11th November 1763.

"Sire,—I am not yet disheartened. I love to flatter myself "with your friendship, Sire, and I will not easily renounce the "hope that you will give me a real mark of it in an affair which "interests me so strongly. Nobody has greater ascendancy over "the mind of the Empress of Russia than your Majesty; use it,

[12] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiv. 52.

1763-1769.

"Sire, to incline it to our favour. Our obligation will be infi-
"nite." * * "Why should she be absolutely against us?
"What has she to fear from us? The Courland business, if
"that sticks with her, could be terminated in a suitable manner."
—'Troops into Poland, Sire?' "My Husband so little thinks
"of sending troops thither, that he has given orders for the re-
"turn of those already there. He does not wish the Crown
"except from the free suffrages of the Nation: if the Empress
"absolutely refuse to help him with her good offices, let her, at
"least, not be against him. Do try, Sire."[13]—Friedrich answers, after four days, or by return of post—But we will give the rest in the form of Dialogue.

Friedrich (after four days). * * "If, Madam, I had
"Crowns to give away, I would place the first on your head, as
"most worthy to bear it. But I am far from such a position. I
"have just got out of a horrible War, which my enemies made
"upon me with a rage almost beyond example; I endeavour to
"cultivate friendship with all my neighbours, and to get em-
"broiled with nobody. With regard to the affairs of Poland, an
"Empress whom I ought to be well with, and to whom I owe
"great obligations, requires me to enter into her measures; you,
"Madam, whom I would fain please if I could, you want me
"to change the sentiments of this Empress. Do but enter into
"my embarrassment!" * * "According to all I hear from
"Russia, it appears to me that every resolution is taken there;
"and that the Empress is resolved even to sustain the party of
"her partisans in Poland with the forces she has all in readiness
"at the borders. As for me, Madam, I wish, if possible, not to
"meddle at all with this business, which hitherto is not com-
"plicated, but which may, any day, become so by the neigh-
"bours of Poland taking a too lively part in it Ready, other-
"wise, on all occasions, to give to your Electoral Highness proofs
"of my—"[14]

Electress (after ten days). * * "Why should the Em-
"press be so much against us? We have not deserved her
"hatred. On the contrary, we seek her friendship. She de-

[13] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiv. 53.

[14] Ibid. p. 54: 'Potsdam, 16th November 1763.'

"clares, however, that she will uphold the freedom of the Poles "in the election of their King. You, Sire"—[15] —But we must cut short, though it lasts long months after this. Great is the Electress's persistence,—"My poor Husband being dead, cannot "our poor Boy, cannot his uncle Prince Xavier try? O Sire!" Our last word shall be this of Friedrich's; actual Election-time now drawing nigh:

Friedrich. "I am doing like the dogs who have fought bit- "terly till they are worn down: I sit licking my wounds. I "notice most European Powers doing the same; too happy if, "whilst Kings are being manufactured to right and left, public "tranquillity is not disturbed thereby, and if every one may "continue to dwell in peace beside his hearth and his household "gods."[16] Adieu, bright Madam.

No reader who has made acquaintance with Polish History can well doubt but Poland was now dead or moribund, and had well deserved to die. Anarchies are not permitted in this world. Under fine names, they are grateful to the Populaces, and to the Editors of Newspapers; but to the Maker of this Universe they are eternally abhorrent; and from the beginning have been forbidden to be. They go their course, applauded or not applauded by self and neighbours,—for what lengths of time none of us can know; for a long term sometimes, but always for a fixed term; and at last their day comes. Poland had got to great lengths, two centuries ago, when poor John Casimir abdicated his Crown of Poland, after a trial of twenty years, and took leave of the Republic in that remarkable *Speech* to the Diet of 1667.

This John is "Casimir V.," last Scion of the Swedish House of Vasa,—with whom, in the Great Elector's time, we had some slight acquaintance; and saw at least

[15] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiv. 55: 'Dresden, 26th November 1763.'

[16] 'Sans-Souci, 26th June 1764' (Ibid. p. 69).

the three-days beating he got (Warsaw, 28th-30th July 1656) from Karl Gustav of Sweden and the Great Elector,[17] ancestors respectively of Karl XII. and of our present Friedrich. He is not "Casimir the Great" of Polish Kings; but he is, in our day, Casimir the alone Remarkable. It seems to me I once had *in extenso* this Valedictory Speech of his; but it has lapsed again into the general Mother of Dead Dogs, and I will not spend a week in fishing for it. The gist of the Speech, innumerable Books and Dead Dogs tell you,[18] is 'lamentation over the Polish Anarchies,' and 'a Prophecy,' which is very easily remembered. The poor old Gentleman had no doubt eaten his peck of dirt among those Polacks, and swallowed chagrins till he felt his stomach could no more, and determined to have done with it. To one's fancy, in abridged form, the Valediction must have run essentially as follows:

'Magnanimous Polack Gentlemen, you are a glori-
'ous Republic, and have *Nie pozwalam*, and strange
'methods of business, and of behaviour to your Kings
'and others. We have often fought together, been
'beaten together, by our enemies and by ourselves; and
'at last I, for my share, have enough of it. I intend
'for Paris; religious-literary pursuits, and the society
'of Ninon de l'Enclos. I wished to say before going,
'that according to all record, ancient and modern, of
'the ways of God Almighty in this world, there was
'not heretofore, nor do I expect there can henceforth
'be, a Human Society that would stick together on
'those terms. Believe me, ye Polish Chivalries, with-
'out superior except in Heaven, if your glorious Re-

[17] Suprà, i. 348-351.

[18] *Histoire des Trois Démembremens* does, and many others do;—copied in *Biographie Universelle*, vii. 278 (§ Casimir).

'public continue to be managed in such manner, not 'good will come of it, but evil. The day will arrive' (this is the Prophecy, almost *in ipsissimis verbis*), 'the 'day perhaps is not so far off, when this glorious Re- 'public will get torn into shreds, hither, thither; be 'stuffed into the pockets of covetous neighbours, Bran- 'denburg, Muscovy, Austria; and find itself reduced to 'zero, and abolished from the face of the world.

'I speak these words in sorrow of soul; words which 'probably you will not believe. Which only Fate can 'compel you to believe, one day, if they are true words: '—you think, probably, they are not? Me, at least, or 'interest of mine, they do not regard. I speak them 'from the fulness of my heart, and on behest of friend- 'ship and conviction alone; having the honour at this 'moment to bid you and your Republic a very long 'farewell. Good morning, for the last time!' And so *exit:* to Rome (had been Cardinal once); to Paris and the society of Ninon's Circle, for the few years left him of life.[19]

This poor John had had his bitter experiences: think only of one instance. In 1652, the incredible Law of *Liberum Veto* had been introduced, in spite of John and his endeavours. *Liberum Veto;* the power of one man to stop the proceedings of Polish Parliament by pronouncing audibly, "*Nie pozwalam*, I don't permit!"—never before or since among mortals was so incredible a Law. Law standing indisputable, nevertheless, on the Polish Statute-Book for above two hundred years: like an ever-flowing fountain of Anarchy, joyful to the Polish Nation. How they got any business done at all, under such a Law? Truly they did but little; and for the last thirty years, as good as none. But if Polish Par-

[19] 'Died, 16th December 1672, age 63.'

liament was universally in earnest to do some business, and veto came upon it, Honourable Members, I observe, gathered passionately round the vetoing Brother; conjured, obtested, menaced, wept, prayed; and, if the case was too urgent and insoluble otherwise, the *Nie pozwalam* Gentleman still obstinate, they plunged their swords through him, and in that way brought consent. The commoner course was to dissolve and go home again, in a tempest of shrieks and curses.

The Right of Confederation, too, is very curious: do readers know it? A free Polack gentleman, aggrieved by anything that has occurred or been enacted in his Nation, has the right of swearing, whether absolutely by himself I know not, but certainly with two or three others of like mind, that he will not accept said occurrence or enactment, and is hereby got into arms against its abettors and it. The brightest jewel in the cestus of Polish Liberty is this right of confederating; and it has been, till of late, and will be now again practised to all lengths: right of every Polish gentleman to confederate with every other against, or for, whatsoever to them two may seem good; and to assert their particular view of the case by fighting for it against all comers, King and Diet included. It must be owned, there never was in Nature such a Form of Government before; such a mode of social existence, rendering "government" impossible for some generations past.

On the strength of Saxony and its resources and connexions, the two Augusts had contrived to exist with the name of Kings; with the name, but with little or nothing more. Under this last August, as we heard, there have been about forty Diets, and in not one of them the least thing of business done; all the forty, after trying their best, have stumbled on *Nie pozwalam*,

and been obliged to vanish in shrieks and curses.[20] As to August the Physically Strong, such treatment had he met with,—poor August, if readers remember, had made up his mind to partition Poland; to give away large sections of it in purchase of the consent of neighbours, and plant himself hereditarily in the central part;—and would have done so, had not Grumkow and he drunk so deep, and death by inflammation of the foot suddenly come upon the poor man. Some Partition of Poland has been more than once thought of by practical people concerned. Poland, as 'a house chronically smoking through the slates,' which usually brings a new European War every time it changes King, does require to be taken charge of by its neighbours.

Latterly, as we observed, there has been little of confederating; indeed, for the last thirty years, as Rulhière copiously informs us, there has been no Government, consequently no mutiny needed; little or no National business of any kind,—the Forty Diets having all gone the road we saw. Electing of the Judges,—that, says Rulhière, and wearisomely teaches by example again and ever again, has always been an interesting act, in the various Provinces of Poland; not with the hope of getting fair or upright Judges, but Judges that will lean in the desirable direction. In a Country overrun with endless lawsuits, debts, credits, feudal intricacies, claims, liabilities, how important to get Judges with the proper bias! And these once got, or lost till next term,—what is there to hope or to fear? Russia does our Politics, fights her Seven-Years War across us; and we, happy we, have no fighting;—never till this of Courland was there the least ill-nature from Russia! We are become latterly

[20] Buchholz (*Preussisch-Brandenburgische Geschichte*, ii. 133, 154, &c. &c.) gives various samples, and this enumeration.

the peaceable stepping-stone of Russia into Europe and out of it;—what may be called the door-mat of Russia, useful to her feet, when she is about paying visits or receiving them! That is not a glorious fact, if it be a safe and 'lucky' one; nor do the Polish Nobilities at all phrase it in that manner. But a fact it is; which has shown itself complete in the late Czarina's and late August's time, and which had been on the growing hand ever since Peter the Great gained his Battle of Pultawa, and rose to the ascendancy, instead of Karl and Sweden.

The Poles put fine colours on all this; and are much contented with themselves. The Russians they regard as intrinsically an inferior barbarous people; and to this day you will hear indignant Polack Gentlemen bursting out in the same strain: "Still barbarian, sir; no culture, no literature,"—inferior because they do not make verses equal to ours! How it may be with the verses, I will not decide: but the Russians are inconceivably superior in respect that they have, to a singular degree among Nations, the gift of obeying, of being commanded. Polack Chivalry sniffs at the mention of such a gift. Polack Chivalry got sore stripes for wanting this gift. And in the end, got striped to death, and flung out of the world, for continuing blind to the want of it, and never acquiring it. Beyond all the verses in Nature, it is essential to every Chivalry and Nation and Man. 'Polite Polish 'Society for the last thirty years has felt itself to be in 'a most halcyon condition,' says Rulhière:[21] 'given up 'to the agreeable, and to that only;' charming evening-parties, and a great deal of flirting; full of the benevolences, the philanthropies, the new ideas,—given up especially to the pleasing idea of "*Laissez-faire*, and everything will come right of itself." "What a dis-

[21] Rulhière, i. 216 (a noteworthy passage).

covery!" said every liberal Polish mind: "for thousands of years, how people did torment themselves trying to steer the ship; never knowing that the plan was, To let go the helm, and honestly sit down to your mutual amusements and powers of pleasing!"

To this condition of beautifully phosphorescent rot-heap has Poland ripened, in the helpless reigns of those poor Augusts;—the fulness of time not now far off, one would say? It would complete the picture, could I go into the state of what is called "Religion" in Poland. Dissenterism, of various poor types, is extensive; and, over against it, is such a type of Jesuit Fanaticism as has no fellow in that time. Of which there have been truly savage and sanguinary outbreaks, from time to time; especially one at Thorn, forty years ago, which shocked Friedrich Wilhelm and the whole Protestant world.[22] Polish Orthodoxy, in that time, and perhaps still in ours, is a thing worth noting. A late Tourist informs me, he saw on the streets of Stettin, not long since, a drunk human creature staggering about, who seemed to be a Baltic Sailor, just arrived; the dirtiest, or among the dirtiest, of mankind; who, as he reeled along, kept slapping his hands upon his breast, and shouting, in exultant soliloquy, "Polack, Catholik!" *I* am a Pole and Orthodox, ye inferior two-legged entities!—In regard to the Jesuit Fanaticisms, at Thorn and elsewhere, no blame can attach to the poor Augusts, who always leant the other way, what they durst or could. Nor is speciality of blame due to them on any score; it was "like People, like King," all along;—and they, such their luck, have lived to bring in the fulness of time.

The Saxon Electors are again aspirants for this en-

[22] See suprà, ii. 15, 16 (and many old Pamphlets on it).

viable Throne. We have seen the beautiful Electress zealously soliciting Friedrich for help in that project; Friedrich, in a dexterously graceful manner, altogether declining. Hereditary Saxons are not to be the expedient this time, it would seem; a grandiose Czarina has decided otherwise. Why should not she? She and all the world are well aware, Russia has been virtual lord of Poland this long time. Credible enough that Russia intends to continue so; and also that it will be able, without very much expenditure of new contrivance for that object.

So far as can be guessed and assiduously deduced from *Rulhière*, with your best attention, Russian Catharine's interference seems first of all to have been grounded on the grandiose philanthropic principle. Astonishing to the liberal mind; yet to appearance true. Rulhière nowhere says so; but that is gradually one's own perception of the matter; no other refuge for you out of flat inconceivability. Philanthropic principle, we say, which the Voltaires and Sages of that Epoch are prescribing as one's duty and one's glory: "Oh ye Kings, why won't you do good to mankind, then?" Catharine, a kind of She-Louis Quatorze, was equal to such a thing. To put one's cast Lover into a throne,—poor soul, console him in that manner;—and reduce the long-dissentient Country to blessed composure under him: what a thing! Foolish Poniatowski, an empty, windy creature, redolent of macassar and the finer sensibilities of the heart: him she did make King of Poland; but to reduce the long-dissentient Country to composure,—that was what she could not do. Countries in that predicament are sometimes very difficult to compose. The Czarina took, for above five years, a great deal of trouble, without losing patience. The Czarina,

after every new effort, perceived with astonishment that she was further from success than ever. With astonishment; and gradually with irritation, thickening and mounting towards indignation.

There is no reason to believe that the grandiose Woman handled, or designed to handle, a doomed Poland in the merciless feline-diabolic way set forth with wearisome loud reiteration in those distracted Books; playing with the poor Country as cat does with mouse; now lifting her fell paw, letting the poor mouse go loose in floods of celestial joy and hope without limit; and always clutching the hapless creature back into the blackness of death, before eating and ending it. Reason first is, that the Czarina, as we see her elsewhere, never was in the least a Cat or a Devil, but a mere Woman; already virtual proprietress of Poland, and needing little contrivance to keep it virtually hers. Reason second is, that she had not the gift of prophecy, and could not foreknow the Polish events of the next ten years, much less shape them out beforehand, and preside over them, like a Devil or otherwise, in the way supposed.

My own private conjecture, I confess, has rather grown to be, on much reading of those *Rulhières* and distracted Books, that the Czarina,—who was a grandiose creature, with considerable magnanimities, natural and acquired; with many ostentations, some really great qualities and talents; in effect, a kind of She-Louis Quatorze (if the reader will reflect on that Royal Gentleman, and put him into petticoats in Russia, and change his improper females for improper males),—that the Czarina, very clearly resolute to keep Poland hers, had determined with herself to do something very handsome in regard to Poland; and to gain glory, both with the enlightened Philosophe classes and with her own proud

heart, by her treatment of that intricate matter. "On the one hand," thinks she, or let us fancy she thinks, "here is Poland; a Country fallen bedrid amid Anarchies, curable or incurable; much tormented with religious intolerance at this time, hateful to the philosophic mind; a hateful fanaticism growing upon it for forty years past" (though it is quite against Polish Law); "and the cries of oppressed Dissidents" (Dissenters, chiefly of the Protestant and of the Greek persuasion) "becoming more and more distressing to hear. And, on the other hand, here is Poniatowski who, who—!"—

Readers have not forgotten the handsome, otherwise extremely paltry, young Polack, Stanislaus Poniatowski, whom Excellency Williams took with him 8 or 9 years ago, ostensibly as "Secretary of Legation," unostensibly as something very different? Handsome Stanislaus did duly become Lover of the Grand Duchess; and has duly, in the course of Nature, some time ago (date uncertain to me), become discarded Lover; the question rising, What is to be done with that elegant inane creature, and his vaporous sentimentalisms and sublime sorrows and disappointments? "Let us make him King of Poland!" said the Czarina, who was always much the gentleman with her discarded Lovers (more so, I should say, than Louis Quatorze with his;—and indeed it is computed they cost her, in direct moneys, about twenty millions sterling,—being numerous and greedy; but never the least tiff of scolding or ill language):[23]—"King of Poland, with furnishings, and set him handsomely up in the world! We will close the Dissident Business for him, cure many a curable Anarchy of Poland, to the satisfaction of Voltaire and all leading spirits of mankind.

[23] Castéra (*Vie de Catharine II*) has an elaborate Appendix on this part of his subject.

He shall have outfit of Russian troops, poor creature; and be able to put down Anarchies, and show himself a useful and grateful Viceroy for us there. Outfit of 10,000 troops, a wise Russian Manager: and the Question of the Dissidents to be settled as the first glory of his reign!"

Ingenuous readers are invited to try, in their diffuse vague *Rulhières*, and unintelligible shrieky Polish Histories, whether this notion does not rise on them as a possible human explanation, more credible than the feline-diabolic one, which needs withal such a foreknowledge, *un*attainable by cat or devil? Poland must not rise to be too strong a Country, and turn its back on Russia. No, truly; nor, except by miraculous suspension of the Laws of Nature, is there danger of that. But neither need Poland lie utterly lame and prostrate, useless to Russia; and be tortured on its sick-bed with Dissident Questions and Anarchies, curable by a strong Sovereign, of whom much is expected by Voltaire and the leading spirits of mankind.

What we shall have to say with perfect certainty, and what alone concerns us in our own affair, is, *First*, that Catharine did proceed by this method, of crowning, fitting out and otherwise setting up Stanislaus; did attempt settlement (and at one time thought she had settled) the Dissident Question and some curable Anarchies,—but stirred up such legions of incurable, waxing on her hands, day after day, year after year, as were abundantly provoking and astonishing:—and that within the next eight years she had arrived, with Poland and her cargo of anarchies, at results which struck the whole world dumb. Dumb with astonishment, for some time; and then into tempests of vociferation more or less delirious, which have never yet quite ended, though sinking

gradually to lower and lower stages of human vocality. Fact *first* is abundantly manifest. Nor is fact *second* any longer doubtful, That King Friedrich, in regard to all this, till a real crisis elsewhere had risen, took little or no visible interest whatever; had one unvarying course of conduct, that of punctually following Czarish Majesty in every respect; instructing his Minister at Warsaw always to second and reinforce the Russian one, as his one rule of policy in that Country,—whose distracted procedures, imbecilities and anarchies, are, beyond this point of keeping well with a grandiose Czarina concerned in it, of no apparent practical interest to Prussia or its King.

Friedrich, for a long time, passed with the Public for contriver of the Catastrophe of Poland,—"felonious mortal," "monster of maleficence," and what not, in consequence. Rulhière, whose notion of him is none of the friendliest nor correctest, acquits him of this atrocity; declares him, till the very end, mainly or altogether passive in it. Which I think is a little more than the truth,—and only a little, as perhaps may appear by and by. Beyond dispute, these Polish events did at last grow interesting enough to Prussia and its King;—and it will be our task, sufficient in this place, to extricate and riddle out what few of these had any cardinal or notable quality, and put them down (dated, if possible, and in intelligible form), as pertinent to throwing light on this distressing matter, with careful exclusion of the immense mass which can throw only darkness.

Ex-Lover Poniatowski becomes King of Poland (7th Sept. 1764), *and is crowned without Loss of his Hair.*

Warsaw, 7th September 1764. Stanislaus Poniatowski, by what management of an Imperial Catharine upon an anarchic Nation readers shall imagine *ad libitum*, was elected, what they

call elected, King of Poland. Of course there had been preliminary Diets of Convocation, much dieting, demonstrating, and electing of imaginary members of Diet,—only "ten persons massacred" in the business. There was a Saxon Party; but no counter-candidate of that or any other nation. King Friedrich, solicited by a charming Electress-Dowager, decides to remain accurately passive. Polish emissaries came entreating him. A certain Mockranowski, who had been a soldier under him (never of much mark in that capacity, though now a flamingly conspicuous "General" and Politician, in the new scene he has got into), came passionately entreating (Potsdam, Summer of 1764, is all the date), "*Donnez-nous le Prince Henri*, Give us Prince Henri for a King!" the sound of which almost made Friedrich turn pale: "Have you spoken or hinted of this to the Prince?" "No, your Majesty." "Home then, instantly; and not a whisper of it again to any mortal!"[24] which, they say, greatly irritated Prince Henri, and left a permanent sore-place in his mind, when he came to hear of it long after.

'A question rises here,' says one of my Notes, which perhaps I had better have burnt: 'At or about what dates did this glo-'rious Poniatowski become Lover of the Grand-Duchess, and 'then become Ex-Lover? Nobody will say; or perhaps can?[25] 'Would have been a small satisfaction to us, and it is denied! "Ritter Williams" (that is, Hanbury) must have produced him 'at Petersburg some time in 1756; "11th January 1757," find-'ing it would suit, Poniatowski appeared there on his own 'footing as "Ambassador from Warsaw,"—(easy to get that kind of credential from a devoted Warsaw, if you are succeeding at the Court of Petersburg; 'Warsaw watchfully makes 'that the rule of distributing its honours; and, from freezing-'point upwards, is the most delicate thermometer,' says Hermann somewhere). And this is our one date, 'Poniatowski in 'business, *Spring* 1757;' of 'Poniatowski fallen bankrupt,' date is totally wanting.

'Poniatowski's age is 32 gone;—how long out of Russia, 'readers have to guess. Made his first public appearance on the

[24] Rulhière, ii. 268; Hermann, vi. 355-364.

[25] Preuss (iv. 12) seems to try, but does not succeed.

7th Sept. 1764.

'streets of Warsaw, in the late Election time, as a Captain of 'Patriot Volunteers,—"Independence of Poland! Shall Poland 'be dictated to!" cried Stanislaus and an indignant Public at 'one stage of the affair. His Uncles Czartoryski were piloting 'him in; and in that mad element, the cries, and shiftings of 'tack, had to be many.[26] He is Nephew, by his mother, of these 'Czartoryskis; but is not by the father of very high family. "Ought he to be King of Poland?" argued some Polish Emis- 'sary at Petersburg: "His Grandfather was Land-steward to 'the Sapiehas." "And if he himself had been it!" said the 'Empress, inflexible, though with a blush.—It seems the family 'was really good, though fallen poor; and, since that Land- 'steward phasis, had bloomed well out again. His Father was 'conspicuous as a busy, shifting kind of man, in the Charles- 'Twelfth and other troubles; had died two years ago, as "Cas- 'tellan of Cracow;" always a dear friend of Stanislaus Leczinski, 'who gets his death two years hence' (in 1766, as we have seen).

'King Stanislaus had five Brothers: two of them dead long 'before this time; a third, still alive, was Bishop of Something, 'Abbot of Something; ate his revenues in peace, and demands 'silence from us. The other two, Casimir and Andreas, are 'better worth naming,—especially the Son of one of them is. 'Casimir, the eldest, is "Grand Crown-Chamberlain" in the 'days now coming, is also "Starost of Zips" (a Country you may note the name of!)—"and has a Son," who is *not* the 'remarkable one. Andreas, the second Brother (died, 1773), 'was in the Austrian Service, "Ordnance-Master," and a man 'of parts and weight;—who has been here at Warsaw, ardently 'helping, in the late Election time. He too had a Son (at this 'time a child in arms),—who is really the remarkable "Nephew 'of King Stanislaus," and still deserves a word from us.

'This Nephew, bred as an Austrian soldier, like his Father, 'is the *Joseph Poniatowski*, who was very famous in the News- 'papers fifty years ago. By all appearance, a man of some real 'patriotism, energy and worth. He had tried to believe (though, 'I think, never rightly able) what his omnipotent Napoleon had

[26] In *Hermann*, v. 362-380 (still more in *Rulhière*, ii. 119-289), wearisome account of every particular.

'promised him, That extinct Poland should be resuscitated; and 'he fought and strove very fiercely, his Poles and he, in that faith 'or half-faith. And perished, fiercely fighting for Napoleon, 'fiercely covering Napoleon's retreat when his game was lost: 'horse and man plunged into the Elster River (Leipzig Country, 'October 19th, 1813, evening of the "Battle of the Nations" 'there), and sank forever;—and the last gleam of Poland along 'with him.[27] Not even a momentary gleam of hope for her, in 'the sane or half-sane kind, since that,—though she now and 'then still tries it in the insane: the more to my regret, for her 'and others!

'Besides these three Brothers, King Stanislaus had two Sis-'ters still living: one of them Wife of a very high Zamoiski; 'the other of a ditto Branicki (pronounce Branitzki)—him whom 'our German Books call *Kron-Grossfeldherr*, "Grand Crown-'General," if the Crown have any soldiers at all; the sublime, 'debauched old Branicki, of whom Rulhière is continually talk-'ing, and never reports anything but futilities in a futile manner. 'So much is futile, and not worth reporting, in this Polish ele-'ment!—King Stanislaus himself was born, 17th January 1732; 'played King of shreds and patches till 1790,—or even farther '(not till 1795 did Catharine pluck the paper tabard quite off 'him); he died in Petersburg, February 11th or 12th, 1798.' After such a life!—

Stanislaus was crowned, 25th November 1764. He needs, as preliminary, to be anointed, on the bare scalp of him, with holy oil before crowning; ought to have his head close-shaved with that view. Stanislaus, having an uncommonly fine head of hair, shuddered at the barbarous idea; absolutely would not: whereupon delay, consultation; and at length some artificial scalp, or second skull, of pasteboard or dyed leather, was contrived for the poor man, which comfortably took the oiling in a vicarious way, with the ambrosial locks well packed out of sight under it, and capable of flowing out again next day, as if nothing had happened.[28] Not a sublime specimen of Ornamental Human Nature,

[27] *Biographie Universelle* (§ Poniatowski, Joseph), xxxv. 349-359.

[28] Rulhière.

1764-1767.

this poor Stanislaus! Ornamental wholly: the body of him, and the mind of him, got up for representation; and terribly plucked to pieces on the stage of the world. You may try to drop a tear over him, but will find mostly that you cannot.

For several Years the Dissident Question cannot be got settled; Confederation of Radom (23d June 1767—5th March 1768) *pushes it into Settlement.*

For several years after this feat of the false scalp, through long volumes, wearisome even in *Rulhière*, there turns up nothing which can now be called memorable. The settling of the Dissident Question proves extremely tedious to an impatient Czarina; as to curing of the other curable Anarchies, there is absolutely nothing but a knitting up by A, with a ravelling out again by B, and no progress discernible whatever. Impatient Czarina ardently pushes on some Dissident settlement,—seconded by King Friedrich and the chief Protestant Courts, London included, and by the European leading spirits everywhere,—through endless difficulties: finds native Orthodoxy an unexpectedly stiff matter; Bishops generally having a fanaticism which is wonderful to think of, and which keeps mounting higher and higher. Till at length there will Images of the Virgin take to weeping,—as they generally do in such cases, when in the vicinity of brewhouses and conveniences;[29]—a Carmelite Monk go about the country working miracles; and, in short, an extremely ugly phasis of religious human nature disclose itself to the afflicted reader. King Friedrich thinks, had it not been for this Dissident Question, things would have taken their old Saxon complexion, and Poland might have rotted on as heretofore, perhaps a good while longer.

As to the knitting up and ravelling out again, which is called curing of the other anarchies, no reader can or need say any thing: it seems to be a most painful knitting up, by the Czartoryskis chiefly, then an instant ravelling out by malign

[29] Nicolai, in his *Travels over Germany*, doggedly undertook to overhaul one of those weeping Virgins (somewhere in Austria, I think); and found her, he says, to depend on subterranean percolation of steam from a Brewery not far off.

Opposition parties of various indistinct complexion; the knitting, the ravelling, and the malign Opposition parties, alike indistinct and without interest to mankind. A certain drunken, rather brutal Phantasm of a Prince Radzivil, who hates the Czartoryskis, and is dreadfully given to drink, to wasteful ambitions and debaucheries, figures much in these businesses; is got banished and confiscated, by some Confederation formed; then, by new Confederations, is recalled and reinstated,—worse if possible than ever. The thing is reality; but it reads like a Phantasmagory produced by Lapland Witches, under presidency of Diabolus (very certainly the Devil presiding, as you see at all turns),—and is not worth understanding, were it even easy.

Much semi-intelligible, wholly forgetable stuff about King Stanislaus and his difficulties, and his duplicities and treacherous imbecilities,[30] now of interest to no mortal. Stanislaus is at one time out with the uncles Czartoryski, at another in with these worthy gentlemen: a man not likely to cure Anarchies, unless wishing would do it. On the Dissident Question itself he needs spurring: a King of liberal ideas, yes; but with such flames of fanaticism under the nose of him. In regard to the Dissident and all other curative processes he is languid, evasive, for moments recalcitrant to Russian suggestions; a lost imbecile,—forget him, with or without a tear. He has still a good deal of so-called gallantry on his hands; flies to his harem when outside things go contradictory.[31] Think of malign Journalists printing this bit of Letter at one time, to do him ill in a certain quarter: "Oh, come to me, my Princess! Dearer than all Empresses:— "imperial charms, what were they to thine for a heart that "has—" with more of the like stuff, for a Czarina's behoof.

Winter of 1766, Imperial Majesty, whether after or before that miraculous Carmelite Monk, I do not remember, became impatient of these tedious languors and tortuosities about the Dissident Question, and gave express order, "Settle it straightway!" To which end, Confederations and the other machinery were set agoing: Confederations among the Protestants and Dissidents themselves, about Thorn and such places (got up by Russian engineering), and much more extensively in the Lithuanian

[30] Hermann, v. 400, &c.; Rulhière *passim*. [31] Hermann, v. 402, &c.

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parts; Confederations of great extent, imperative, minatory; ostensibly for reinstating these poor people in their rights (which, by old Polish Law, they quite expressly were, if that were any matter), but in reality for bringing back drunken Radzivil, who has covenanted to carry that measure. And so,

June 23d, 1767, These multiplex Polish-Lithuanian Confederations, twenty-four of them in all, with their sublime marshals and officials, and above 80,000 noblemen in them, meet by deputies at Radom, a convenient little Town within wind of Warsaw (lies 60 miles to south of Warsaw); and there coalesce into one general "Confederation of Radom,"[32] with drunken Radzivil atop, who, glad to be reinstated in his ample Domains and Wine-cellars, and willing at any rate to spite the Czartoryskis and others, has pledged himself to carry that great measure in Diet, and quash any *Nie pozwalams* and difficulties there may be. This is the once world-famous, now dimly discoverable, *Confederation of Radom*, which,—by preparatory declaring, under its hand and seal, That the Law of the Land must again become valid, and 'Free Polacks of Dissident opinions concerning Religion (*Nos 'dissidentes de religione*),' as the old Law phrases it, shall have equal rights of citizenship,—was beautifully instrumental in achieving that bit of Human Progress, and pushing it through the Diet, and its difficulties shortly ensuing.

Not that the Diet did not need other vigorous treatment as well, the flame of fanaticism being frightfully ardent; many of the poor Bishops having run nearly frantic at this open spoliation of Mother Church, and snatching of the sword from Peter. So that Imperial Majesty had to decide on picking out a dozen, or baker's dozen, of the hottest Bishops; and carrying them quietly into Russia under lock and key, till the thing were done. Done it was, surely to the infinite relief of mankind;—I cannot say precisely on what day: October 13th-14th (locking up of the dozen Bishops), was one vital epoch of it; November 19th, 1767 (report of Committee on it, under Radzivil's and Russia's coercion), was another: first and last it took about five months baking in Diet. Diet met, Oct. 4th, 1767, Radzivil controlling as Grand-Marshal, and Russia as minatory Phantom controlling

[32] Hermann, v. 420.

Radzivil; Diet, after adjournments, after one long adjournment, disappeared, 5th March 1768; and of work mentionable it had done this of the Dissidents only. That of contributing to 'the 'sovereign contempt with which King Stanislaus is regarded by 'all ranks of men,' is hardly to be called peculiar work or peculiarly mentionable.

At this point, to relieve the reader's mind, and, at any rate, as the date is fully come, we will introduce a small *Newspaper Article* from a very high hand, little guessed till long afterwards as the writer,—namely, from King Friedrich's own. It does not touch on the Dissident Question, or the Polish troubles; but does, in a back-handed way, on Prussian Rumours rising about them; and may obliquely show more of the King's feeling on that subject than we quite suppose. It seems the King had heard that the Berlin people were talking and rumouring of "a War being just at hand;" whereupon—'*March 5th*, 1767, *in the Vossische Zeitung* (Voss's Chronicle), No. 28,' an inquisitive Berlin public read, as follows:

'We are advised from Potsdam, that, on the 27th of Feb-'ruary, towards evening, the sky began to get overcast; black 'clouds, presaging a tempest of unexampled fury, covered all 'the horizon: the thunder, with its lightnings, forked bolts of 'amazing brilliancy, burst out; and, under its redoubled peals, 'there descended such a torrent of hail as within man's memory 'had not been seen. Of two bullocks yoked in their plough, with 'which a peasant was hastening home, one was struck on the 'head by a piece of it, and killed outright. Many of the common 'people were wounded in the streets; a brewer had his arm 'broken. Roofs are destroyed by the weight of this hail; all 'the windows that looked windward while it fell were broken. 'In the streets, hailstones were found of the size of pumpkins '(*citrouilles*), which had not quite melted, two hours after the 'storm ceased. This singular phenomenon has made a very 'great impression. Scientific people say, the air had not buoy-'ancy enough to support these solid masses when congealed to 'ice; that the small hailstones in these clouds getting so lashed 'about in the impetuosity of the winds, had united the more the

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'further they fell, and had not acquired that enormous magni-'tude till comparatively near the earth. Whatever way it may 'have happened, it is certain that occurrences of that kind are 'rare, and almost without example.'[33]

Another singularity is, 'Professor Johann Daniel Titius of Wittenberg,' who teaches *Natural Philosophy* in that famous University, one may judge with what effect, wrote a Monograph on this unusual Phenomenon![34]

Confederation of Bar ensues, on the per-contra Side (March 28th, 1768); *and, as first Result of its Achievements* (October 6th, 1768), *a Turk-Russian War.*

The Confederation of Radom, and its victorious Diet, had hardly begun their Song of Triumph, when there ensued on the per-contra side a flaming *Confederation of Bar*;—which, by successive stages, does at last burn out the Anarchies of Poland, and reduce them to ashes. Confederation of Bar; and then, as progeny of that, for and against, such a brood of Confederations, orthodox, heterodox, big, little, short-lived, long-lived, of all complexions, and degrees of noisy fury, potent, at any rate, each of them for murder and arson, within a certain radius, as the Earth never saw before. Now was the time of those inextricable marchings (as inroads and outroads) through the Lithuanian Bogs, of those death-defiant, unparalleled exploits, skirmishings, scaladings, riding by the edge of precipices, of Pulawski, Potocki, and others,—in which Rulhière loses himself and turns on his axis, amid impatient readers.

For the Russian troops (summoned by a trembling Stanislaus and his Senate, in terms of Treaty 1764), and in more languid manner, the Stanislaus soldiery, as per law of the case, proceeded to strike in,—generally, my impression was, with an eye to maintain the King's Peace and keep down murder and arson:—and sure enough, the small bodies of drilled Russians blew an infuriated orthodox Polack chivalry to right and left at a short notice; but as to the Constable's Peace or King's,

[33] *Vossische Zeitung*, ubi suprà; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xv. 204.

[34] Rödenbeck (ii. 285) gives the Title of it, '*Considerations on the Potsdam Hail of Last Year* (Wittenburg, 1768).'

made no improvement upon that, far the reverse. It is certain the Confederate chivalry were driven about, at a terrible rate,—over the Turk frontier for shelter; began to appeal to the Grand Turk, in desperate terms: "Brother of the Sun and Moon, saw you ever such a chance for finishing Russia? Polack chivalry is Orthodox, but also it is Anti-Russian!" The Turk beginning to give ear to it, made the matter pressing and serious. Here, more specifically, are some features and successive phases,—unless the reader prefer to skip.

Bar, *March* 1768. The Confederation of Radom, as efficient preliminary, and chief agent in that Diet of emancipation to the Dissident human mind, might long have been famous over Poland and the world; but there instantly followed as corollary to it a *Confederation of Bar*, which quite dimmed the fame of Radom, and indeed of all Confederations prior or posterior! As the Confederation of Bar and its Doings, or rather sufferings and tragical misdoings and undoings, still hang like fitful spectralities, or historical shadows, of a vague ghastly complexion, in the human memory, one asks at least: Since they were on this Planet, tell us where? Bar is in the Waiwodship Podol (what we call Podolia), some 400 miles south-east of Warsaw; not far from the Dniester River:—not very far from that mystery of the Dniester, the Zaporavian Cossacks,—from those rapids or cataracts (quasi-cataracts of the Dniester, with Islands in them, where those Cossack robbers live unassailable):—across the Dniester lies Turkey, and its famed Fortress of Choczim. This is a commodious station for Polish Gentlemen intending mutiny by law.

March 8th, 1768, Three short days after the Diet had done its fine feat, and retired to privacy, news come to Warsaw, That Podolia and the Southern parts are all up, confederating with the highest animation; in hot rage against such decision of a Diet, contrary to Holy Religion and to much else; and that the said decision will have to fight for itself, now that it has done voting. This interesting news is true; and goes on intensifying and enlarging itself, one dreadful Confederation springing up, and then another and ever another, day after day; till at last we hear that on the 27th of the month, *March 27th*, 1768, at Bar,

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a little Town on the Southern or Turkish Frontier, all these more or less dreadful Confederations have met by delegates, and coalesced into one "Confederation of Bar,"—which did surely prove dreadful enough, to itself especially, in the months now ensuing!

No history of Bar Confederation shall we dream of; far be such an attempt from us. It consists of many Confederations, and out of each, *pro* and *contra*, spring many. Like the Lernean Hydra, or even Hydras in a plural condition. A many-headed dog: and how many whelps it had,—I cannot give even the cipher of them, or I would! One whelp Confederation, that of Cracow, is distinguished by having frequently or generally been "drunk;" and of course its procedures had often a vinous character.[35] I fancy to have read somewhere that the number of them was one hundred and twenty-five. The rumour and the furious barking of Bar and its whelps goes into all lands: such rabid loud baying at mankind and the moon; and then, under Russia's treatment, such shrill yelping and shrieking, was not heard in the world before, though perhaps it has since.

Poor *Bar's* exploits in the fighting way were highly inconsiderable; all on the same scale; and spread over such a surface of country, mostly unknown, as renders it impossible to give them head-room, were you never so unfurnished. They can be read in eloquent Rulhière; but by no mortal held in memory. Anarchy is not a thing to be written of: a Lernean Hydra, several Lernean Hydras, in chaotic genesis, getting their heads lopped off, and at the same time sprouting new ones in such ratio, where is the Zoologist that will give account of it? There was not anything considerable of fighting; but of bullying, plundering, murdering and being murdered, a frightful amount. There are seizures of castles, convents, defensible houses; marches at a rate like that of antelopes, through the Lithuanian parts, boggy, hungry, boundless, opening to the fancy the Infinitude of Peat, in the solid and the fluid state. This, perhaps, is the finest species of feats, though they never lead to anything. There are heroes famed for these marches.

[35] In *Hermann* (v. 431-448); and especially in *Rulhière* (ii. *livre* 8 et seq.), details in superabundance.

The Pulawskis, for example,—four of them, Lawyer people,—showed much activity, and a talent for impromptu soldiering, in that kind. The Magnates of the Confederation, I was surprised to learn, had all quitted it, the instant it came to strokes: "You Lawyer people, with your priests and orthodox peasantries, you do the fighting part; ours is the consulting!" And except Potocki (and he worse than none), there is presently not a Magnate of them left in Poland,—the rest all gone across the Austrian Border, to Teschen, to Bilitz, a handy little town and domain in that Duchy of Teschen;—and sit there as "Committee of Government:" much at their ease in comparison, could they but agree among themselves, which they cannot. Bilitz is one of the many domains of Magnate Sulkowski:—do readers recollect the Sulkowski who at one time "declared War" on King Friedrich; and was picked up, both War and he, so compendiously by General Goltz, and locked in Glogau to cool? This is the same Sulkowski; much concerned now in these matters; a rich Magnate, glad to see his friends about him as Governing Committee; but gets, and gives, a great deal of vexation in it, the element proving again too hot!—

I said there were four famed Pulawskis;[36] a father, once Advocate in Warsaw, with three sons and a nephew; who, though extremely active people, could do no good whatever. The father Pulawski had the fine idea of introducing the British Constitution; clothing Poland wholly in British tailorage, and so making it a new Poland: but he never could get it done. This poor gentleman died in Turkish prison, flung into jail at Constantinople, on calumnious accusation and contrivance by a rival countryman; his sons and nephew, poor fellows, all had their fame, more or less, in the Cause of Freedom so-called; but no other profit in this world, that I could hear of. Casimir, the eldest son, went to America; died there, still in the Cause of Freedom so-called; Fort Pulawski, in the Harbour of Charleston (which is at present, on very singular terms, *re*-engaged in the same so-called Cause!), was named in memory of this Casimir. He had defended Czenstochow (if anybody knew what Czenstochow was, or could find it in the Polish map);

[36] Hermann, v. 465.

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and it was also he that contrived that wonderful plan of suddenly snapping up King Stanislaus from the streets of Warsaw one night,[37] and of locking him away (by no means killing him), as the source of all our woes. Oh my Pulawskis, men not without manhood, what a bedlam of a Time have you and I fallen into, and what Causes of Freedom it has got in hand!

Bar, a poor place, with no defences but a dry ditch and some miserable earthworks, the Confederates had not the least chance to maintain; Kaminiec, the only fortress of the Province, they never even got into, finding some fraction of royal soldiery who stood for King Stanislaus there, and who fired on the Confederates when applied to. Bar a small Russian division, with certain Stanislaus soldieries conjoined, took by capitulation; and (date not given) entered in a victorious manner. The War-Epic of the Confederates, which Rulhière sings at such length, is blank of meaning.

Of "Cloister Czenstochow," a famed feat of Pulawski's, also without result, I could not from my Rulhière discover (what was altogether an illuminative fact to me!) that the date of Czenstochow was not till 1771. A feat of "Cloister *Berdiczow*," almost an exact fac-simile by the same Pulawski, also resultless, I did, under Hermann's guidance, at once find;—and hope the reader will be satisfied to accept it instead: Cloister Berdiczow, which lies in the Palatinate of Kiow; and which has a miraculous Holy Virgin, not less venerated far and wide in those eastern parts, than she of Cloister Czenstochow in the western: *this* Cloister Berdiczow and its salutary Virgin, Pulawski (the Casimir, now of Charlestown Harbour) did defend, with about 1,000 men, in a really obstinate way. The Monastery itself had in it gifts of the faithful accumulated for ages; and all the richest people in those Provinces, Confederate or not, had lodged their preciosities there, as in an impregnable and sure place, in those times of trouble. Intensely desirous, accordingly, the Russians were to take it, but had no cannon; desperately resolute Pulawski and his 1,000 to defend. Pulawski and his 1,000 fired intensely, till their cannon-balls were quite done; then took to firing with iron-work, and hard miscellanies of every sort, especially glad when they could

[37] '3d November 1771.'

get a haul of glass to load with;—and absolutely would not yield till famine came; though the terms offered were good,—had they been kept. So that Pulawski, it would appear, did Two Cloister Defences? Two, each with a miraculous Holy Virgin; an eastern, and then a westerly. This of Berdiczow, not dated to me farther, is for certain of the year 1768; and Pulawski, owing to famine, did yield here. In 1771, at miraculous Cloister Czenstochow, in the western parts, Pulawski did an external feat, or consented to see it done,—that of trying to snuff out poor King Stanislaus on the streets (3d November, 10 P.M., "miraculously" in vain, as most readers know),—which brought its obloquies and troubles on the Defender of Czenstochow. Obloquies and troubles: but as to surrendering Czenstochow on call of obloquy, or of famine itself, Pulawski would not, not he for his own part; but solemnly left his men to do it, and walked away by circuitous uncertain paths, which end in Charlestown Harbour, as we have seen. Defence of Czenstochow in 1771 shall not concern us farther. Truly these two small defences of monasteries by Pulawski are almost all, I do not say of glorious, but even of creditable or human, that reward the poor wanderer in that Polish Valley of Jehosaphat, much of it peat-country; wherefore I have, as before, marked the approximate localities, approximate dates, for behoof of ingenuous readers.

The Russians, ever since 1764, from the beginnings of those Stanislaus times, are pledged to maintain peace in Poland; and it is they that have to deal with this affair,—they especially, or almost wholly, poor Stanislaus having scarcely any power, military or other, and perhaps being loth withal. There was more of investigating and parleying, bargaining and intriguing, than of fighting, on Stanislaus's part. 'June 11th, 1768,' says a Saxon Note from Warsaw, 'Mokranowski, Stanislaus's General' (the same that was with Friedrich), 'has been sent down to Bar to 'look into those Confederates. Mokranowski does not think 'there are above 8,000 of them; about 3,000 have got their death 'from Russian castigation. The 8,000 might be treated with, 'only Russians are so dreadfully severe, especially so intent on 'wringing money from them. Confederates have been complain-

'ing to the Turk; Turk ambiguous; gives them no definite 'ground of hope. "What, then, is your hope?" I inquired. "Little or none, except in Heaven," several answered: "it is 'for our religion and our liberty:" religion cut to pieces by this 'Dissident Toleration-blasphemy; liberty ditto by the Russian 'guarantee of peace among us: "what can we do but trust in 'God and our own despair?"'[38] "Prave worts, Ancient Pistol," —but much destitute of sense, and not to be realised in present circumstances. Here is something much more critical:

June—July 1768. 'The peasants in the Southern regions, 'Palatinates Podol, Kiow, Braclaw, called *Ukraine* or Border-'Country by the Poles, are mostly of Greek and other schismatic 'creeds. Their Lords are of an orthodox religion, and not distin-'guished by mild treatment of such Peasantry, upon whom civil 'war and plunder have been latterly a sore visitation. To com-'plete the matter, the Confederates in certain quarters, blown 'upon by fanatical priests, set about converting these poor pea-'sants, or forcing them, at the point of the bayonet, to swear 'that they adopt the "Greek united rite," which I suppose to 'be a kind of halfway house towards perfect orthodoxy. In one 'Village, which was getting converted in this manner, the mili-'tary party seemed to be small; the Village boiled over upon it; 'trampled orthodoxy and military both under foot, in a violent 'and sanguinary manner; and was extremely frightened when it 'had done. Extremely frightened, not the Village only, but the 'schismatic mind generally in those parts, dreading vengeance 'for such a paroxysm. But the atrocious Russians whispered 'them, "We are here to protect you in your religions and rights, 'in your poor consciences and skins." Upon which hint of the 'atrocious Russians, the schismatic mind and population one and 'all rose; and, "with the cannibal's ferocity, gave way to their 'appetite for plunder!" * *

'Nay, the Russian Government' (certain Russian Officials hard pressed) 'had invited the Zaporavian Cossacks to step over 'from their Islands in the Dniester, and assist in defending their 'Religion' (true Greek, of course); 'who at once did so; and not 'only extinguished the last glimmer of Confederation there, but

[38] 'Essen's Report, 11th June 1768' (in *Hermann*, v. 441).

'overwhelmed the Country, thousands on thousands of them, 'attended by revolted peasants,—say a 20,000 of peasants under 'command of these Zaporavians,—who went about plundering 'and burning. That they plundered the Jew pothouses of their 'brandy, and drank it, was a small matter. Very furious upon 'Jews, upon Noblemen, Landlords, upon Catholic Priests. "On 'one tree" (tree should have been noted) "was found hanged a 'specimen of each of those classes, with a Dog adjoined, as fit 'company." In one little Town, Town of *Human'* (so-called in that foreign dialect), 'getting some provocation or other, they set 'to massacring; and if brandy were plentiful, we can suppose 'they made short work. By the lowest computation the number 'of slain Jews and Catholics amounted to 10,000 odd[39]—Rulhière 'says "50,000, by some accounts 200,000."' This I guess to have been at its height about the end of June; this leads direct to the Catastrophe, as will presently be seen.

Foreign States don't seem to pay much attention,—indeed, what sane person would like to interfere, or hope to do it with profit? France, Austria, both wish well to Poland, at least ill to Russia; Choiseul has no finance, can do nothing but intrigue, and stir up trouble everywhere: a devout Kaiserin goes with Holy Church, and disapproves of these Dissident Tolerations: it is remarked that all through 1768 the Confederates of Bar are permitted to retire over the Austrian Frontier into Austrian Silesia, and find themselves there in safety. Permitted to buy arms, to make preparations, issue orders: at Sulkowski's Bilitz, in the Duchy of Teschen, supreme Managing Committee sits there; no Kaunitz or Official person meddling with it. About the beginning of next year (1769), it is, ostensibly, a little discountenanced; and obliged to go to Eperjes, on the Hungarian Frontier[40] (as a more decent, or less conspicuous place),—such trouble now rising; a Turk War having broken out, momentous not to the Confederation alone. March 1769, the ever-intriguing Choiseul,—fancy with what rapturous effect,—had sent some kind of Agent or Visitor to Teschen; Vergennes in Turkey, from the beginning of these things, has been plying night and day his

[39] Hermann, v. 444; Rulhière, iii. 93.

[40] See Büsching: for Eperjes, ii. 1427; for Bilitz, viii. 885.

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diplomatic bellows upon every live-coal ("I who myself kindled this Turk-War!" brags he afterwards);—not till next year (1770) did Choiseul send his Dumouriez to the Bilitz neighbourhoods; not till next again, when Choiseul was himself out,[41] did his Viomênil come:[42] neither of whom, by their own head alone, without funds, without troops, could do other than with fine effort make bad worse.

It is needless continuing such a subject. Here is one glimpse two years later, and it shall be our last: '*Near Lublin, 25th Sep-tember* 1770. It is frightful, all this that is passing in these 'parts,—about the Town of Labun, for example. The dead 'bodies remain without burial; they are devoured by the dogs 'and the pigs.' * * 'Everywhere reigns Pestilence; nor 'do we fear contagion so much as famine. Offer 100 ducats 'for a fowl or for a bit of bread, I swear you won't get it. 'General von Essen' (Russian, we will hope) 'has had to escape 'from Laticzew, then from' some other place, 'Pestilence chas-'ing him everywhere.'

To apply to the Turks,—afflicted Polish Patriots prostrating themselves with the hope of despair, "Save us, your sublime Clemency; throw a ray of pity on us, Brother of the Sun and Moon: oh, chastise our diabolic oppressors!"—this was one of the first resources of the Bar Confederates. The Turks did give ear; not inattentive, though pretending to be rather deaf. M. de Vergennes,—of whose 'diplomatic bellows' we just heard (in fact, for diligence in this Turk element, in this young time, the like of him was seldom seen; we knew him long afterwards as a diligent old gentleman, in French Revolution days),—M. de Vergennes zealously supports; zealous to let loose the Turk upon Anti-French parties. The Turks seem to wag their heads, for some time; and their responses are ambiguous. For some time, not for long. Here, fast enough, comes, in disguised shape, the Catastrophe itself, ye poor plaintive Poles!

[41] Thrown out, '2d December 1770,'—by Louis's *new* Pompadour.

[42] Hermann, v. 469-471; in *Rulhière* (iv. 241-289), account of Dumouriez and his fencings and spyings, still more of Viomênil, who had "French Volunteers," and did some bits of real fighting on the small scale.

July—October 1768. Those Zaporavian and other Cossacks, with 20,000 peasants plundering about on both sides of the Dniester, had set fire to the little Town of Balta, which is on the south side, and belongs to the Turks: a very grave accident, think all political people, think especially the Foreign Excellencies at Warsaw, when news of it arrives. Burning of Balta, not to be quenched by the amplest Russian apologies, proved a live-coal at Constantinople; and Vergennes says, he set population and Divan on fire by it: a proof that the population and Divan had already been in a very inflammable state. Not a wise Divan, though a zealous. Plenty of fury in these people; but a sad deficiency of every other faculty. They made haste, in their hot humour, to declare War (6th October 1768);[43] not considering much how they would carry it on. Declared themselves in late Autumn,—as if to give the Russians ample time for preparing; those poor Turks themselves being as yet ready with nothing, and even the season for field-operations being over.

King Friedrich, who has still a Minister at the Porte, endeavoured to dissuade his old Turk friends, in this rash crisis; but to no purpose; they would listen to nothing but Vergennes and their own fury. Friedrich finds this War a very mad one on the part of his old Turk friends; their promptitude to go into it (he has known them backward enough when their chances were better!), and their way of carrying it on, are alike surprising to him. He says: 'Catharine's Generals were 'unacquainted with the first elements of Castrametation 'and Tactic; but the Generals of the Sultan had a still 'more prodigious depth of ignorance; so that to form 'a correct idea of this War, you must figure a set of 'purblind people, who, by constantly beating a set of al-'together blind, end by gaining over them a complete 'mastery.'[44] This, as Friedrich knows, is what Austria cannot suffer; this is what will involve Austria and

[43] Hermann, v. 608-11. [44] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vi. 23, 24.

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Russia, and Friedrich along with them, in—Friedrich, as the matter gradually unfolds itself, shudders to think what. The beginnings of this War were perhaps almost comical to the old Soldier-King; but as it gradually developed itself into complete shattering to pieces of the stupid Blind by the ambitious Purblind, he grew abundantly serious upon it.

It is but six months since Polish Patriotism, so effulgent to its own eyes in Orthodoxy, in Love of glorious Liberty, confederated at Bar, and got into that extraordinary whirlpool, or cesspool, of miseries and deliriums we have been looking at; and now it has issued on a broad highway of progress,—broad and precipitous,—and will rapidly arrive at the goal set before it. All was so rapid, on the Polish and on the Turkish part. The blind Turks, out of mere fanaticism and heat of humour, have rushed into this adventure;—and go rushing forward into a series of chaotic platitudes on the huge scale, and mere tragical disasters, year after year, which would have been comical, had they not been so hideous and sanguinary: constant and enormous blunders on the Turk part, issuing in disasters of like magnitude; which in the course of Two Campaigns had quite finished off their Polish friends, in a very unexpected way; and had like to have finished themselves off, had not drowned Poland served as a stepping-stone.

Not till March 26th, 1769, six months after declaring in such haste, did the blind Turks 'display their Banner of Mahomet,' that is, begin in earnest to assemble and make ready. Nor were the Russians shiningly strategic, though sooner in the field,—a Prince Galitzin commanding them (an extremely purblind person); till replaced by Romanzow, our old Colberg acquaintance, who saw considerably better. Galitzin, early in the

season, made a rush on Choczim (Chotzim), the first Turk Fort beyond the Dniester; and altogether failed, —not by Turk prowess, but by his own purblind mal-arrangements (want of ammunition, want of bread, or I will forget what);—which occasioned mighty grumblings in Russia: till in a month or two, by favour of Fortune and blindness of the Turk, matters had come well round again; and Galitzin, walking up to Choczim the second time, found there was not a Turk in the place, and that Choczim was now his on those uncommonly easy terms!

Instead of farther details on such a War,—the *shadow* or reflex of which, as mirrored in the Austrian mind, has an importance to Friedrich and us; but the self or substance of which has otherwise little or none,—we will close here with a bit of Russian satire on it, which is still worth reading. The date is evidently Spring 1769; the scene what we are now treating of: Galitzin obliged to fall back from Choczim; great rumour— "What a Galitzin; what a Turk War his, in contrast to the last we had!"[45]—no Romanzow yet appointed in his room. And here is a small Manuscript, which was then circulating fresh and new in Russian Society; and has since gone over all the world (though mostly in an uncertain condition, in old Jest-Books and the like), as a genuine bit of *caviare* from those Northern parts:

Manuscript circulating in Russian Society. 'Galitzin, much 'grieved about Choczim, could not sleep; and, wandering about 'in his tent, overheard, one night, a common soldier recounting 'his dream to the sentry outside the door.

"A curious dream," said the soldier: "I dreamt I was in a "battle; that I got my head cut off; that I died; and, of course, "went to Heaven. I knocked at the door: Peter came with a "bunch of Keys; and made such rattling that he awoke God;

[45] Turk War of 1736-1739, under Münnich (suprà, ii. 621-673).

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"who started up in haste, asking, 'What is the matter?' 'Why,' "says Peter, 'there is a great War on earth between the Rus- "sians and the Turks.' 'And who commands my Russians?' "said the Supreme Being.' 'Count Münnich,' answered Peter. "'Very well; I may go to sleep again!'—But this was not the "end of my dream," continued the soldier; "I fell asleep and "dreamt again, the very same as before, except that the War "was not Count Münnich's, but the one we are now in. Ac- "cordingly, when God asked, 'Who commands my Russians?' "Peter answered, 'Prince Galitzin.' 'Galitzin? Then, get me "my boots!' said the" (Russian) "Supreme Being."[46]

[46] W. Richardson (then at Petersburg, Tutor to Excellency Cathcart's Children; afterwards Professor at Glasgow, and a man of some reputation in his old age), *Anecdotes of the Russian Empire, in a Series of Letters written a few Years ago from St. Petersburg* (London, 1784), p. 110: date of this Letter is '17th October 1769.'

CHAPTER IV.

PARTITION OF POLAND.

THESE Polish phenomena were beginning to awaken a good deal of attention, not all of it pleasant, on the part of Friedrich. From the first he had, as usual, been a most clear-eyed observer of everything; and found the business, as appears, not of tragical nature, but of expensive-farcical, capable to shake the diaphragm rather than touch the heart of a reflective onlooker. He has a considerable Poem on it,—*War of the Confederates* by title (in the old style of the *Palladion*, imitating an unattainable *Jeanne d'Arc*),—considerable Poem, now forming itself at leisure in his thoughts,[1] which decidedly takes that turn; and laughs quite loud at the rabid fanaticisms, blusterous inanities and imbecilities of these noisy unfortunate neighbours:—old unpleasant style of the *Palladion* and *Pucelle;* but much better worth reading; having a great deal of sharp sense in its laughing guise, and more of real Historical Discernment than you will find in any other Book on that delirious subject.

Much a laughing-stock to this King hitherto, such a "War of the Confederates,"—consisting of the noisiest, emptiest bedlam tumults, seasoned by a proportion of homicide, and a great deal of battery and arson. But

[1] '*La Guerre des Confédérés*' (*Œuvres*, xiv. 183 et seq.), 'finished in November 1771.'

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now, with a Russian-Turk War springing from it, or already sprung, there are quite serious aspects rising amid the laughable. By Treaty, this War is to cost the King either a 12,000 of Auxiliaries to the Czarina, or a 72,000*l.* (480,000 thalers) annually;[2]—which latter he prefers to pay her, as the alternative: not an agreeable feature at all; but by no means the worst feature. Suppose it lead to Russian conquests on the Turk, to Austrian complicacies, to one knows not what, and kindle the world round one again! In short, we can believe Friedrich was very willing to stand well with next-door neighbours at present, and be civil to Austria and its young Kaiser's civilities.

First Interview between Friedrich and Kaiser Joseph (Neisse, 25th-28th August 1769).

In 1766, the young Kaiser, who has charge of the Military Department, and of little else in the Government, and is already a great traveller, and enthusiastic soldier, made a pilgrimage over the Bohemian and Saxon Battlefields of the Seven-Years War. On some of them, whether on all I do not know, he set up memorial stones; one of which you still see on the field of Lobositz;—of another on Prag field, and of reverent salutation by Artillery to the memory of Schwerin there, we heard long ago. Coming to Torgau on this errand, the Kaiser, through his Berlin Minister, had signified his "particular desire to make acquaintance with the King in returning;" to which the King was ready with the readiest;—only that Kaunitz and the Kaiserinn, in the interim, judged it improper, and stopped it. 'The reported 'Interview is not to take place,' Friedrich warns the

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vi. 13.

Newspapers; 'having been given up, though only from 'courtesy, on some points of ceremonial.'[3]

The young Kaiser felt a little huffed; and signified to Friedrich that he would find a time to make good this bit of uncivility, which his pedagogues had forced upon him. And now, after three years, August 1769, on occasion of the Silesian Reviews, the Kaiser is to come across from his Bohemian businesses, and actually visit him: Interview to be at Neisse, 25th August 1769, for three days. Of course the King was punctual, everybody was punctual, glad and cordial after a sort,—no ceremony, the Kaiser, officially incognito, is a mere Graf von Falkenstein, come to see his Majesty's Reviews. There came with him four or five Generals, Loudon one of them; Lacy had preceded: Friedrich is in the Palace of the place, ready and expectant. With Friedrich are: Prince Henri; Prince of Prussia; Margraf of Anspach, Friedrich's Nephew (Lady Craven's Margraf, the one remnant now left there); and some Generals and Military functionaries, Seidlitz the notablest figure of these. And so, *Friday, August 25th*, shortly after noon—But the following Two Letters, by an Eyewitness, will be preferable; and indeed are the only real Narrative that can be given:

No. 1. *Engineer Le Febvre to Perpetual Secretary Formey* (at Berlin).

'Neisse, 26th' (partly 25th) 'August 1769.

'My most worthy Friend,—I make haste to inform you of 'the Kaiser's arrival here at Neisse, this day, 25th August '1769, at one in the afternoon. The King had spent the 'morning in a proof Manœuvre, making rehearsal of the Man-'œuvre that was to be. When the Kaiser was reported just

[3] '*Friedrich to One of his Foreign Ambassadors*' (the common way of announcing in Newspapers): Preuss, iv. 22 n.

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'coming, the King went to the window of the grand Episco-'pal Saloon, and seeing him alight from his carriage, turned 'round and said, "*Je l'ai vu* (I have seen him)." His Majesty 'then went to receive him on the grand staircase' (had hardly descended three or four steps), 'where they embraced; and then 'his Majesty led by the hand his august Guest into the Apart-'ments designed for him, which were, all standing open and 'ready,'—which, however, the august Guest will not occupy except with a grateful imagination, being for the present incognito, mere Graf von Falkenstein, and judging that *The Three-Kings* Inn will be suitabler.

'Arrived in the Apartments, they embraced anew; and sat 'talking together for an hour and half.'—

(The talk, unknown to Le Febvre, began in this strain. *Kaiser:* "Now are my wishes "fulfilled, since I have the honour to embrace the greatest of "Kings and Soldiers." *King:* "I look upon this day as the "fairest of my life; for it will become the epoch of uniting Two "Houses which have been enemies too long, and whose mutual "interests require that they should strengthen, not weaken one "another." *Kaiser:* "For Austria there is no Silesia far-"ther."[4] Talk, it appears, lasted an hour and half.)

—'The Kaiser' (continues our Engineer) 'had brought with him the Prince of Sachsen-'Teschen' (his august Brother-in-law, Duke of Teschen, son of the late Polish Majesty of famous memory): 'afterwards there 'came Feldmarschall Lacy, Graf von Dietrichstein, General von 'Loudon,' and three others of no account to us. 'At the King's 'table were the Kaiser, the Prince of Prussia' (dissolute young Heir-Apparent, of the polygamous tendency), 'Prince Henri, 'the Margraf of Anspach' (King's Nephew, unfortunate Lady-Craven Margraf, ultimately of Hammersmith vicinity); 'the 'above Generals of the Austrian suite, and Generals Seidlitz and 'Tauentzien. The rest of the Court was at two other tables.' Of the dinner itself an Outside Individual will say nothing.

'The Kaiser, having expressly requested the King to let him 'lodge in an Inn (*Three Kings*), under the name of Graf von 'Falkenstein, would not go into the carriage which had stood

[4] Preuss, iv. 23; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vi. 25, 26.

'expressly ready to conduct him thither. He preferred walking 'on foot' (the loftily scornful Incognito) 'in spite of the rain; it 'was like a lieutenant of infantry stepping out of his quarters. 'Some moments after, the King went to visit him; and they re-'mained together from 5 in the evening till 8. It was thought 'they would be present (*assister*) at a Comic Opera which was 'to be played: but after waiting till 7 o'clock, the people re-'ceived orders to go on with the Piece;'—both Majesties did afterwards look in; but finding it bad, soon went their way again. (*Major Le Febvre stops writing for the night.*)

'This morning, 26th, the Manœuvre' (rehearsed yesterday) 'has been performed before both their Majesties; the troops, by 'way of finish, filing past them in the highest order. The Kaiser 'accompanied the King to his abode; after which he returned 'to his own. This is all the news I have today: the sequel by 'next Post' (apparently a week hence). 'I am, and shall ever 'be,—your true Friend, LE FEBVRE.'

No. 2. *Same to Same.*

'Neisse, 2d September 1769.

'Monsieur and dearest Friend,—We had, as you heard, our 'first Manœuvre on Saturday 26th, in presence of the Kaiser 'and the King, and of the whole Court of each. That evening 'there was Opera; which their Majesties honoured by attending. 'Sunday was our Second Manœuvre; *Operette* in the evening. 'Monday 28th, was our last Manœuvre; at the end of which 'the two Majesties, without alighting from horseback, embraced 'each other; and parted, protesting mutually the most con-'stant and inviolable friendship. One took the road for Bres-'lau; the other that of Königsgrätz. All the time the Kaiser 'was here, they have been continually talking together, and 'exhibiting the tenderest friendship,—from which I cannot but 'think there will benefit result.

'I am almost in the mind of coming to pass this Winter at 'Berlin; that I may have the pleasure of embracing you,— 'perhaps as cordially as King and Kaiser here. I am, and shall 'always be, with all my heart,—your very good Friend,

'LE FEBVRE.'[5]

[5] Formey, *Souvenirs d'un Citoyen*, ii. 145-148.

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The Le Febvre that writes here is the same who was set to manage the last Siege of Schweidnitz, by Globes of Compression and other fine inventions; and almost went out of his wits because he could not do it. An expert ingenious creature; skilful as an engineer; had been brought into Friedrich's service by the late Balbi, during Balbi's ascendancy (which ended at Olmütz long ago). At Schweidnitz, and often elsewhere, Friedrich, who had an esteem for poor Le Febvre, was good to him; and treated his excitabilities with a soft hand, not a rough. Once at Neisse (1771, second year after these Letters), on looking round at the works done since last review, in sight of all the Garrison he embraced Le Febvre, while commending his excellent performance; which filled the poor soul with a now unimaginable joy.

'*Hélas*,' says Formey, 'the poor Gentleman wrote to me of 'his endless satisfaction; and how he hoped to get through his 'building, and retire on half-pay this very season, thenceforth to 'belong to the Academy and me; he had been Member for twenty 'years past.' With this view, thinks Formey, he most likely hastened on his buildings too fast: certain it is, a barrack he was building tumbled suddenly, and some workmen perished in the ruins. 'Enemies at Court suggested,' or the accident itself suggested without any enemy, "Has not he been playing false, using cheap bad materials?"—and Friedrich ordered him arrest in his own Apartments, till the question were investigated. Excitable Le Febvre was like to lose his wits, almost to leap out of his skin. 'One evening at supper, he managed to smuggle away a knife; 'and, in the course of the night, gave himself sixteen stabs with 'it; which at length sufficed. The King said, "He has used 'himself worse than I should have done;" and was very sorry.' Of Lefebvre's scientific structures, globes of compression and the rest, I know not whether anything is left; the above Two Notes, thrown off to Formey, were accidentally a hit, and, in the great blank, may last a long while.

The King found this young Kaiser a very pretty man; and could have liked him considerably, had their mutual positions permitted. 'He had a frankness of 'manner, which seemed natural to him,' says the King;

'in his amiable character, gaiety and great vivacity were 'prominent features.' By accidental chinks, however, one saw 'an ambition beyond measure' burning in the interior of this young man,[6]—let an old King be wary. A three days, clearly, to be marked in chalk; radiant outwardly to both; to a certain depth, sincere; and uncommonly pleasant for the time. King and Kaiser were seen walking about arm in arm. At one of the Reviews a Note was brought to Friedrich: he read it, a Note from her Imperial Majesty; and handing it to Kaiser Joseph, kissed it first. At parting, he had given Joseph, by way of keepsake, a copy of Maréchal de Saxe's *Rêveries* (a strange Military Farrago, dictated, I should think, under opium[7]): this Book lay continually thereafter on the Kaiser's night-table; and was found there at his death, Twenty-one years hence,—not a page of it read, the leaves all sticking together under their bright gilding.[8]

It was long believed, by persons capable of seeing into millstones, that, under cover of this Neisse Interview, there were important Political negotiations and consultings carried on;—that here, and in a Second Interview or Return-Visit, of which presently, lay the real foundation of the Polish Catastrophe. What of Political passed at the Second Interview readers shall see for themselves, from an excellent Authority. As to what passed at the present ("mutual word-of-honour: should England and France quarrel, we will stand neutral"[9]), it is too insignificant for being shown to readers. Dialogues there were, delicately holding wide of the

[6] *Œuvres de Frédéric* (in *Mémoires de* 1763 *jusqu'à* 1775, a Chapter which yields the briefest, and the one completely intelligible account we yet have of those affairs), vi. 25.

[7] '*Mes Rêveries; Ouvrage Posthume, par*' &c. (2 voll. 4to: Amsterdam et Leipzig, 1757).

[8] Preuss, iv. 24 n.

[9] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ubi suprà.

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mark, and at length coming close enough; but, at neither the one Interview nor the other, was Poland at all a party concerned,—though, beyond doubt, the Turk War was; silently this first time, and with clear vocality on the second occasion.

In spite of Galitzin's blunders, the Turk War is going on at a fine rate in these months; Turks, by the hundred thousand, getting scattered in panic rout:—but we will say nothing of it just yet. Polish Confederation,—horror-struck, as may be imagined, at its auxiliary Brother of the Sun and Moon and his performances,—is weltering in violently impotent spasms into deeper and ever deeper wretchedness, Friedrich sometimes thinking of a Burlesque Poem on the subject;—though the Russian successes, and the Austrian grudgings and gloomings, are rising on him as a very serious consideration. "Is there no method, then, of allowing Russia to prosecute its Turk War in spite of Austria and its umbrages?" thinks Friedrich sometimes, in his anxieties about Peace in Europe:—"If the Ukraine, and its meal for the Armies, were but Russia's! At present, Austria can strike in there, cut off the provisions, and at once put a spoke in Russia's wheel." Friedrich tells us 'he (*on*,' the King himself, what I do not find in any other Book) 'sent to Peters-'burg, under the name of Count Lynar, the seraphic 'Danish Gentleman, who, in 1757, had brought about 'the Convention of Kloster-Zeven, a Project, or Sketch 'of Plan, for Partitioning certain Provinces of Poland, 'in that view;'—the Lynar opining, so far as I can see, somewhat as follows: "Russia to lay hold of the essential "bit of Polish Territory for provisioning itself against "the Turk, and allow to Austria and Prussia certain "other bits; which would content everybody, and en-

" able Russia and Christendom to extrude and suppress " *ad libitum* that abominable mass of Mahometan Sen- " sualism, Darkness and Fanaticism from the fairest part " of God's Creation." An excellent Project, though not successful! 'To which Petersburg, intoxicated with its 'own outlooks on Turkey, paid not the least attention,' says the King.[10] He gives no date to this curious statement; nor does anybody else mention it at all; but we may fancy it to have been of Winter 1769-1770,—and leave it with the curious, or the idly curious, since nothing came of it now or afterwards.

Potsdam, 20th-29th October 1769. Only two months after Neisse, what kindles Potsdam into sudden splendour, Electress Marie-Antoine makes a Visit of nine days to the King. 'In 'July last,' says a certain Note of ours, 'the Electress was in- 'vited to Berlin, to a Wedding; "would have been delighted to 'come, but letter of invitation arrived too late. Will, however, 'not give up the plan of seeing the great Friedrich." Comes to 'Potsdam, 20th-29th October. Stays nine days; much delighted, 'both, with the visit. "Magnificent palaces, pleasant gardens, 'ravishing concerts, charming Princes and Princesses: the plea- 'santest nine days I ever had in my life," says the Electress. 'Friedrich grants, to her intercession, pardon for some culprit. "*Diva Antonia*," he calls her henceforth for some time; she him, "*Plus grand des mortels*," "*Salomon du Nord*," and the like 'names.'[11] Next year, too (September 26th—October 5th, 1770), the bright Lady made a second visit;[12] no third,—the times growing too political, perhaps; the times not suiting. The *Correspondence* continues to the end; and is really pretty. And would be instructive withal, were it well edited. For example,—if we might look backwards, and shoot a momentary spark into the vacant darkness of the Past,—Friedrich wrote (the year before this):

Potsdam, 3d May 1768. * * "Jesuits have got all cut adrift:

[10] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vi. 26.

[11] Ibid. (*Correspondance avec l'Electrice Marie-Antoine*), xxiv. 179-186.

[12] Rödenbeck, iii. 24.

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"A dim rumour spreads that his Holiness will not rest with that "first anathema, but that a fulminating Bull is coming out against "the Most Christian, the Most Catholic and the Most Faithful. "If that be so, my notion is, Madam, that the Holy Father, to "fill his table, will admit the Defender of the Faith" (poor George III.) "and your Servant; for it does not suit a Pope to "sit solitary." * *

"A pity for the human race, Madam, that men cannot be "tranquil,—but they never and nowhere can! Not even the little "Town of Neufchâtel but has had its troubles; your Royal High- "ness will be astonished to learn how. A Parson there" (this was above seven years ago, in old Marischal's reign[13]) "had set forth "in a sermon, That considering the immense mercy of God, the "pains of Hell could not last forever. The Synod shouted mur- "der at such scandal; and has been struggling, ever since, to get "the Parson exterminated. The affair was of my jurisdiction; "for your Royal Highness must know that I am Pope in that "Country;—here is my decision: Let the parsons, who make for "themselves a cruel and barbarous God, be eternally damned, as "they desire, and deserve; and let those parsons, who conceive "God gentle and merciful, enjoy the plenitude of his mercy! "However, Madam, my sentence has failed to calm the minds; "the schism continues; and the number of the damnatory theo- "logians prevails over the others."[14]—Or again:

Potsdam, 1st December 1766. "At present I have with me my "Niece" (Sister's Daughter, of Schwedt), "the Duchess of Wür- "temberg; who remembers with pleasure to have had the happi- "ness of seeing your Royal Highness in former times. She is "very unhappy and much to be pitied; her Husband" (Eugen of Würtemberg, whom we heard much of, and last at Colberg) "gives her a deal of trouble: he is a violent man, from whom "she has everything to fear; who gives her chagrins, and makes "her no allowances. I try my best to bring him to reason;"—but am little successful. Three years after this, 'May 3d, 1769,' we

[13] See Letters to Marischal, 'Leipzig, 9th March 1761,' 'Breslau, 14th May 1762:' in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xx. 282, 287.

[14] 'April 2d, 1768' (a month before this Letter to Madam), there is 'riot at Neufchâtel; and Avocat Gardot' (heterodox Parson's *Advocate*) 'killed in it' (Rödenbeck, ii. 303).

find Eugen, who once talked of running his august Reigning Brother through the body, has ended by returning to Stuttgard and him; where, or at Mümpelgard, his Apanage, he continued thenceforth. And was Reigning Duke himself, long afterwards, for two years, at the very end of his life.[15] At this date of 1766, 'my poor Niece and he' have been married thirteen years, and have half a score of children;—the eldest of them Czar Paul's Second Wife that is to be, and Mother of the now Czars.

December 17th, 1765. * * "I have had 12,360 houses "and barns to rebuild, and am nearly through with that. But "how many other wounds remain yet to be healed!"

July 22d, 1765. * * "Wedding festivities of Prince of "Prussia. Duchess of Kingston tipsy on the occasion!"—But we must not be tempted farther.[16]

Next Year, there is a Second Interview; Friedrich making a Return-Visit during the Kaiser's Moravian Reviews (Camp of Mährisch-Neustadt, 3d-7th September 1770).

The Russian-Turk War, especially in this Second Campaign of it,—"Liberation of Greece," or, failing that, total destruction of the Turk Fleet in Greek waters; conquest of Wallachia, as of Moldavia; in a word, imminency of total ruin to the Turk by land and sea,—all this is blazing aloft at such a pitch, in Summer 1770, that a new Interview upon it may well, to neighbours so much interested, seem more desirable than ever. Interview accordingly there is to be: 3d September, and for four days following.

Kaunitz himself attends, this time; something of real business privately probable to Kaunitz. Prince Henri is not there; Prince Henri is gone to Sweden;

[15] 'Succeeded,' on his Brother Karl's death, '20th May 1795; died, 23d December 1797, age 75.'

[16] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiv. 90-155.

3d-7th Sept. 1770.
on visit to his Sister, whom he has not seen since boyhood: of which Visit there will be farther mention. Present with the King were:[17] the Prince of Prussia (luckier somewhat in his second wedlock, little red-coloured Son and Heir born to him just a month ago);[18] Prince Ferdinand; two Brunswick Nephews, *Erbprinz* whom we used to hear of, and Leopold a junior, of whom we shall once or so. No Seidlitz this time. Except Lentulus, no General to name. But better for us than all Generals, in the Kaiser's suite, besides Kaunitz, was Prince de Ligne,—who holds a *pen*, as will appear.

"Liberation of the Greeks" had kindled many people, Voltaire among the number, who is still intermittently in correspondence with Friedrich: "A magnificent Czarina about to revivify that true Temple of Mankind, or at least to sweep the blockhead Turks out of it; what a prospect!" Friedrich is quite cool on Greece; not too hot on any part of this subject, though intensely concerned about it. Besides his ingenious Count-Lynar Project, and many other businesses, Friedrich has just been confuting Baron d'Holbach's *Système de la Nature*;[19]—writing to Voltaire, *Potsdam*, 18*th August* 1770, on this subject among others, he adds: "I am going for Silesia, "on the Reviews. I am to see the Kaiser, who has "invited me to his Camp in Mähren. That is an amiable "and meritorious Prince; he values your Works, reads "them as diligently as he can; is anything but superstitious: in brief, a Kaiser such as Germany has not "for a great while had. Neither he nor I have any "love for the blockhead and barbaric sort;—but that "is no reason for extirpating them: if it were, your

[17] Rödenbeck, iii. 21.

[18] Friedrich Wilhelm III., 'born 3d August 1770.'

[19] '*Examen Critique du Système de la Nature*' (in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ix. 153 et seq.), 'finished, July 1770.'

"Turks" (oppressors of Greece) "would not be the "only victims!"[20]

In a lengthy *Letter*, written by request, *To Stanislaus, King of Poland*, in 1785, or at a distance of fifteen years from this Interview at Neustadt, Prince de Ligne, who was present there, has left us some record or loose lively reminiscence of it;[21]—sputtering, effervescing, epigrammatic creature, had he confined himself to a faithful description, and burnt off for us, not like a pretty fire-work, but like an innocent candle, or thing for seeing by! But we must take what we have, and endeavour to be thankful. By great luck, the one topic he insists on is Friedrich and his aspect and behaviour on the occasion; which is what, of all else in it, we are most concerned with.

'You have ordered me, Sire' (this was written for him in 1785), 'to speak to you of one of the greatest men of this Age. 'You admire him, though his neighbourhood has done you mis-'chief enough; and, placing yourself at the impartial distance of 'History, feel a noble curiosity on all that belongs to this extra-'ordinary genius. I will, therefore, give you an exact account 'of the smallest words that I myself heard the great Friedrich 'speak. * * The I (*le je*) is odious to me; but nothing is indif-'ferent when'—Well, your account, then, your account, without farther preambling, and in a more exact way than you are wont!—

'By a singular chance, in 1770' (3d-7th September, if you would but date), 'the Kaiser was' (for the second time) 'enabled 'to deliver himself to the personal admiration which he had con-'ceived for the King of Prussia; and these Two great Sove-'reigns were so well together, that they could pay visits. The 'Kaiser permitted me to accompany; and introduced me to the 'King: it was at Neustadt in Moravia' (*Mährisch-Neustadt*, short way from *Austerlitz*, which is since become a celebrated place). 'I can't recollect if I had, or had assumed, an air of embarrass-'ment; but what I do well remember is, that the Kaiser, who

[20] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 165, 166.

[21] Prince de Ligne, *Mémoires et Mélanges Historiques* (Par. 1827), i. 3-21.

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'noticed my look, said to the King, "He has a timid expression, 'which I never observed in him before; he will recover presently." 'This he said in a graceful merry way; and the two went out, 'to go, I believe, to the Play. On the way thither, the King 'for an instant quitting his Imperial Friend, asked me if my '*Letter to Jean Jacques*' (now an entirely forgotten Piece), 'which 'had been printed in the Papers, was really by me? I answered, "Sire, I am not famous enough to have my name forged" (as a certain Other name has been, on this same unproductive topic). 'He felt what I meant. It is known that Horace Walpole took 'the King's name to write his famous *Lettre à Jean Jacques*' (impossible to attend to the like of it at present), 'which con-'tributed the most to drive mad this eloquent and unreasonable 'man of genius.

'Coming out of the Play, the Kaiser said to the King of 'Prussia: "There is Noverre, the famous Composer of Ballets; "he has been in Berlin, I believe." Noverre made thereupon 'a beautiful dancing-master bow. "Ah, I know him," said the 'King: "we saw him at Berlin; he was very droll; mimicked "all the world, especially our chief Dancing Women, to make "you split with laughing." Noverre, ill content with this way 'of remembering him, made another beautiful third-position 'bow; and hoped possibly the King would say something far-'ther, and offer him the opportunity of a small revenge. "Your "Ballets are beautiful," said the King to him; "your Dancing "Girls have grace; but it is grace in a squattish form (*de la "grace engoncée*). I think you make them raise their shoulders "and their arms too much. For, Monsieur Noverre, if you "remember, our principal Dancing Girl at Berlin wasn't so." "That is why she was at Berlin, Sire," replied Noverre' (satirically, all he could).

'I was every day asked to sup with the King; too often the 'conversation addressed itself to me. In spite of my attach-'ment to the Kaiser, whose General I like to be, but not whose 'D'Argens or Algarotti, I had not beyond reason abandoned 'myself to that feeling. When urged by the King's often 'speaking to me, I had to answer, and go on talking. Besides 'the Kaiser took a main share in the conversation; and was

'perhaps more at his ease with the King than the King with 'him. One day, they got talking of what one would wish to be 'in this world; and they asked my opinion. I said, I should 'like to be "a Pretty Woman till thirty; then, till sixty, a 'fortunate and skilful General;"—and not knowing what more 'to say, but for the sake of adding something, whatever it might 'be, "a Cardinal till eighty." The King, who likes to banter 'the Sacred College, made himself merry on this; and the 'Kaiser gave him a cheap bargain of Rome and its upholders '(*suppôts*). That supper was one of the gayest and pleasantest 'I have ever seen. The Two Sovereigns were without preten-'sion and without reserve; what did not always happen on 'other days; and the amiability of two men so superior, and 'often so astonished to see themselves together, was the agree-'ablest thing you can imagine. The King bade me come and 'see him the first time he and I should have three or four hours 'to ourselves.

'A storm such as there never was, a deluge compared with 'which that of Deucalion was a summer shower, covered our 'Hills with water' (cannot say *which* day of the four), 'and 'almost drowned our Army while attempting to manœuvre. The 'morrow was a rest-day for that reason. At nine in the morn-'ing, I went to the King, and stayed till one. He spoke to 'me of our Generals; I let him say, of his own accord, the 'things I think of Marshals Lacy and Loudon; and I hinted 'that, as to the others, it was better to speak of the dead than 'of the living; and that one never can well judge of a General 'who has not in his lifetime actually played high parts in War. 'He spoke to me of Feldmarschall Daun: I said, "that against "the French I believed he might have proved a great man; but "that against him" (you), "he had never quite been all he was; "seeing always his opponent, as a Jupiter, thunderbolt in hand, "ready to pulverise his Army." That appeared to give the 'King pleasure: he signified to me a feeling of esteem for 'Daun; he spoke favourably of General Brentano' (one of the Maxen gentlemen). 'I asked his reason for the praises I knew 'he had given to General Beck. "Why (*mais*), I thought him "a man of merit," said the King. "I do not think so, Sire; he

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"didn't do you much mischief." "He sometimes took Maga-
"zines from me." "And sometimes let your Generals escape"
(Bevern at *Reichenbach*, for instance, do you reckon that his
blame?).—"I have never beaten him," said the King. "He
"never came near enough for that: and I always thought your
"Majesty was only appearing to respect him, in order that we
"might have more confidence in him, and that you might give
"him the better slap some day, with interest for all arrears."

King. "Do you know who taught me the little I know? It
"was your old Marshal Traun: that was a man, that one.—You
"spoke of the French: do they make progress?"

Ego. "They are capable of everything in time of war, Sire:
"but in Peace,—their chiefs want them to be what they are
"not, what they are not capable of being."

King. "How, then; disciplined? They were so in the time
"of M. du Turenne."

Ego. "Oh, it isn't that. They were not so in the time of
"M. de Vendôme, and they went on gaining battles. But it
"is now wished that they become your Apes and ours; and that
"doesn't suit them."

King. "Perhaps so: I have said of their busy people (*fai-
"seurs*," St. Germains and Army-reformers), "that they would
"fain sing without knowing music."

Ego. "Oh, that is true! But leave them their natural notes;
"profit by their bravery, their alertness (*légèreté*), by their very
"faults,—I believe their confusion might confuse their enemies
"sometimes."

King. "Well, yes, doubtless, if you have something to sup-
"port them with."

Ego. "Just so, Sire,—some Swiss and Germans."

King. "'Tis a brave and amiable nation, the French; one
"can't help loving them:—but, *mon Dieu*, what have they made
"of their Men of Letters; and what a tone has now come up
"among them! Voltaire, for example, had an excellent tone.
"D'Alembert, whom I esteem in many respects, is too noisy,
"and insists too much on producing effect in society:—was
"it the Men of Letters that gave the Court of Louis XIV.
"its grace, or did they themselves acquire it from the many

" amiable persons they found there? He was the Patriarch of " Kings, that one" (in a certain sense, your Majesty!) "In his " lifetime, a little too much good was said of him; but a great " deal too much ill after his death."

Ego. " A King of France, Sire, is always the Patriarch " of Clever People (*Patriarche des gens d'esprit:*" You do not much mean this, Monsieur? You merely grin it from the teeth outward?).

King. " That is the bad Number to draw: they aren't worth " a doit (*ne valent pas le diable*, these *gens d'esprit*) at Governing. " Better be Patriarch of the Greek Church, like my sister the " Empress of Russia! That brings her, and will bring, advan- " tages. There's a religion for you; comprehending many Coun- " tries and different Nations! As to our poor Lutherans, they " are so few, it is not worth while being their Patriarch."

Ego. " Nevertheless, Sire, if one join to them the Calvin- " ists, and all the little bastard Sects, it would not be so bad " a post." (The King appeared to kindle at this; his eyes were full of animation. But it did not last when I said): " If the " Kaiser were Patriarch of the Catholics, that too wouldn't be " a bad place."

King. " There, there: Europe divided into Three Patriarch- " ates. I was wrong to begin; you see where that leads us: " Messieurs, our dreams are not those of the just, as M. le " Regent used to say. If Louis XIV. were alive, he would " thank us."

' All these patriarchal ideas, possible and impossible to realise, ' made him, for an instant, look thoughtful, almost moody.

King. " Louis XIV., possessing more judgment than clever- " ness (*esprit*), looked out more for the former quality than for the " latter. It was men of genius that he wanted, and found. It " could not be said that Corneille, Bossuet, Racine, and Condé " were people of the clever sort (*des hommes d'esprit*)."

Ego. " On the whole, there is that in the Country which " really deserves to be happy. It is asserted that your Majesty " has said, If one would have a fine dream, one must—"

King. " Yes, it is true,—be King of France."

Ego. " If Francis I. and Henri IV. had come into the world

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"after your Majesty, they would have said, 'be King of "Prussia.'"

King. "Tell me, pray, is there no citeable Writer left in "France?"

'This made me laugh; the King asked the reason. I told 'him, He reminded me of the *Russe à Paris*, that charming 'little piece of verse of M. de Voltaire's; and we remembered 'charming things out of it, which made us both laugh. He said,

King. "I have sometimes heard the Prince de Conti spoken "of: what sort of man is he?"

Ego. "He is a man composed of twenty or thirty men. He "is proud, he is affable,"—he is fiddle, he is diddle (in the see-saw epigrammatic way, for a page or more); and is not worth pen and ink from us, since the time old Marshal Traun got us rid of him,—home across the Rhine, full speed, with Croats sticking on his skirts.[22]

'This portrait seemed to amuse the King. One had to 'captivate him by some piquant detail; without that, he would 'escape you, give you no time to speak. The success generally 'began by the first words, no matter how vague, of any con-'versation; these he found means to make interesting; and 'what, generally, is mere talk about the weather, became at 'once sublime; and one never heard anything vulgar from 'him. He ennobled everything; and the examples of Greeks 'and Romans, or of modern Generals, soon dissipated every-'thing of what, with others, would have remained trivial and 'commonplace.

"Have you ever," said he, "seen such a rain as yesterday's? "Your orthodox Catholics will say, 'That comes of having a "man without religion among us: what are we to do with this "cursed (*maudit*) King; a Protestant at lowest?' For I really "think I brought you bad luck. Your soldiers would be saying, "'Peace we have; and still is this devil of a man to trouble "us!'"

Ego. "Certainly, if your Majesty was the cause, it is very "bad. Such a thing is only permitted to Jupiter, who has "always good reasons for everything; and it would have been

[22] Suprà, iv. 159.

"in his fashion, after destroying the one set by fire, to set about "destroying the others by water. However, the fire is at an "end; and I did not expect to revert to it."

King. "I ask your pardon for having plagued you so often "with that; I regret it for the sake of all mankind. But what a "fine Apprenticeship of War! I have committed errors enough "to teach you young people, all of you, to do better. *Mon "Dieu*, how I love your grenadiers! How well they defiled in "my presence! If the god Mars were raising a bodyguard "for himself, I should advise him to take them hand over head. "Do you know I was well pleased (*bien content*) with the Kaiser "last night at supper? Did you hear what he said to me about "Liberty of the Press, and the Troubling of Consciences (*la "gêne des consciences*)? There will be bits of difference between "his worthy Ancestors and him, on some points!"

Ego. "I am persuaded, he will entertain no prejudices on "anything; and that your Majesty will be a great Book of In-"struction to him."

King. "How adroitly he disapproved, without appearing to "mean anything, the ridiculous Vienna Censorship; and the "too great fondness of his Mother (without naming her) for "certain things which only make hypocrites. By the bye, she "must detest you, that High Lady?"

Ego. "Well, then, not at all. She has sometimes lectured "me about my strayings, but very maternally: she is sorry for "me, and quite sure that I shall return to the right path. She "said to me, some time ago, 'I don't know how you do, you are "the intimate friend of Father Griffet; the Bishop of Neustadt "has always spoken well of you; likewise the Archbishop of "Malines; and the Cardinal" (name not known to me, dignity and red hat sufficiently visible) "loves you much.'"

'Why cannot I remember the hundred luminous things which 'escaped the King in this conversation! It lasted till the trum-'pet at Headquarters announced dinner. The King went to take 'his place; and I think it was on this occasion that, some one 'having asked why M. de Loudon had not come yet, he said, "That is not his custom: formerly he often arrived before me.

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"Please let him take this place next me; I would rather have "him at my side than opposite."

That is very pretty. And a better authority gives it, The King said to Loudon himself, on Loudon's entering, "*Mettez-vous "auprès de moi, M. de Loudon; j'aime mieux vous avoir à côté de "moi que vis-à-vis.*" He was very kind to Loudon; 'constantly 'called him "*M. le Feldmaréchal*"' (delicate hint of what should have been, but *was* not for seven years yet); 'and, at parting, 'gave him' (as he did to Lacy also) 'two superb horses, magni-'ficently equipped.'[23]

'Another day,' continues Prince de Ligne, 'the Manœuvres 'being over in good time, there was a Concert at the Kaiser's. 'Notwithstanding the King's taste for music, he was pleased to 'give me the preference; and came where I was, to enchant me 'with the magic of his conversation, and the brilliant traits, gay 'and bold, which characterise him. He asked me to name the 'general and particular Officers who were present, and to tell 'him those who had served under Marshal Traun: "For, *enfin*," he said, "as I think I have told you already, he is my Master; "he corrected me in the Schooling I was at."

Ego. "Your Majesty was very ungrateful, then; you never "paid him his lessons. If it was as your Majesty says, you "should, at least, have allowed him to beat you; and I do not "remember that you ever did."

King. "I did not get beaten, because I did not fight."

Ego. "It is in this manner that the greatest Generals have "often conducted their wars against each other. One has only "to look at the two Campaigns of M. de Montecuculi and M. de "Turenne, in the Valley of the Rench" (Strasburg Country, 1674 and 1675, two celebrated Campaigns, Turenne killed by a cannon-shot in the last).

King. "Between Traun and the former there is not much "difference; but what a difference, *bon Dieu*, between the latter "and me!"

'I named to him the Count d'Althan, who had been Adju-'tant-General, and the Count de Pellegrini. He asked me twice

[23] Pezzl, *Vie de Loudon*, ii. 29.

'which was which, from the distance we were at; and said, He 'was so short-sighted I must excuse him.

Ego. "Nevertheless, Sire, in the War your sight was good "enough; and, if I remember right, it reached very far!"

King. "It was not I; it was my glass."

Ego. "Ha, I should have liked to find that glass;—but I "fear it would have suited my eyes as little as Scanderbeg's "sword my arm."

'I forget how the conversation changed; but I know it grew 'so free that, seeing somebody coming to join in it, the King 'warned him to take care; that it wasn't safe to converse with 'a man doomed by the theologians to Everlasting Fire. I felt 'as if he somewhat overdid this of his "being doomed," and that 'he boasted too much of it. Not to hint at the dishonesty of 'these free-thinking gentlemen (*messieurs les esprits forts*), who 'very often are thoroughly afraid of the Devil, it is, at least, bad 'taste to make display of such things: and it was with the people 'of bad taste whom he has had about him, such as a Jordan, 'a D'Argens, Maupertuis, La Beaumelle, La Mettrie, Abbé de 'Prades, and some dull sceptics of his own Academy, that he 'had acquired the habit of mocking at Religion; and of talking '(*de parler*) Dogma, Spinozism, Court of Rome, and the like. 'In the end, I didn't always answer when he touched upon it. 'I now seized a moment's interval, while he was using his hand-'kerchief, to speak to him about some business, in connexion 'with the Circle of Westphalia, and a little *Comté Immédiat'* (County holding direct of the Reich) 'which I have there. The 'King answered me: "I, for my part, will do anything you "wish; but what thinks the other Director, my comrade, the "Elector of Cologne, about it?"

Ego. "I was not aware, Sire, that you were an Ecclesiastical "Elector."

King. "I am so; at least on my Protestant account."

Ego. "That is not to *our* account's advantage! Those good "people of mine believe your Majesty to be their protector."

'He continued asking me the names of persons he saw. I 'was telling him those of a number of young Princes who had 'lately entered the Service, and some of whom gave hopes.

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"That may be," said he; "but I think the breed of the govern-
"ing races ought to be crossed. I like the children of love: look
"at the Maréchal de Saxe, and my own Anhalt" (severe Adjutant von Anhalt, a bastard of Prinz Gustav, the Old-Dessauer's Heir-Apparent, who begot a good many bastards, but died before inheriting: bastards were brought up, all of them to soldiering, by their Uncles,—this one by Uncle Moritz; was thrown from his horse eight years *hence*, to the great joy of many); "though
"I am afraid that *since*" (mark this *since*, alas!) "his fall on his
"head, that latter is not so good as formerly. I should be
"grieved at it,[24] both for his sake and for mine; he is a man
"full of talents."

'I am glad to remember this; for I have heard it said by
'silly slanderous people (*sots dénigrants*), who accuse the King
'of Prussia of insensibility, that he was not touched by the acci-
'dent which happened to the man he seemed to love most. Too
'happy if one had only said that of him! He was supposed to
'be jealous of the merit of Schwerin and of Keith, and delighted
'to have got them killed. It is thus that mediocre people seek
'to lower great men, to diminish the immense space that lies
'between themselves and such.

'Out of politeness, the King, and his Suite as well, had put
'on white' (Austrian) 'Uniforms, not to bring back on us that
'blue which we had so often seen in war. He looked as though
'he belonged to our Army and to the Kaiser's suite. There was,
'in this Visit, I believe, on both sides, a little personality, some
'distrust, and perhaps a beginning of bitterness;—as always
'happens, says Philippe de Comines, when Sovereigns meet. The
'King took Spanish snuff, and brushing it off with his hand from
'his coat as well as he could, he said, "I am not clean enough
"for you, Messieurs; I am not worthy to wear your colours."
'The air with which he said this, made me think he would yet
'soil them with powder, if the opportunity arose.

'I forgot a little Incident which gave me an opportunity of
'setting off (*faire valoir*) the two Monarchs to each other,'—

[24] Not for eight years yet, *mon Prince*, I am sorry to say! Adjutant von Anhalt did, in reality, get this fall, and damaging hurt on the head, in the "Bavarian War" (nick-named *Kartoffel-Krieg*, "Potato-War"), 1778-9. *Militair-Lexikon*, i. 69: see Preuss, ii. 356, iv. 578; &c.

(Incident, about the King's high opinion of the Kaiser's drill-sergeantry in this day's manœuvres, and how I was the happy cause of the Kaiser's hearing it himself: Incident omissible; as the whole Sequel is, except a sentence or two).—

* * 'On this Neustadt occasion, the King was sometimes 'too ceremonious; which annoyed the Kaiser. For instance,— 'I know not whether meaning to show himself a disciplined 'Elector of the Reich, but so it was,—whenever the Kaiser put 'his foot in stirrup, the King was sure to take his Majesty's 'horse by the bridle, stand respectfully waiting the Kaiser's right 'foot, and fit it into *its* stirrup: and so with every thing else. 'The Kaiser had the more sincere appearance, in testifying his 'great respect; like that of a young Prince to an aged King, and 'of a young Soldier to the greatest of Captains.' * *

'Sometimes there were appearances of cordiality between 'the two Sovereigns. One saw that Friedrich II. loved Jo-'seph II., but that the preponderance of the Empire, and the 'contact of Bohemia and Silesia, a good deal barred the senti-'ments of King and Kaiser. You remember, Sire' (Ex-Sire of Poland), 'their *Letters*' (readers shall see them, in 1778,—or rather *refuse* to see them!) 'on the subject of Bavaria; their 'compliments, the explanations they had with regard to their 'intentions; all carried on with such politeness; and that from 'politeness to politeness, the King ended by invading Bohemia.'

Well, here is legible record, with something really of portraiture in it, valuable so far as it goes; record unique on this subject;—and substantially true, though inexact enough in details. Thus, even in regard to that of Anhalt's *head*, which is so impossible in this First Dialogue, Friedrich did most probably say something of the kind, in a Second which there is, of date 1780; of which latter De Ligne is here giving account as well,—though we have to postpone it till its time come.

At this Neustadt Interview there did something of Political occur; and readers ought to be shown exactly what. Kaunitz had come with the Kaiser; and this something was intended as the real business among the gaieties and galas at Neustadt. Poland, or its Farce-

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Tragedy now playing, was not once mentioned that I hear of; though perhaps, as a *flebile ludibrium*, it might turn up for moments in dinner-conversation or the like: but the astonishing Russian-Turk War, which has sprung out of Poland, and has already filled Stamboul and its Divans and Muftis with mere horror and amazement; and, in fact, has brought the Grand Turk to the giddy rim of the Abyss; nothing but ruin and destruction visible to him: this, beyond all other things whatever, is occupying these high heads at present;—and indeed the two latest bits of Russian-Turk news have been of such a blazing character as to occupy all the world more or less. Readers, some glances into the Turk War, I grieve to say, are become inevitable to us!

Russian-Turk War, First Two Campaigns.

'*October 6th*, 1768, Turks declare War; Russian Ambassador 'thrown into the Seven Towers as a preliminary, where he sat 'till Peace came to be needed. *March 23d*, 1769, Display their 'Banner of Mahomet, all in paroxysm of Fanaticism risen to the 'burning-point: "Under pain of death, No Giaour of you ap- 'pear on the streets, nor even look out of window, this day!"— 'Austrian Ambassador's Wife, a beautiful gossamer creature, 'venturing to transgress on that point, was torn from her car- 'riage by the Populace, and with difficulty saved from destruc- 'tion: Brother of the Son and Moon, apologising afterwards 'down to the very shoe-tie, is forgiven.

First Campaign; 1769. '*April 26th-30th*, Galitzin *versus* 'Choczim; can't, having no provender or powder. Falls back 'over Dniester again,—overhears that extraordinary *Dream*, as 'above recited, betokening great rumour in Russian Society 'against such Purblind Commanders-in-Chief. Purblind *versus* 'Blind is fine play, nevertheless; wait, only wait:

'*July 2d*, Galitzin slowly gets on the advance again: 150,000 'Turks, still slower, are at last across the Donau (sharp enough 'French Officers among them, agents of Choiseul; but a mass

'incurably chaotic);—furiously intending towards Poland and 'extermination of the Giaour. Do not reach Dniester River till 'September, and *look* across on Poland,—for the first time, and 'also for the last, in this War. *September 17th:* Weather has 'been rainy; Dniester, were Galitzin nothing, is very difficult for 'Turks; who try in two places, but cannot.[25] In a third place '(name not given, perhaps has no name), about 12,000 of them 'are across; when Dniester, raging into flood, carries away their 'one Bridge, and leaves the 12,000 isolated there. Purblind 'Galitzin, on express order, does attack these 12,000 (night of 'September 17th-18th):—"Hurrah" of the devouring Russians 'about midnight, hoarse shriek of the doomed 12,000, wail of 'their brethren on the southern shore, who cannot help:—night 'of horrors "from midnight till 2 A.M.;" and the 12,000 mas-'sacred or captive, every man of them; Russian loss 600 killed 'and wounded. Whereupon the Turk Army bursts into unani-'mous insanity; and flows home in deliquium of ruin. Choczim 'is got on the terms already mentioned (15 sick men and women 'lying in it, and 184 bronze cannon, when we boat across); Turk 'Army can by no effort be brought to halt anywhere; flows 'across the Donau, disappears into Chaos:—and the whole of 'Moldavia is conquered in this cheap manner. What perhaps 'is still better, Galitzin (28th September) is thrown out; Ro-'manzow, hitherto Commander of a second smaller Army, kind 'of covering wing to Galitzin, is Chief for Second Campaign.

'In the Humber, this Winter, to the surprise of incredulous 'mankind, a Russian Fleet drops anchor for a few days: actual 'Russian Fleet intending for the Greek waters, for Montenegro 'and intermediate errands, to conclude with "Liberation of 'Greece next Spring,"—so grandiose is this Czarina.[26]

Second Campaign; 1770. 'This is the flower of Anti-Turk 'Campaigns,—victorious, to a blazing pitch, both by land and 'sea. Romanzow, master of Moldavia, goes upon Wallachia, and 'the new or rehabilitated Turk Army; and has an almost gratis 'bargain of both. Romanzow has some good Officers under 'him ("Brigadier Stöffeln," much more "General Tottleben," "General Bauer," once Colonel Bauer of the Wesel Free-

[25] Hermann, v. 611-613. [26] Ibid. v. 617.

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'Corps,—many of the Superior Officers seem to be German, 'others have Swedish or Danish names);—better Officers; and 'knows better how to use them than Galitzin did. August 1st, 'Romanzow has a Battle, called of Kaghul, in Pruth Country. 'That is his one "Battle" this Summer; and brings him Ismail, 'Akkerman, all Wallachey, and no Turks left in those parts. 'But first let us attend to sea-matters, and the Liberation of 'Greece, which precede in time and importance.

'"Liberation of Greece:" an actual Fleet, steering from 'Cronstadt to the Dardanelles to liberate Greece! The sound 'of it kindles all the warm heads in Europe; especially Vol- 'taire's, which, though covered with the snow of age, is still 'warm internally on such points. As to liberating Greece, Vol- 'taire's hopes were utterly balked; but the Fleet from Cron- 'stadt did amazing service otherwise in those waters. *February* '28*th*, 1770, first squadron of the Russian Fleet anchors at Pas- 'sawa,—not far from Calamata, in the Gulf of Coron, on the 'antique Peloponnesian coast; Sparta on your right hand, Arcadia 'on your left, and so many excellent Ghosts (ἴφθιμοι ψυχαὶ) of 'Heroes looking on:—Russian squadron has four big ships, three 'frigates, more soon to follow: on board there are arms and 'munitions of war; but unhappily only 500 soldiers. Admiral- 'in-Chief (not yet come up) is Alexei Orlof, a brother of Lover 'Gregory's, an extremely worthless seaman and man. Has under 'him "many Danes, a good few English too,"—especially Three 'English Officers, whom we shall hear of, when Alexei and they 'come up. Meanwhile, on the Peloponnesian coast are modern 'Spartans, to the number of 15,000, all sitting ready, expect- 'ing the Russian advent: these rose duly; got Russian muskets, 'cartridges,—only two Russian Officers:—and attacked the 'Turks with considerable fury or voracity, but with no success 'of the least solidity. Were foiled here, driven out there; in 'fine, were utterly beaten, Russians and they: lost Tripolizza, 'by surprise; whereupon (April 19th) the Russians withdrew to 'their Fleet; and the Affair of Greece was at an end.[27] It had 'lasted (28th February—19th April) seven weeks and a day. 'The Russians retired to their Fleet, with little loss; and rode

[27] Hermann, v. 621.

'at their ease again, in Navarino Bay. But the 15,000 modern 'Spartans had nothing to retire to,—these had to retire into ex- 'tinction, expulsion, and the throat of Moslem vengeance, which 'was frightfully bloody and inexorable on them.

'Greece having failed, the Russian Fleet, now in complete 'tale, made for Turkey, for Constantinople itself. "Into the 'very Dardanelles" they say they will go; an Englishman among 'them,—Captain Elphinstone, a dashing seaman, if perhaps rather 'noisy, whom Rulhière is not blind to,—has been heard to declare, 'at least in his cups: "Dardanelles impossible? Pshaw, I will 'do it, as easily as drink this glass of wine!" Alexei Orlof 'is a Sham-Admiral; but under him are real Sea-Officers, one 'or two.

'In the Turkish Fleet, it seems, there is an Ex-Algerine, 'Hassan-Bey, of some capacity in sea-matters; but he is not in 'chief command, only in second; and can accomplish nothing. 'The Turkish Fleet, numerous but rotten, retires daily,—through 'the famed Cyclades, and Isles of Greece, Paros, Naxos, apoca- 'lyptic Patmos, on to Scio (old Chios of the wines); and on July '5th, takes refuge behind Scio, between Scio and the Coast 'of Smyrna, in Tchesme Bay. "Safe here!" thinks the chief 'Turk Admiral. "Very far from safe!" remonstrates Hassan; 'though to no purpose. And privately puts the question to him- 'self, "Have these Giaours a real Admiral among them, or, like 'us, a sham one?"

Tchesmé Bay, 7th July 1770. 'Nothing can be more ima- 'ginary than Alexei Orlof as an Admiral: but he has a Cap- 'tain Elphinstone, a Captain Gregg, a Lieutenant Dugdale; and 'these determine to burn poor Hassan and his whole Fleet in 'Tchesme here:—and do it totally, night of July 7th; with 'one single fireship; Dugdale steering it; Gregg behind him, 'to support with broadsides; Elphinstone ruling and contriv- 'ing, still farther to rear; helpless Turk Fleet able to make no 'debate whatever. Such a blaze of conflagration on the help- 'less Turks as shone over all the world—one of Rulhière's finest 'fireworks, with little shot;—the light of which was still dazzling 'mankind while the Interview at Neustadt took place. Turk 'Fleet, fifteen ships, nine frigates, and above 8,000 men, gone

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'to gases and to black cinders,—Hassan hardly escaping with I 'forget how many score of wounds and bruises.[28]

"Now for the Dardanelles," said Elphinstone: "bombard 'Constantinople, starve it,—to death, or to what terms you 'will!" "Cannot be done; too dangerous; impossible!" an- 'swered the sham Admiral, quite in a tremor, they say;— 'which at length filled the measure of Elphinstone's disgusts 'with such a Fleet and Admiral. Indignant Elphinstone with- 'drew to his own ship, "Adieu, Sham-Admiral!"—sailed with 'his own ship, through the impossible Dardanelles (Turk batte- 'ries firing one huge block of granite at him, which missed; then 'needing about forty minutes to load again); feat as easy to 'Elphinstone as this glass of wine. In sight of Constantinople, 'Elphinstone, furthermore, called for his tea; took his tea on 'deck, under flourishing of all his drums and all his trumpets: 'tea done, sailed out again scathless; instantly threw up his 'command,—and at Petersburg, soon after, in taking leave of 'the Czarina, signified to her, in language perhaps too plain, or 'perhaps only too painfully true, some Naval facts which were 'not welcome in that high quarter.'[29] This remarkable Elphin- stone I take to be some junior or irregular Balmerino scion; but could never much hear of him except in *Rulhière*, where, on vague, somewhat theatrical terms, he figures as above.

'*August* 1*st*, Romanzow has a "Battle of Kaghul," so they 'call it; though it is a "Slaughtery" or *Schlachterei*, rather than 'a "Slaught" or *Schlacht*, say my German friends. Kaghul is 'not a specific place, but a longish river, a branch of the Pruth; 'under screen of which the Grand Turk Army, 100,000 strong, 'with 100,000 Tartars as second line, has finally taken posi- 'tion, and fortified itself with earthworks and abundant cannon. '*August* 1*st*, 1770, Romanzow, after study and advising, feels 'prepared for this Grand Army and its earthworks: with a 'select 20,000, under select captains, Romanzow, after night- 'fall, bursts in upon it, simultaneously on three different points; 'and gains, gratis or nearly so, such a victory as was never heard 'of before. The Turks, on their earthworks, had 140 cannons; 'these the Turk gunners fired off two times, and fled, leaving

[28] Hermann, v. 623. [29] Rulhière, iii. 476-509.

'them for Romanzow's uses. The Turk cavalry then tried if 'they could not make some attempt at charging; found they 'could not; whirled back upon their infantry; set it also whirling: and in a word, the whole 200,000 whirled, without blow 'struck; and it was a universal panic rout, and delirious stampede of flight, which never paused (the very garrisons emptying 'themselves, and joining in it) till it got across the Donau again, 'and drew breath there, not to rally or stand, but to run rather 'slower. And had left Wallachia, Bessarabia, Dniester river, 'Donau river, swept clear of Turks; all Romanzow's hence-'forth. To such astonishment of an invincible Grand Turk, and 'of his Moslem Populations, fallen on such a set of Giaours,— '("*Allah Kerim*, And *can*not we abolish them, then?" Not we '*them*, it would appear!),—as every reader can imagine.' Which shall suffice every reader here, in regard to the Turk War, and what concern he has in the extremely brutish phenomenon.

Tchesme fell out, July 7th; Elphinstone has hardly done his tea in the Dardanelles, when (August 1st) this of Kaghul follows: both would be fresh news blazing in every head, while the Dialogues between Friedrich and Kaunitz were going on. For they 'had many dialogues,' Friedrich says; 'and one of the days' (probably September 6th) was mainly devoted to Politics, to deep private Colloquy with Kaunitz. Of which, and of the great things that followed out of it, I will now give, from Friedrich's own hand, the one entirely credible account I have anywhere met with in writing.

Friedrich's account of Kaunitz himself is altogether life-like: A solemn, arrogant, mouthing, brow-beating kind of man,—embarrassed at present by the necessity not to browbeat, and by the consciousness that "King "Friedrich is the only man who refuses to acknowledge "my claims to distinction:"[30]—a Kaunitz whose arro-

[30] Rulhière (somewhere) has heard this, as an utterance of Kaunitz's in some plaintive moment.

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gances, qualities and claims, this King is not here to notice, except as they concern business on hand. He says, 'Kaunitz had a clear intellect, greatly twisted by 'perversities of temper (*un sens droit, l'esprit rempli 'de travers*), especially by a self-conceit and arrogance 'which were boundless. He did not talk, but preach. 'At the smallest interruption, he would stop short in 'indignant surprise: it has happened that, at the Coun-'cil-Board in Schönbrunn, when Imperial Majesty her-'self asked some explanation of a word or thing not 'understood by her, Kaunitz made his bow (*lui tira 'sa révérence*), and quitted the room.' Good to know the nature of the beast. Listen to him, then, on those terms, since it is necessary. The Kaunitz Sermon was of great length, imbedded in circumlocutions, innuendos and diplomatic cautions; but the gist of it we gather to have been (abridged into dialogue form) essentially as follows:

Kaunitz. "Dangerous to the repose of Europe, those Russian encroachments on the Turk. Never will Imperial Majesty consent that Russia possess Moldavia or Wallachia; War sooner,—all things sooner! These views of Russia are infinitely dangerous to everybody. To your Majesty as well, if I may say so; and no remedy conceivable against them,—to me none conceivable,—but this only, That Prussia and Austria join frankly in protest and absolute prohibition of them."

Friedrich. "I have nothing more at heart than to stand well with Austria; and always to be her ally, never her enemy. But the Prince sees how I am situated: bound by express Treaty with Czarish Majesty; must go with Russia in any War! What can I do? I can, and will with all industry, labour to conciliate

Czarish Majesty and Imperial; to produce, at Petersburg, such a Peace with the Turks as may meet the wishes of Vienna. Let us hope it can be done. By faithful endeavouring, on my part and on yours, I persuade myself it can. Meanwhile, steadfastly together, *we* two! All our little rubs, customhouse squabbles on the Frontier, and suchlike, why not settle them here, and now?" (and does so with his Highness.) "That there be nothing but amity, helpfulness and mutual effort towards an object so momentous to us both, and to all mankind!"

Kaunitz. "Good so far. And may a not intolerable Turk-Russian Peace prove possible, without our fighting for it! Meanwhile, Imperial Majesty" (as she has been visibly doing for some time) "must continue massing troops and requisites on the Hungarian Frontier, lest the contrary happen!"

This was the result arrived at. Of which Friedrich 'judged it but polite to inform the young Kaiser; who 'appeared to be grateful for this mark of attention, 'being much held down by Kaunitz in his present state 'of tutelage.'[31]

And by a singular chance, on the very morrow there arrived from the Divan (dated August 12th) an Express to Friedrich: "Mediate a Peace for us, with Russia; not you alone, as we have often asked, but Austria *and* you!" For the Kaghul Slaughtery has come on us; Giaour Elphinstone has taken tea in the Dardanelles; and we know not to what hand to turn!—'The young 'Kaiser did not hide his joy at this Overture, as Kaunitz 'did his, which was perhaps still greater:' the Kaiser warmly expressed his thanks to Friedrich as the Author of it; Kaunitz, with a lofty indifference (*morgue*), and

[31] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvi. 30.

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nose in air as over a small matter, 'merely signified his approval of this step which the Turks had taken.'

'Never was mediation undertaken with greater pleasure,' adds the King. And both did proceed upon it with all zeal; but only the King as real "mediator," or *middle*-man; Kaunitz from the first planting himself immovably upon the Turk side of things, which is likewise the Austrian; and playing in secret (as Friedrich probably expected he would) the strangest tricks with his assumed function.

So that Friedrich had to take the burden of mediating altogether on himself; and month after month, year after year, it is evident he prosecutes the same with all the industry and faculty that are in him,—in intense desire, and in hope often nearly desperate, to keep his two neighbours' houses, and his own and the whole world along with them, from taking fire. Apart from their conflicting interests, the two Empresses have privately a rooted aversion to one another. What with Russian exorbitancy (a Czarina naturally uplifted with her Tchesmes and Kaghuls); what with Austrian cupidity, pride, mulishness, and private trickery of Kaunitz; the adroit and heartily zealous Friedrich never had such a bit of diplomacy to do. For many months hence, in spite of his intensest efforts and cunningest appliances, no way of egress visible: "The imbroglio *must* catch fire!" At last a way opens, "Ha, at last a way!"—then, for above a twelvemonth longer, such a guiding of the purblind quadrupeds and obstinate Austrian mules into said way: and for years more such an urging of them, in pig-driver fashion, along the same, till Peace did come!—

And here, without knowing it, we have insensibly got to the topmost summit of our Polish Business; one

small step more, and we shall be on the brow of the precipitous inclined-plane, down which Poland and its business go careering thenceforth, down, down,—and will need but few words more from us. Actual discovery of "a way out" stands for next Section.

First, however, we will notice, as prefatory, a curious occurrence in the Country of Zips, contiguous to the Hungarian Frontier. Zips, a pretty enough District, of no great extent, had from time immemorial belonged to Hungary; till, above 300 years ago, it was,—by Sigismund *super Grammaticam*, a man always in want of money (whom we last saw, in flaming colour, investing Friedrich's Ancestor with Brandenburg instead of payment for a debt of money),—pledged to the Crown of Poland for a round sum to help in Sigismund's pressing occasions. Redemption by payment never followed; attempt at redemption there had never been, by Sigismund or any of his successors. Nay, one successor, in a Treaty still extant,[32] expressly gave up the right of redeeming: Pledge forfeited; a Zips belonging to Polish Crown and Republic by every law.

Well; Imperial Majesty, as we have transiently seen, is assembling troops on the Hungarian Frontier, for a special purpose. Poor Poland is, by this time (1770), as we also saw, sunk in Pestilence,—pigs and dogs devouring the dead bodies; not a loaf to be had for a hundred ducats, and the rage of Pestilence itself a mild thing to that of Hunger, not to mention other rages. So that both Austria and Prussia, in order to keep out Pestilence at least, if they cannot the other rages, have had to draw *cordons*, or lines of troops, along the Fron-

[32] Preuss, iv. 32 (date 1589; pawning had been, 1412).

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tiers. 'The Prussian cordon,' I am informed, 'goes from 'Crossen, by Frankfurt northward, to the Weichsel River 'and border of Warsaw Country;' and 'is under the 'command of General Belling,' our famous Anti-Swede Hussar of former years. The Austrian cordon looks over upon Zips and other Starosties, on the Hungarian Border; where, independently of Pestilence, an alarmed and indignant Empress-Queen has been and is assembling masses of troops, with what object we know. Looking over into Zips in these circumstances, indignant Kaunitz and Imperial Majesty, especially *his* Imperial Majesty, a youth always passionate for territory, say to themselves, "Zips was ours, and in a sense is!"—and (precise date refused us, but after Neustadt, and before Winter has quite come) push troops across into Zips Starosty; seize the whole Thirteen Townships of Zips, and not only these, but by degrees tract after tract of the adjacencies: "Must have a Frontier to our mind in those parts; indefensible otherwise!" And quietly set up boundary-pillars, with the Austrian double-eagle stamped on them, and intimation to Zips and neighbourhood, That it is now become Austrian, and shall have no part farther in these Polish Confederatings, Pestilences, rages of men, and pigs devouring dead bodies, but shall live quiet under the double-eagle as others do. Which to Zips, for the moment, might be a blessed change, welcome or otherwise; but which awoke considerable amazement in the outer world,—very considerable in King Stanislaus (to whom, on applying, Kaunitz would give no explanation the least articulate);—and awoke, in the Russian Court especially, a rather intense surprise and provocation.

Prince Henri has been to Sweden; is seen at Petersburg in Masquerade (on or about Newyear's Day 1771); *and does get Home, with Results that are important.*

Prince Henri, as we noticed, was not of this Second King-and-Kaiser Interview; Henri had gone in the opposite direction,—to Sweden, on a visit to his Sister Ulrique,—off for West and North, just in the same days while the King was leaving Potsdam for Silesia and his other errand in the South-east parts. Henri got to Drottingholm, his Sister's country Palace near Stockholm, by the 'end of August;' and was there with Queen Ulrique and Husband during these Neustadt manœuvres. A changed Queen Ulrique, since he last saw her 'beautiful as Love,' whirling off in the dead of night for those remote Countries and destinies.[33] She is now fifty, or on the edge of it, her old man sixty,—old man dies within few months. They have had many chagrins, especially she, as the prouder, has had, from their contumacious People,—contumacious Senators at least (strong always both in *pocket-money* French or Russian, and in tendency to insolence and folly),—who once, I remember, demanded sight and count of the Crown-Jewels from Queen Ulrique: "There, *voilà*, there are they!" said the proud Queen; "view them, count them,—lock them up: never more will I wear one of them!" But she has pretty Sons grown to manhood, one pretty Daughter, a patient good old Husband; and Time, in Sweden too, brings its roses; and life is life, in spite of contumacious bribed Senators and doggeries that do rather abound. Henri stayed with her six or seven

[33] Suprà, iii. 738.

weeks; leaves Sweden, middle of October 1770,—not by the straight course homewards: "No, verily, and well knew why!" shrieks the indignant Polish world on us ever since.

It is not true that Friedrich had schemed to send Henri round by Petersburg. On the contrary, it was the Czarina, on ground of old acquaintanceship, who invited him, and asked his Brother's leave to do it. And if Poland got its fate from the circumstance, it was by accident, and by the fact that Poland's fate was drop-ripe, ready to fall by a touch.—Before going farther, here is ocular view of the shrill-minded, serious and ingenious Henri, little conscious of being so fateful a man:

Prince Henri in white Domino. 'Prince Henri of Prussia,' says Richardson, the useful Eye-witness cited already, 'is one 'of the most celebrated Generals of the present age. So great 'are his military talents, that his Brother, who is not apt to pay 'compliments, says of him,—that, in commanding an army, he 'was never known to commit a fault. This, however, is but a 'negative kind of praise. He' (the King) 'reserves to himself 'the glory of superior genius, which, though capable of brilliant 'achievements, is yet liable to unwary mistakes; and allows him 'no other than the praise of correctness.

'To judge of Prince Henri by his appearance, I should form 'no high estimate of his abilities. But the Scythian Ambassa-'dors judged in the same manner of Alexander the Great. He 'is under the middle size; very thin; he walks firmly enough, 'or rather struts, as if he wanted to walk firmly; and has little 'dignity in his air or gesture. He is dark-complexioned; and he 'wears his hair, which is remarkably thick, clubbed, and dressed 'with a high toupee. His forehead is high; his eyes large and 'blue, with a little squint; and when he smiles, his upper lip is 'drawn up a little in the middle. His look expresses sagacity 'and observation, but nothing very amiable; and his manner is 'grave and stiff rather than affable. He was dressed, when I 'first saw him, in a light-blue frock, with silver frogs; and wore

'a red waistcoat and blue breeches. He is not very popular 'among the Russians; and accordingly their wits are disposed to 'amuse themselves with his appearance, and particularly with his 'toupee. They say he resembles Samson; that all his strength 'lies in his hair; and that, conscious of this, and recollecting the 'fate of the son of Manoah, he suffers not the nigh approaches 'of any deceitful Delilah. They say he is like the Comet, which, 'about fifteen months ago, appeared so formidable in the Russian 'hemisphere; and which, exhibiting a small watery body, but a 'most enormous train, dismayed the Northern and Eastern Po-'tentates with "fear of change."

'I saw him a few nights ago' (on or about Newyear's Day 1771; come back to us, from his Tour to Moscow, three weeks before, and nothing but galas ever since) 'at a Masquerade 'in the Palace, said to be the most magnificent thing of the 'kind ever seen at the Russian Court. Fourteen large rooms 'and galleries were opened for the accommodation of the 'masks; and I was informed that there were present several 'thousand people. A great part of the company wore dominos, 'or capuchin dresses; though, besides these, some fanciful ap-'pearances afforded a good deal of amusement. A very tall Cos-'sack appeared completely arrayed in the "hauberk's twisted 'mail." He was indeed very grim and martial. Persons in 'emblematical dresses, representing Apollo and the Seasons, ad-'dressed the Empress in speeches suited to their characters. The 'Empress herself, at the time I saw her Majesty, wore a Grecian 'habit; though I was afterwards told that she varied her dress 'two or three times during the masquerade. Prince Henri of 'Prussia wore a white domino. Several persons appeared in the 'dresses of different nations,—Chinese, Turks, Persians, and 'Armenians. The most humorous and fantastical figure was a 'Frenchman, who, with wonderful nimbleness and dexterity, re-'presented an overgrown but very beautiful Parrot. He chat-'tered with a great deal of spirit; and his shoulders, covered with 'green feathers, performed admirably the part of wings. He 'drew the attention of the Empress; a ring was formed; he 'was quite happy; fluttered his plumage; made fine speeches 'in Russ, French, and tolerable English; the ladies were ex-'ceedingly diverted; everybody laughed except Prince Henri,

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'who stood beside the Empress, and was so grave and so solemn, 'that he would have performed his part most admirably in the 'shape of an owl. The Parrot observed him; was determined 'to have revenge; and having said as many good things as he 'could to her Majesty, he was hopping away; but just as he 'was going out of the circle, seeming to recollect himself, he 'stopped, looked over his shoulder at the formal Prince, and 'quite in the parrot tone and French accent, he addressed him 'most emphatically with "*Henri! Henri! Henri!*" and then 'diving into the crowd, disappeared. His Royal Highness was 'disconcerted; he was forced to smile in his own defence, and 'the company were not a little amused.

'At midnight, a spacious hall, of a circular form, capable of 'containing a vast number of people, and illuminated in the 'most magnificent manner, was suddenly opened. Twelve tables 'were placed in alcoves around the sides of the room, where the 'Empress, Prince Henri, and a hundred and fifty of the chief 'nobility and foreign ministers sat down to supper. The rest of 'the company went up, by stairs on the outside of the room, into 'the lofty galleries placed all around on the inside. Such a row 'of masked visages, many of them with grotesque features and 'bushy beards, nodding from the side of the wall, appeared very 'ludicrous to those below. The entertainment was enlivened 'with a concert of music; and at different intervals persons in 'various habits entered the hall, and exhibited Cossack, Chinese, 'Polish, Swedish, and Tartar dances. The whole was so gor- 'geous, and at the same time so fantastic, that I could not help 'thinking myself present at some of the magnificent festivals 'described in the old-fashioned romances:

"The marshal'd feast
Served up in hall with sewers and seneschals."

'The rest of the company, on returning to the rooms adjoining, 'found prepared for them also a sumptuous banquet. The 'masquerade began at 6 in the evening, and continued till 5 'next morning.

'Besides the masquerade, and other festivities, in honour of, 'and to divert Prince Henri, we had lately a most magnificent 'show of fireworks. They were exhibited in a wide space before

'the Winter Palace; and, in truth, "beggared description." 'They displayed, by a variety of emblematical figures, the reduc- 'tion of Moldavia, Wallachia, Bessarabia, and the various con- 'quests and victories achieved since the commencement of the 'present War. The various colours, the bright green, and the 'snowy white, exhibited in these fireworks, were truly astonish- 'ing. For the space of twenty minutes, a tree, adorned with the 'loveliest and most verdant foliage, seemed to be waving as with 'a gentle breeze. It was entirely of fire; and during the whole 'of this stupendous scene, an arch of fire, by the continued 'throwing of rockets and fireballs in one direction, formed as it 'were a suitable canopy.

'On this occasion a prodigious multitude of people was as- 'sembled; and the Empress, it was surmised, seemed uneasy. She 'was afraid, it was apprehended, lest any accident, like what hap- 'pened at Paris at the marriage of the Dauphin, should befal her 'beloved people. I hope I have amused you; and ever am'—[34]

The masquerades and galas in honour of Prince Henri, from a grandiose Hostess, who had played with him in childhood, were many; but it is not with these that we have to do. One day, the Czarina, talking to him of the Austrian procedures at Zips, said with pique, "It seems, in Poland you have only to stoop, and pick "up what you like of it. If the Court of Vienna have "the notion to dismember that Kingdom, its neighbours "will have right to do as much."[35] This is supposed, in all Books, to be the *punctum saliens*, or first mention, of the astonishing Partition, which was settled, agreed upon, within about a year hence, and has made so much noise ever since. And in effect it was so; the idea rising practically in that high head was the real beginning. But this was not the first head it had been in; far

[34] W. Richardson, *Anecdotes of the Russian Empire*, pp. 325-331: 'Petersburg, 4th January 1771.'

[35] Rulhière, iv. 210; *Trois Démembremens*, i. 142; above all, Henri himself, in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvi. 345, 'Petersburg, 8th January 1771.'

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from that. Above a year ago, as Friedrich himself informed us, it had been in Friedrich's own head,—though at the time it went for absolutely nothing, nobody even bestowing a sneer on it (as Friedrich intimates), and disappeared through the Horn-Gate of Dreams.

Friedrich himself appears to have quite forgotten the Count-Lynar idea; and, on Henri's report from Russia, was totally incredulous; and even suspected that there might be trickery and danger in this Russian Proposal. Not till Henri's return (*February 18th*, 1771) could he entirely believe that the Czarina was serious; —and then, sure enough, he did, with his whole heart, go into it: the *Eureka* out of all these difficulties, which had so long seemed insuperable. Prince Henri 'had an Interview with the Austrian Minister next day' (February 19th), who immediately communicated with his Kaunitz,—and got discouraging response from Kaunitz; discouraging, or almost negatory; which did not discourage Friedrich. "A way out," thinks Friedrich: "the one way to save my Prussia and the world from incalculable conflagration." And entered on it without loss of a moment. And laboured at it with such continual industry, rapidity, and faculty for guiding and pushing, as all readers have known in him, on dangerous emergencies; at no moment lifting his hand from it till it was complete.

His difficulties were enormous: what a team to drive; and on such a road, untrodden before by hoof or wheel! Two Empresses that cordially hate one another, and that disagree on this very subject. Kaunitz and his Empress are extremely skittish in the matter, and as if quite refuse it at first: "Zips will be better," thinks Kaunitz to himself; "Cannot we have, all to ourselves, a beautiful little cutting out of Poland in that part;

and then perhaps, in league with the Turk, who has money, beat the Russians home altogether, and rule Poland in their stead, or 'share it with the Sultan,' as Reis-Effendi suggests?" And the dismal truth is, though it was not known for years afterward, Kaunitz does about this time, in profoundest secret, actually make Treaty of Alliance with the Turk ("so many million Piastres to us, ready money, year by year, and you shall, if not by our mediating, then by our fighting, be a contented Turk"); and all along at the different Russian-Turk "Peace-Congresses," Kaunitz, while pretending to sit and mediate along with Prussia, sat on that far other basis, privately thwarting everything; and span out the Turk pacification in a wretched manner for years coming.[36] A dangerous, hard-mouthed, high-stalking, ill-given old coach-horse of a Kaunitz: fancy what the driving of him might be, on a road he did not like! But he had a driver too, who, in delicate adroitness, in patience, and in sharpness of whip, was consummate: "You shall know it is your one road, my ill-given friend!" (I ostentatiously increase my Cavalry by 8,000; meaning, "A new Seven-Years War, if you force me, and Russia by my side this time!") So that Kaunitz had to quit his Turk courses (never paid the Piastres back), and go into what really was the one way out.

But Friedrich's difficulties on this course are not the thing that can interest readers; and all readers know his faculty for overcoming difficulties. Readers ask rather: "And had Friedrich no feeling about Poland itself, then, and this atrocious Partitioning of the poor

[36] 'Peace of Kainardschi,' not till '21st July 1774,'—after four or five abortive attempts, two of them "Congresses," Kaunitz so industrious (Hermann, v. 664 et antea).

14th June 1771.
Country?" Apparently none whatever;—unless it might be, that Deliverance from Anarchy, Pestilence, Famine, and Pigs eating your dead bodies, would be a manifest advantage for Poland, while it was the one way of saving Europe from War. Nobody seems more contented in conscience, or radiant with heartfelt satisfaction, and certainty of thanks from all wise and impartial men, than the King of Prussia, now and afterwards, in regard to this Polish atrocity! A psychological fact, which readers can notice. Scrupulous regard to Polish considerations, magnanimity to Poland, or the least respect or pity for her as a dying Anarchy, is what nobody will claim for him; consummate talent in executing the Partition of Poland (inevitable some day, as he may have thought, but is nowhere at the pains to say),—great talent, great patience too, and meritorious self-denial and endurance, in executing that Partition, and in saving *it* from catching fire instead of being the means to quench fire, no well-informed person will deny him. Of his difficulties in the operation (which truly are unspeakable) I will say nothing more; readers are prepared to believe that he, beyond others, should conquer difficulties when the object is vital to him. I will mark only the successive dates of his progress, and have done with this wearisome subject:

June 14*th*, 1771. Within four months of the arrival of Prince Henri and that first certainty from Russia, diligent Friedrich, upon whom the whole burden had been laid of drawing up a Plan, and bringing Austria to consent, is able to report to Petersburg, That Austria has dubieties, reluctancies, which it is to be foreseen she will gradually get over; and that here meanwhile (June 14th, 1771) is my Plan of Partition,—the simplest conceivable: "That each choose (subject to future adjustments) what will best suit him; I, for my own part, will say, West-Preussen; —what Province will Czarish Majesty please to say?" Czarish

Majesty, in answer, is exorbitantly liberal to herself; claims, not a Province, but four or five; will have Friedrich, if the Austrians attack her in consequence, to assist by declaring War on Austria; Czarish Majesty, in the reciprocal case, not to assist Friedrich at all, till her Turk War is done! "Impossible," thinks Friedrich; "surprisingly so, high Madam! But, to the delicate bridle-hand, you are a manageable entity."

It was with Kaunitz that Friedrich's real difficulties lay. Privately, in the course of this Summer, Kaunitz, by way of preparation for "mediating a Turk-Russian Peace," had concluded his "Subsidy Treaty" with the Turk,[37]—Treaty never ratified, but the Piastres duly paid;—Treaty rendering Peace impossible, so long as Kaunitz had to do with mediating it. And indeed Kaunitz's tricks in that function of mediator, and also after it, were of the kind which Friedrich has some reason to call 'infamous.' "Your Majesty, as co-mediator, will join us, should the Russians make War?" said Kaunitz's Ambassador, one day, to Friedrich. "For certain, no!" answered Friedrich; and, on the contrary, remounted his Cavalry, to signify, "I will fight the other way, if needed!" which did at once bring Kaunitz to give up his mysterious Turk projects, and come into the Polish. After which his exorbitant greed of territory there; his attempts to get Russia into a partitioning of Turkey as well,—("A slice of Turkey too, your Czarish Majesty and we?" hints he more than once),—gave Friedrich no end of trouble; and are singular to look at by the light there now is. Not for about a twelvemonth did Friedrich get his hard-mouthed Kaunitz brought into step at all; and to the last, perpetual vigilance and, by whip and bit, the adroitest charioteering was needed on him.

February 17th, 1772, Russia and Prussia, for their own part, —Friedrich, in the circumstances, submitting to many things from his Czarina,—get their particular "Convention" (Bargain in regard to Poland) completed in all parts, "will take possession, 4th June instant:" sign said Convention (February 17th); —and invite Austria to join, and state her claims. Which, in three weeks after, *March 4th*, Austria does;—exorbitant abundantly; and *not* to be got very much reduced, though we try, for a series of months. Till at last:

[37] '6th July 1771' (Preuss, iv. 31; Hermann; &c. &c.).

13th Sept. 1772.

August 5th, 1772, Final Agreement between the Three Partitioning Powers: "These are our respective shares; we take possession on the 1*st of September* instant:"—and actual possession for Friedrich's share did, on the 13th of that month, ensue. A right glad Friedrich, as everybody, friend or enemy, may imagine him! Glad to have done with such a business,—had there been no other profit in it; which was far from being the case. One's clear belief, on studying these Books, is of two things: *First*, that, as everybody admits, Friedrich had no real hand in starting the notion of Partitioning Poland;—but that he grasped at it with eagerness, as the one way of saving Europe from War: *Second*, what has been much less noticed, that, under any other hand, *it* would have led Europe to War;—and that to Friedrich is due the fact that it got effected without such accompaniment. Friedrich's share of Territory is counted to be in all, 9,465 English square miles; Austria's, 62,500; Russia's, 87,500,[38] between nine and ten times the amount of Friedrich's,—which latter, however, as an anciently Teutonic Country, and as filling up the always dangerous gap between his Ost-Preussen and him, has, under Prussian administration, proved much the most valuable of the Three; and, next to Silesia, is Friedrich's most important acquisition. *September* 13*th*, 1772, it was at last entered upon,—through such waste-weltering confusions, and on terms never yet unquestionable.

Consent of Polish Diet was not had for a year more; but that is worth little record. Diet, for that object, got together, 19*th April* 1773; recalcitrant enough, had not Russia understood the methods: 'a common fund was raised' (*on se cotisa*, says Friedrich) 'for bribing;' the Three Powers had each a representative General in Warsaw (Lentulus the Prussian personage), all three with forces to rear: Diet came down by degrees, and, in the course of five months (*September* 18*th*, 1773), acquiesced in everything.

And so the matter is ended; and various men will long have various opinions upon it. I add only this one small Document from Maria Theresa's hand, which all hearts, and I suppose even Friedrich's had he ever read

[38] Preuss, iv. 45.

it, will pronounce to be very beautiful; homely, faithful, wholesome, well-becoming in a high and true Sovereign Woman.

'*The Empress-Queen to Prince Kaunitz*' (Undated: date must be Vienna, February 1772).

"When all my lands were invaded, and I knew not where in "the world I should find a place to be brought to bed in, I relied "on my good right and the help of God. But in this thing, "where not only public law cries to Heaven against us, but also "all natural justice and sound reason, I must confess never in my "life to have been in such trouble, and am ashamed to show my "face. Let the Prince" (Kaunitz) "consider what an example "we are giving to all the world, if, for a miserable piece of Po- "land, or of Moldavia or Wallachia, we throw our honour and "reputation to the winds. I see well that I am alone, and no "more in vigour; therefore I must, though to my very great "sorrow, let things take their course."[39]

And some days afterwards, here is her Majesty's Official Assent: "*Placet*, since so many great and learned men will have it "so: but long after I am dead, it will be known what this vio- "lating of all that was hitherto held sacred and just will give "rise to."[40] (Hear her Majesty!)

Friedrich has none of these compunctious visitings; but his account too, when he does happen to speak on the subject, is

[39] "*Als alle meine länder angefochten wurden und gar nit mehr wusste "wo ruhig niederkommen sollte, steiffete ich mich auf mein gutes Recht und "den Beystand Gottes. Aber in dieser Sach, wo nit allein das offenbare Recht "himmelschreyent wider Uns, sondern auch alle Billigkeit und die gesunde "Vernunft wider Uns ist, muess bekhennen dass zeitlebens nit so beängstigt "mich befunten und mich sehen zu lassen schäme. Bedenkh der Fürst, was "wir aller Welt für ein Exempel geben, wenn wir um ein ellendes stuk von "Pohlen oder von der Moldau und Wallachey unser ehr und* reputation *in "die schanz schlagen. Ich merkh wohl dass ich allein bin und nit mehr* en "vigeur, *darum lasse ich die sachen, jedoch nit ohne meinen grössten Gram, "ihren Weg gehen.*" (From 'Hormayr, *Taschenbuch*, 1831, S. 66:' cited in *Preuss*, iv. 38.)

[40] From '*Zeitgenossen*' (a Biographical Periodical), 'lxxi. 29:' cited in *Preuss*, iv. 39.

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worth hearing, and credible every word. Writing to Voltaire, a good while after (*Potsdam, 9th October* 1773), this, in the swift-flowing, miscellaneous Letter, is one passage: * * "To return "to your King of Poland. I am aware that Europe pretty "generally believes the late Partition made (*qu'on a fait*) of "Poland to be a result of the Political trickeries (*manigances*) "which are attributed to me; nevertheless, nothing is more "untrue. After in vain proposing different arrangements and "expedients, there was no alternative left but either that "same Partition, or else Europe kindled into a general War. "Appearances are deceitful; and the Public judges only by "these. What I tell you is as true as the Forty-seventh of "Euclid."[41]

What Friedrich did with his new Acquisition.

Considerable obloquy still rests on Friedrich, in many liberal circles, for the Partition of Poland. Two things, however, seem by this time tolerably clear, though not yet known in liberal circles: first, that the Partition of Poland was an event inevitable in Polish History; an operation of Almighty Providence and of the Eternal Laws of Nature, as well as of the poor earthly Sovereigns concerned there: and secondly, that Friedrich had nothing special to do with it, and, in the way of originating or causing it, nothing whatever.

It is certain the demands of Eternal Justice must be fulfilled: in earthly instruments, concerned with fulfilling them, there may be all degrees of demerit and also of merit,—from that of a world-ruffian Attila the Scourge of God, conscious of his own ferocities and cupidities alone, to that of a heroic Cromwell, sacredly

[41] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 257.

aware that he is, at his soul's peril, doing God's Judgments on the enemies of God, in Tredah and other severe scenes. If the Laws and Judgments are verily those of God, there can be no clearer merit than that of pushing them forward, regardless of the barkings of Gazetteers and wayside dogs, and getting them, at the earliest term possible, made valid among recalcitrant mortals! Friedrich, in regard to Poland, I cannot find to have had anything considerable either of merit or of demerit, in the moral point of view; but simply to have accepted, and put in his pocket without criticism, what Providence sent. He himself evidently views it in that light; and is at no pains to conceal his great sense of the value of West-Preussen to him. We praised his Narrative as eminently true, and the only one completely intelligible in every point: in his Preface to it, written some years later, he is still more candid. Speaking there in the first person, this once and never before or after,—he says:

'These new pretensions' (of the Czarina, to assuage the religious putrid-fever of the Poles, by word of command) 'raised all Poland' (into Confederation of Bar, and *War of the Confederates*, sung by Friedrich); 'the 'Grandees of the Kingdom implored the assistance of the 'Turks: straightway War flamed out; in which the Rus-'sian Armies had only to show themselves to beat the 'Turks in every rencounter.' His Majesty continues: 'This War changed the whole Political System of Europe' (general Diplomatic Dance of Europe, suddenly brought to a whirl by such changes of the music); 'a new arena '(*carrière*) came to open itself,—and one must have 'been either without address, or else buried in stupid 'somnolence (*engourdissement*), not to profit by an op-'portunity so advantageous. I had read Bojardo's fine

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'Allegory;[42] I seized by the forelock this unexpected 'opportunity; and, by dint of negotiating and intriguing' (candid King), 'I succeeded in indemnifying our Mon-'archy for its past losses, by incorporating Polish Prussia 'with my Old Provinces.'[43]

Here is a Historian King who uses no rouge-pot in his Narratives,—whose word, which is all we shall say of it at present, you find to be perfectly trustworthy, and a representation of the fact as it stood before himself! What follows, needs no vouching for: 'This acquisition 'was one of the most important we could make, be-'cause it joined Pommern to East Prussia' (ours for ages past), 'and because, rendering us masters of the 'Weichsel River, we gained the double advantage of 'being able to defend that Kingdom' (Ost-Preussen), 'and to draw considerable tolls from the Weichsel, as 'all the trade of Poland goes by that River.'

Yes truly! Our interests are very visible: and the interests and wishes and claims of Poland,—are they nowhere worthy of one word from you, O King? Nowhere that I have noticed; not any mention of them, or

[42] Signifies only, 'seize opportunity;' but here is the passage itself:

"*Quante volte le disse: 'O bella dama,*
'Conosci l'ora de la tua ventura,
'Dapoi che un tal Baron più che sè t'ama,
'Che non ha il Ciel più vaga creatura.
'Forse anco avrai di questo tempo brama,
'Che 'l felice destin sempre non dura;
'Prendi diletto, mentre sei su 'l verde,
'Che l'avuto piacer mai non si perde.
'Questa età giovenil, ch' è si gioiosa,
'Tutta in diletto consumar si deve,
'Perchè quasi in un punto ci è nascosa:
'Como dissolve 'l sol la bianca neve,
'Como in un giorno la vermiglia rosa
'Perde il vago color in tempo breve,
'Così fugge l' età com' un baleno,
'E non si può tener, chè non ha freno.'"

(Bojardo, *Orlando Innamorato*, lib. i. cant. 2.)

[43] *Œuvres de Frédéric* (Preface to *Mémoires depuis* 1763 *jusqu'à* 1774), vi. 6, 7: '*Mémoires*' (Chapter *First*, including all the Polish part) 'were finished in 1775; Preface is of 1779.'

allusion to them; though the world is still so convinced that perhaps they were something, and not nothing! Which is very curious. In the whole course of my reading I have met with no Autobiographer more careless to defend himself upon points in dispute among his Audience, and marked as criminal against him by many of them. Shadow of Apology on such points you search for in vain. In rapid bare summary he sets down the sequel of facts, as if assured beforehand of your favourable judgment, or with the profoundest indifference to how you shall judge them; drops his actions, as an Ostrich does its young, to shift for themselves in the wilderness, and hurries on his way. This style of his, noticeable of old in regard to Silesia too, has considerably hurt him with the common kind of readers; who, in their preconceived suspicions of the man, are all the more disgusted at tracing in him not the least anxiety to stand well with any reader, more than to stand ill, *as* ill as any reader likes!

Third parties, it would seem, have small temptation to become his advocates; he himself being so totally unprovided with thanks for you! But, on another score, and for the sake of a better kind of readers, there is one third party bound to remark: 1°. That hardly any Sovereign known to us did, in his general practice, if you will examine it, more perfectly respect the boundaries of his neighbours; and go on the road that was his own, anxious to tread on no man's toes if he could avoid it: a Sovereign who, at all times, strictly and beneficently confined himself to what belonged to his real business and him. 2°. That apparently, therefore, he must have considered Poland to be an exceptional case, unique in his experience: case of a moribund Anarchy, fallen down as carrion on the common high-

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ways of the world; belonging to nobody in particular; liable to be cut into (nay, for sanitary reasons requiring it, if one were a Rhadamanthus Errant, which one is not!)—liable to be cut into, on a great and critically stringent occasion; no question to be asked of *it;* your only question the consent of bystanders, and the moderate certainty that nobody got a glaringly disproportionate share! That must have been, on the part of an equitable Friedrich, or even of a Friedrich accurate in Bookkeeping by Double Entry, the notion silently formed about Poland.

Whether his notion was scientifically right, and conformable to actual fact, is a question I have no thought of entering on; still less, whether Friedrich was morally right, or whether there was not a higher rectitude, granting even the fact, in putting it in practice. These are questions on which an Editor may have his opinion, partly complete for a long time past, partly not complete, or, in human language, completable or pronounceable at all; and may carefully forbear to obtrude it on his readers; and only advise them to look with their own best eyesight, to be deaf to the multiplex noises which are evidently blind, and to think what they find thinkablest on such a subject. Were it never so just, proper, and needful, this is by nature a case of *Lynch Law;* upon which, in the way of approval or apology, no spoken word is permissible. Lynch being so dangerous a Lawgiver, even when an indispensable one!—

For, granting that the Nation of Poland was for centuries past an Anarchy doomed by the Eternal Laws of Heaven to die, and then of course to get gradually buried, or eaten by neighbours, were it only for sanitary reasons,—it will by no means suit, to declare openly on behalf of terrestrial neighbours who have taken up such

an idea (granting it were even a just one, and a true reading of the silent but inexorably certain purposes of Heaven), That they, those volunteer terrestrial neighbours, are justified in breaking in upon the poor dying or dead carcass, and flaying and burying it, with amicable sharing of skin and shoes! If it even were certain that the wretched Polish Nation, for the last forty years hastening with especial speed towards death, did in present circumstances, with such a howling canaille of Turk Janissaries and vultures of creation busy round it, actually require prompt surgery, in the usual method, by neighbours,—the neighbours shall and must do that function at their own risk. If Heaven did appoint them to it, Heaven, for certain, will at last justify them; and in the mean while, for a generation or two, the same Heaven (I can believe) has appointed that Earth shall pretty unanimously condemn them. The shricks, the foam-lipped curses of mistaken mankind, in such case, are mankind's one security against over-promptitude (which is so dreadfully possible) on the part of surgical neighbours.

Alas, yes, my articulate-speaking friends; here, as so often elsewhere, the solution of the riddle is not Logic, but Silence. When a dark human Individual has filled the measure of his wicked blockheadisms, sins and brutal nuisancings, there are Gibbets provided, there are Laws provided; and you can, in an articulate regular manner, hang him and finish him, to general satisfaction. Nations too, you may depend on it as certain, do require the same process, and do infallibly get it withal; Heaven's Justice, with written Laws or without, being the most indispensable and the inevitablest thing I know of in this Universe. No doing without it; and it is sure to come:—and the Judges and Executioners, we observe,

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are *not*, in that latter case, escorted in and out by the Sheriffs of Counties and general ringing of bells; not so, in that latter case, but far otherwise!—

And now, leaving that vexed question, we will throw one glance—only one is permitted—into the far more profitable question, which probably will one day be the sole one on this matter, What became of poor West-Preussen under Friedrich? Had it to sit weeping unconsolably, or not? Herr Dr. Freytag, a man of good repute in Literature, has, in one of his late Books of Popular History,[44] gone into this subject, in a serious way, and certainly with opportunities far beyond mine for informing himself upon it:—from him these Passages have been excerpted, labelled, and translated by a good hand:

Acquisition of Polish Prussia. 'During several Centuries, 'the much-divided Germans had habitually been pressed upon, 'and straitened and injured, by greedy conquering neighbours; 'Friedrich was the first Conqueror who once more pushed for-'ward the German Frontier towards the East; reminding the 'Germans again, that it was their task to carry Law, Culture, 'Liberty and Industry, into the East of Europe. All Friedrich's 'Lands, with the exception only of some Old-Saxon territory, 'had, by force and colonisation, been painfully gained from the 'Sclave. At no time since the migrations of the Middle Ages, 'had this struggle for possession of the wide Plains to the east 'of Oder ceased. When arms were at rest, politicians carried on 'the struggle.'

Persecution of German Protestants in Poland. 'In the very "Century of Enlightenment" the persecution of the Germans 'became fanatical in those Countries; one Protestant Church 'after the other got confiscated; pulled down; if built of wood, 'set on fire: its Church once burnt, the Village had lost the 'privilege of having one. Ministers and schoolmasters were

[44] G. Freytag, *Neue Bilder aus dem Leben des deutschen Volkes* (Leipzig, 1862).

'driven away, cruelly maltreated. "*Vexa Lutheranum, dabit* '*Thalerum* (wring the Lutheran, he has money in him)," became 'the current Proverb of the Poles in regard to Germans. A 'Protestant Starost of Gnesen, a Herr von *Unruh* of the House 'of Birnbaum, one of the largest proprietors of the country, was 'condemned to die, and first to have his tongue pulled out and 'his hands cut off,—for the crime of having copied into his 'Notebook some strong passages against the Jesuits, extracted 'from German Books. Patriotic "Confederates of Bar," joined 'by all the plunderous vagabonds around, went roaming and 'ravaging through the country, falling upon small towns and 'German villages. The Polish Nobleman, Roskowski' (a cele-brated "symbolical" Nobleman, this), 'put on one red boot and 'one black, symbolising fire and death; and in this guise rode 'about, murdering and burning, from place to place; finally, 'at Jastrow, he cut off the hands, feet, and lastly the head of 'the Protestant Pastor, Willich by name, and threw the limbs 'into a swamp. This happened in 1768.'

In what State Friedrich found the Polish Provinces. 'Some 'few only of the larger German Towns, which were secured by 'walls, and some protected Districts inhabited exclusively by 'Germans,—as the *Niederung* near Danzig, the Villages under 'the mild rule of the Cistercians of Oliva, and the opulent 'German towns of the Catholic Ermeland,—were in tolerable 'circumstances. The other Towns lay in ruins; so also most of 'the Hamlets (*Höfe*) of the open Country. Bromberg, the city 'of German Colonists, the Prussians found in heaps and ruins: 'to this hour it has not been possible to ascertain clearly how the 'Town came into this condition.[45] No historian, no document, 'tells of the destruction and slaughter that had been going on, 'in the whole District of the *Netze* there, during the last ten 'years before the arrival of the Prussians. The Town of Culm 'had preserved its strong old walls and stately churches; but in 'the streets, the necks of the cellars stood out above the rotten 'timber and brick heaps of the tumbled houses: whole streets 'consisted merely of such cellars, in which wretched people were 'still trying to live. Of the forty houses in the large Market-

[45] '*Neue Preussische Provinzialblätter*, Year 1854, No. 4, p. 259.'

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'place of Culm, twenty-eight had no doors, no roofs, no win-
'dows, and no owners. Other towns were in similar condition.'

'The Country people hardly knew such a thing as bread; many
'had never in their life tasted such a delicacy; few Villages pos-
'sessed an oven. A weaving-loom was rare, the spinning-wheel
'unknown. The main article of furniture, in this bare scene of
'squalor, was the Crucifix and vessel of Holy-Water under it,'
—(and "*Polack! Catholik!*" if a drop of gin be added).—'The
'Peasant-Noble' (unvoting, inferior kind) 'was hardly different
'from the common Peasant; he himself guided his Hook-Plough
'(*Hacken-pflug*), and clattered with his wooden slippers upon the
'plankless floor of his hut.' * * 'It was a desolate land, without
'discipline, without law, without a master. On 9,000 English
'square miles lived 500,000 souls: not 55 to the square mile.'

Sets to Work. 'The very rottenness of the Country became
'an attraction for Friedrich; and henceforth West-Preussen was,
'what hitherto Silesia had been, his favourite child; which, with
'infinite care, like that of an anxious loving mother, he washed,
'brushed, new-dressed, and forced to go to school and into
'orderly habits, and kept ever in his eye. The diplomatic
'squabbles about this "acquisition" were still going on, when
'he had already sent' (so early as June 4th, 1772, and still more
on September 13th of that Year[46]) 'a body of his best Official
'People into this waste-howling scene, to set about organising it.
'The Landschaften (*Counties*) were divided into small Circles;
'in a minimum of time, the land was valued, and an equal tax
'put upon it; every Circle received its *Landrath*, Law-court,
'Post-office, and Sanitary Police. New Parishes, each with its
'Church and Parson, were called into existence as by miracle;
'a company of 187 Schoolmasters,—partly selected and trained
'by the excellent Semler' (famous over Germany, in Halle Uni-
versity and *Seminarium*, not yet in England),—'were sent into
'the Country; multitudes of German Mechanics too, from brick-
'makers up to machine-builders. Everywhere there began a
'digging, a hammering, a building; Cities were peopled anew;

[46] See his new *Dialogue* with Roden, our Wesel acquaintance, who was a principal Captain in this business (in *Preuss*, iv. 57, 58: date of the Dialogue is '11th May 1772;'—Roden was on the ground, 4th June next; but, owing to Austrian delays, did not begin till September 13th).

'street after street rose out of the heaps of ruins; new Villages 'of Colonists were laid out, new modes of agriculture ordered. 'In the first Year after taking possession, the great Canal' (of Bromberg) 'was dug; which, in a length of fifteen miles, con- 'nects, by the Netze River, the Weichsel with the Oder and the 'Elbe: within one year after giving the order, the King saw 'loaded vessels from the Oder, 120 feet in length of keel,' and of 40 tons burden, 'enter the Weichsel. The vast breadths of land, 'gained from the state of swamp by drainage into this Canal, 'were immediately peopled by German Colonists.

'As his Seven-Years Struggle of War may be called super- 'human, so was there also in his present Labour of Peace 'something enormous; which appeared to his contemporaries' (unless my fancy mislead me) 'almost preternatural, at times 'inhuman. It was grand, but also terrible, that the success of 'the whole was to him, at all moments, the one thing to be 'striven after; the comfort of the individual of no concern at 'all. When, in the Marshland of the Netze, he counted more 'the strokes of the 10,000 spades, than the sufferings of the 'workers, sick with the marsh-fever in the hospitals which he 'had built for them;[47] when, restless, his demands outran the 'quickest performance,—there united itself to the deepest rever- 'ence and devotedness, in his People, a feeling of awe, as for one 'whose limbs are not moved by earthly life' (fanciful, consider- ably!). * * 'And when Goethe, himself become an old man, 'finished his last Drama' (Second Part of *Faust*), 'the figure of 'the old King again rose on him, and stept into his Poem; and 'his Faust got transformed into an unresting, creating, pitilessly 'exacting Master, forcing-on his salutiferous drains and fruitful 'canals through the morasses of the Weichsel.'[48]

These statements and pencillings of Freytag, apart from here and there a flourish of poetic sentiment, I believe my readers can accept as essentially true, and a correct portrait of the fact. And therewith, *con la bocca dolce*, we will rise from this Supper of Horrors. That

[47] Compare Preuss, iv. 60-71.

[48] G. Freytag, *Neue Bilder aus dem Leben des deutschen Volkes* (Leipzig, 1862), pp. 397-408.

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Friedrich fortified the Country, that he built an impregnable Graudentz, and two other Fortresses, rendering the Country, and himself on that Eastern side, impregnable henceforth, all readers can believe. Friedrich has been building various Fortresses in this interim, though we have taken no notice of them; building and repairing many things;—trimming up his Military quite to the old pitch, as the most particular thing of all. He has his new Silesian Fortress of Silberberg,—big Fortress, looking into certain dangerous Bohemian Doors (in Tobias Stusche's Country, if readers recollect an old adventure now mythical);—his new Silesian Silberberg, his newer Polish Graudentz, and many others, and flatters himself he is not now pregnable on any side.

A Friedrich working, all along, in Poland especially, amid what circumambient deluges of maledictory outcries, and mendacious shriekeries from an ill-informed Public, is not now worth mentioning. Mere distracted rumours, of the Pamphleteer and Newspaper kind; which, after hunting them a long time, through dense and rare, end mostly in zero, and angry darkness of some poor human brain,—or even testify in favour of this Head-Worker, and of the sense he shows, especially of the patience. For example: that of the 'Polish Towns and Villages, ordered' by this Tyrant 'to deliver, each of them, so many marriageable girls; 'each girl to bring with her as dowry, furnished by her 'parents, 1 feather-bed, 4 pillows, 1 cow, 3 swine, and '3 ducats,'—in which desirable condition this tyrannous King 'sent her into the Brandenburg States to be 'wedded and promote population.'[49] Feather-beds, swine

[49] Lindsey, *Letters on Poland* (Letter 2d), p. 61; Peyssonnel (in some French Book of his, 'solemnly presented to Louis XVI and the Constituent Assembly:' cited in *Preuss*, iv. 85); &c. &c.

and ducats, had their value in Brandenburg; but were girls such a scarcity there? Most extraordinary new *Rape of the Sabines;* for which Herr Preuss can find no basis or source,—nor can I; except in the brain of Reverend Lindsey and his loud *Letters on Poland* above mentioned.

Dantzig too, and the Harbour-dues, what a case! Dantzig Harbour, that is to say, Netze River, belongs mainly to Friedrich, Dantzig City not,—such the Czarina's lofty whim, in the late Partition Treatyings; not good to contradict, in the then circumstances; still less afterwards, though it brought chicanings more than enough. 'And she was not ill-pleased to keep this thorn in the King's foot for her own conveniences,' thinks the King; though, mainly, he perceives that it is the English acting on her grandiose mind: English, who were apprehensive for their Baltic trade under this new Proprietor, and who egged on an ambitious Czarina to protect Human Liberty, and an inflated Dantzig Bürgermeister to stand up for ditto; and made a dismal shriekery in the Newspapers, and got into dreadful ill-humour with said Proprietor of Dantzig Harbour, and have never quite recovered from it to this day. Lindsey's *Polish Letters* are very loud again on this occasion, aided by his *Seven Dialogues on Poland;* concerning which, partly for extinct Lindsey's sake, let us cite one small passage, and so wind up.

March 2d, 1775, in answer to Voltaire, Friedrich writes: * * "The *Polish Dialogues* you speak of "are not known to me. I think of such Satires, with "Epictetus: 'If they tell any truth of thee, correct "thyself; if they are lies, laugh at them.' I have "learned, with years, to become a steady coach-horse; "I do my stage, like a diligent roadster, and pay no

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"heed to the little dogs that will bark by the way." And then, three weeks after:

"I have at length got the Seven *Dialogues on Po-*
"*land;* and the whole history of them as well. The
"Author is an Englishman named Lindsey, Parson by
"profession, and Tutor to the young Prince Ponia-
"towski, the King of Poland's Nephew,"—Nephew Joseph, Andreas's Son, *not* the undistinguished Nephew: so we will believe for poor loud Lindsey's sake! "It
"was at the instigation of the Czartoryskis, Uncles of
"the King, that Lindsey composed this Satire,—in
"English first of all. Satire ready, they perceived that
"nobody in Poland would understand it, unless it were
"translated into French; which accordingly was done.
"But as their translator was unskilful, they sent the
"*Dialogues* to a certain Gérard at Dantzig, who at that
"time was French Consul there, and who is at present
"a Clerk in your Foreign Office under M. de Vergennes.
"This Gérard, who does not want for wit, but who does
"me the honour to hate me cordially, retouched these
"*Dialogues*, and put them into the condition they were
"published in. I have laughed a good deal at them:
"here and there occur coarse things (*grossièretés*), and
"platitudes of the insipid kind; but there are traits of
"good pleasantry. I shall not go fencing with goose-
"quills against this sycophant. As Mazarin said, 'Let
"the French keep singing, provided they let us keep
"doing.'"[50]

[50] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 319-321: 'Potsdam, 2d March 1775,' and '25th March' following. See *Preuss*, iii. 275, iv. 85.

CHAPTER V.

A CHAPTER OF MISCELLANIES.

AFTER Neustadt, Kaiser Joseph and the King had no more Interviews. Kaunitz's procedures in the subsequent Pacification and Partition business had completely estranged the two Sovereigns: to friendly visiting, a very different state of mutual feeling had succeeded; which went on, such "the immeasurable ambition" visible in some of us, deepening and worsening itself, instead of improving or abating. Friedrich had Joseph's Portrait hung in conspicuous position in the rooms where he lived; somebody noticing the fact, Friedrich answered: "Ah, yes, I am obliged to keep that young Gentleman in my eye." And, in effect, the rest of Friedrich's Political Activity, from this time onwards, may be defined as an ever-vigilant defence of himself, and of the German Reich, against Austrian Encroachment: which, to him, in the years then running, was the grand impending peril; and which to us in the new times has become so inexpressibly uninteresting, and will bear no narrative. Austrian Encroachment did not prove to be the death-peril that had overhung the world in Friedrich's last years!—

These, accordingly, are years in which the Historical interest goes on diminishing; and only the Biographical, were anything of Biography attainable, is left. Friedrich's industrial, economic and other Royal activities

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are as beautiful as ever; but cannot to our readers, in our limits, be described with advantage. Events of world interest, after the Partition of Poland, do not fall out, or Friedrich is not concerned in them. It is a dim element; its significance chiefly German or Prussian, not European. What of humanly interesting is discoverable in it,—at least, while the Austrian Grudge continues in a chronic state, and has no acute fit,—I will here present in the shape of detached Fragments, suitably arranged and rendered legible, in hopes these may still have some lucency for readers, and render more conceivable the surrounding masses that have to be left dark. Our first Piece is of Winter, or late Autumn, 1771,—while the solution of the Polish Business is still in its inchoative stages; perfectly complete in the Artist's own mind; Russia too adhering; but Kaunitz so refractory and contradictory.

Herr Doctor Zimmermann, the famous Author of the Book "On Solitude," walks reverentially before Friedrich's Door in the Dusk of an October Evening; and has a Royal Interview next Day.

Friday Evening, 25th October 1771, is the date of Zimmermann's walk of contemplation,—among the pale Statues and deciduous Gardenings of Sans-Souci Cottage (better than any Rialto, at its best),—the eternal stars coming out overhead, and the transitory candlelight of a King Friedrich close by.

'At Sans-Souci,' says he, in his famed Book, 'where 'that old God of War (*Kriegsgott*) forges his thunder-'bolts, and writes Works of Intellect for Posterity; 'where he governs his People as the best father would 'his house; where, during one half of the day, he accepts

'and reads the petitions and complaints of the meanest 'citizen or peasant; comes to help of his Countries on 'all sides with astonishing sums of money, expecting 'no payment, nor seeking anything but the Common 'Weal; and where, during the other half, he is a Poet 'and Philosopher:—at Sans-Souci, I say, there reigns 'all round a silence, in which you can hear the faintest 'breath of every soft wind. I mounted this Hill for 'the first time in Winter' (late Autumn, 25th October 1771, edge of Winter), 'in the dusk. When I beheld 'the small Dwelling-House of this Convulser of the 'World close by me, and was near his very chamber, I 'saw indeed a light inside, but no sentry or watchman 'at the Hero's door; no soul to ask me, Who I was, or 'What I wanted. I saw nothing; and walked about as 'I pleased before this small and silent House.'[1]

Yes, Doctor, this is your Kriegsgott; throned in a free and easy fashion. In regard to that of Sentries, I believe these do come up from Potsdam nightly, a corporal and six rank-and-file; but perhaps it is at a later hour; perhaps they sit within doors, silent, not to make noises. Another gentleman, of sauntering nocturnal habits, testifies to having, one night, seen the King actually asleep in bed, the doors being left ajar.[2]— As Zimmermann had a *Dialogue* next day with his Majesty, which we propose to give; still more, as he made such noise in the world by other Dialogues with Friedrich, and by a strange Book about them, which are still ahead,—readers may desire to know a little who or what the Zimmermann is, and be willing for a rough brief Note upon him, which certainly is not readier than it is rough:

[1] Preuss, i. 387 ('from *Einsamkeit*,' Zimmermann's *Solitude*, 'i. 110; Edition of Leipzig, 1784'). [2] Ibid. i. 388.

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Johann George Zimmermann; born 1728, at Brugg in the Canton of Bern, where his Father seems to have had some little property and no employment, 'a *Rathsherr* (Town-Councillor), who was much respected.' Of brothers or sisters, no mention. The Mother being from the French part of the Canton, he learned to speak both languages. Went to Bern for his Latin and high-schooling; then to Göttingen, where he studied Medicine, under the once great Haller and other now dimmed celebrities. Haller, himself from Bern, had taken Zimmermann to board, and became much attached to him: Haller, in 1752, came on a summer visit to native Bern; Zimmermann, who had in the mean time been 'for a few months' in France, in Italy and England, now returned and joined him there; but the great man, feeling very poorly and very old, decided that he would like to stay in Bern, and not move any more;—Zimmermann, accordingly, was sent to Göttingen to bring Mrs. Haller, with her Daughters, bandboxes and effects, home to Bern. Which he did;—and not only them, but a soft ingenious, ingenuous, and rather pretty young Göttingen Lady along with them, as his own Wife withal. With her he settled as *Stadtphysicus* (Town-Doctor) in native Brugg; where his beloved Hallers were within reach; and practice in abundance, and honours, all that the place yielded, were in readiness for him.

Here he continued some sixteen years; very busy, very successful in medicine and literature; but 'tormented with hypochondria;'—having indeed an immense conceit of himself, and generally too thin a skin for this world. Here he first wrote his Book on *Solitude*, a Book famed over all the world in my young days (and perhaps still famed); he wrote it a second time, *much enlarged*, about thirty years after:[3] I read it (in the curtailed English-Mercier form, no Scene in it like the above), in early boyhood,—and thank it for nothing, or nearly so. Zimmermann lived much alone, at Brugg, and elsewhere; all his days, 'Hy-

[3] *Betrachtungen über die Einsamkeit, von Doctor J. G. Zimmermann, Stadtphysicus in Brugg* (Zürich, 1756),—as yet only '1 vol. 8vo, price 6*d*.' (5 groschen); but it grew with years; and (Leipzig, 1784) came out remodelled into 4 voll.;—was translated into French, 'with many omissions,' by Mercier (Paris, 1790); into English from Mercier (London, 1791).

pochondria' was the main company he had:—and it was natural, but *un*profitable, that he should say, to himself and others, the best he could for that bad arrangement: poor soul! He wrote also on *Medical Experience*, a famed Book in its day;[4] also on *National Pride;* and became famed through the Universe, and was Member of infinite Learned Societies.

All which rendered dull dead Brugg still duller and more dead; unfit utterly for a man of such sublime accomplishments. Plenty of Counts Stadion, Kings of Poland even, offered him engagements; eager to possess such a man, and deliver him from dull dead Brugg; but he had hypochondria, and always feared their deliverance might be into something duller. At length,—in his fortieth year, 1768,—the place of Court-Physician (*Hof-medicus*), at Hanover, was offered him by George the Third of pious memory, and this he resolved to accept; and did lift anchor, and accept and occupy accordingly.

Alas, at the Gate of Hanover, 'his carriage overset;' broke his poor old Mother-in-law's leg (who had been rejoicing doubtless to get home into her own Country), and was the end of her,—poor old soul;—and the beginning of misfortunes continual and too tedious to mention. Spleen, envy, malice and calumny, from the Hanover Medical world; treatment, 'by the old buck-'ram Hofdames who had drunk coffee with George II.,' 'which 'was fitter for a laquais-de-place' than for a medical gentleman of eminence: unworthy treatment, in fact, in many or most quarters;—followed by hypochondria, by dreadful bodily disorder (kind not given or discoverable), 'so that I suffered the pains of Hell,' sat weeping, sat gnashing my teeth, and couldn't write a Note after dinner; followed finally by the sickness, and then by the death, of my poor Wife, 'after five months of torment.' Upon which, in 1771, Zimmermann's friends,—for he had many friends, being, in fact, a person of fine graceful intellect, high proud feelings and tender sensibilities, gone all to this sad state,—rallied themselves; set his Hanover house in order for him (governess for his children, what not); and sent him off to Berlin, there to be dealt with by one Meckel, an incomparable Surgeon, and be healed of his dreadful disorder ('*Leibesschade*,

[4] 'Zürich, 1763-4:' by and by, one 'Dobson did it into English.'

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of which the first traces had appeared in Brugg'),—though to most people it seemed rather he would die; 'and one Medical 'Eminency in Hanover said to myself' (Zimmermann) 'one day: "Dr. So-and-so is to have your Pension, I am told; now, by all "right, it should belong to me, don't you think so?"' What 'I' thought of the matter, seeing the greedy gentleman thus 'parting my skin,' may be conjectured!—

The famed Meckel received his famed patient with a nobleness worthy of the heroic ages. Lodged him in his own house, in softest beds and appliances; spoke comfort to him, hope to him,—the gallant Meckel;—rallied, in fact, the due medical staff one morning; came up to Zimmermann, who 'stripped,' with the heart of a lamb and lion conjoined, and trusting in God, 'flung himself on his bed' (on his face, or on his back, we never know), and there, by the hands of Meckel and staff, 'received above 2,000 (*two thousand*) cuts, in the space of an 'hour and half, without uttering one word or sound.' A frightful operation, gallantly endured, and skilfully done; whereby the 'bodily disorder' (*Leibesschade*), whatever it might be, was effectually and forever sent about its business by the noble Meckel.

Hospitalities and soft hushed kindnesses and soothing ministrations, by Meckel and by everybody, were now doubled and trebled: wise kind Madam Meckel, young kind Mamsell Meckel, and the Son (who 'now, in 1788, lectures in Göttingen'); not these only, nor Schmucker Head Army-Surgeon, and the ever-memorable *Herr Generalchirurgus* Madan, who had both been in the operation; not these only, but by degrees all that was distinguished in the Berlin world, Ramler, Büsching, Sulzer, Prime Minister Herzberg, Queen's and King's Equerries, and honourable men and women,—bore him 'on angel-wings' towards complete recovery. Talked to him, sang and danced to him (at least the 'Muses' and the female Meckels danced and sang), and all lapped him against eating cares, till, after twelve weeks, he was fairly on his feet again, and able to make jaunts in the neighbourhood with his 'life's saviour,' and enjoy the pleasant Autumn weather to his farther profit.—All this, though described in ridiculous superlative by Zimmermann, is really touching, beautiful and human: perhaps never in his life was he so happy, or a

thousandth part so helped by man, as while under the roof of this thrice-useful Meckel,—more power to Meckel!

Head Army-Surgeon Schmucker had gone through all the Seven-Years War; Zimmermann, an ardent Hero-worshipper, was never weary questioning him, listening to him in full career of narrative, on this great subject,—only eight years old at that time. Among their country drives, Meckel took him to Potsdam, twenty English miles off; in the end of October, there to stay a night. This was the ever-memorable Friday, when we first ascended the Hill of Sans-Souci, and had our evening walk of contemplation;—to be followed by a morrow which was ten times more memorable; as readers shall now see.[5]

Next day, Zimmermann has a Dialogue. Schmucker had his apartments in '*Little Sans-Souci*,' where the King now lived (Big Sans-Souci, or 'Sans-Souci' by itself, means in those days, not in ours at all, 'New Palace, *Neue Palais*,' now in all its splendour of fresh finish). De Catt, Friedrich's Reader, whom we know well, was a Genevese, and knew Zimmermann from of old. Schmucker and De Catt were privately twitching up Friedrich's curiosity,—to whom also Zimmermann's name, and perhaps his late surgical operation might be known: "Can he speak French?"—"Native to him, your Majesty." Friedrich had some notion to see Zimmermann; and judicious De Catt, on this fortunate Saturday, '26th October 1771,' morrow after Zimmermann's arrival at Potsdam, 'came to our inn 'about 1 P.M.' (King's dinner just done); 'and asked me to 'come and look at the beauties of Sans-Souci' (Big Sans-Souci) 'for a little.' Zimmermann willingly went: Catt left him in good hands to see the beauties; slipt off, for his own part, to '*Little* Sans-Souci;' came back, took Zimmermann thither; left him with Schmucker, all trembling, thinking perhaps the King might call him. 'I trembled sometimes, then again I felt ex-'ceeding happiness:' I was in Schmucker's room, sitting by the fire, mostly alone for a good while, 'the room that had once 'been Marquis d'Argens's' (who is now dead, and buried far

[5] Jördens, *Lexikon* (§ *Zimmermann*), v. 632-658 (exact and even eloquent account, as these of Jördens, unexpectedly, often are); Zimmermann himself, *Unterredungen mit Friedrich dem Grossen* (ubi infrà); Tissot, *Vie de M. Zimmermann* (Lausanne, 1797); &c. &c.

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away, good old soul);—when, at last, about half-past 4, Catt came jumping in, breathless with joy; snatched me up: "His Majesty wants to speak with you this very moment!" Zimmermann's self shall say the rest.

'I hurried, hand-in-hand with Catt, along a row of Chambers. "Here," said Catt, "we are now at the King's room!"—My heart 'thumped, like to spring out of my body. Catt went in; but 'next moment the door again opened, and Catt bade me enter.

'In the middle of the room stood an iron camp-bed without 'curtains. There, on a worn mattrass, lay King Friedrich, the 'terror of Europe, without coverlet, in an old blue roquelaure. 'He had a big cocked-hat, with a white feather' (hat aged, worn soft as duffel, equal to most caps; 'feather' is not perpendicular, but horizontal, round the inside of the brim), 'on his head.

'The King took off his hat very graciously, when I was 'perhaps ten steps from him; and said in French (our whole 'Dialogue proceeded in French): "Come nearer, M. Zimmer-'mann."

'I advanced to within two steps of the King; he said in the 'mean while to Catt: "Call Schmucker in, too." Herr Schmucker 'came; placed himself behind the King, his back to the wall; 'and Catt stood behind me. Now the Colloquy began.

King. "I hear you have found your health again in Berlin; "I wish you joy of that." *Ego.* "I have found my life "again in Berlin; but at this moment, Sire, I find here a still "greater happiness!" (*Ach!*)

King. "You have stood a cruel operation: you must have "suffered horribly?" *Ego.* "Sire, it was well worth while."

King. "Did you let them bind you before the operation?"

Ego. "No: I resolved to keep my freedom."

King (laughing in a very kind manner). "Oh, you behaved "like a brave Switzer! But are you quite recovered, though?"

Ego. "Sire, I have seen all the wonders of your creation in "Sans-Souci, and feel well in looking at them."

King. "I am glad of that. But you must have a care, and "especially not get on horseback." *Ego.* "It will be plea-"sant and easy for me to follow the counsels of your Majesty."

King. "From what Town in the Canton of Bern are you "originally?" *Ego.* "From Brugg."

King. "I don't know that Town." ('No wonder, thought I!')

King. "Where did you study?" *Ego.* "At Göttingen: "Haller was my teacher."

King. "What is M. Haller doing now?" *Ego.* "He is "concluding his literary career with a romance." ('*Usong* had just come out;'—no mortal now reads a word of it; and the great Haller is dreadfully forgotten already!)

King. "Ah, that is pretty!—On what system do you treat "your patients?" *Ego.* "Not on any system."

King. "But there are some Physicians whose methods you "prefer to those of others?" *Ego.* "I especially like Tis- "sot's methods, who is a familiar friend of mine."

King. "I know M. Tissot. I have read his writings, and "value them very much. On the whole, I love the Art of Me- "dicine. My Father wished me to get some knowledge in it. "He often sent me into the Hospitals; and even into those for "venereal patients, with a view of warning by example."

Ego. "And by terrible example!—Sire, Medicine is a very "difficult Art. But your Majesty is used to bring all Arts under "subjection to the force of your genius, and to conquer all that "is difficult."

King. "Alas, no: I cannot conquer all that is difficult!" (Hard-mouthed Kaunitz, for example; stockstill, with his right ear turned on Turkey: how get Kaunitz into step!)—'Here the 'King became reflective; was silent for a little moment, and then 'asked me, with a most bright smile: "How many churchyards "have you filled?" (A common question of his to Members of the Faculty.) *Ego.* "Perhaps, in my youth, I have done a "little that way! But now it goes better; for I am timid rather "than bold."

King. "Very good, very good."

'Our Dialogue now became extremely brisk. The King 'quickened into extraordinary vivacity; and examined me now 'in the character of Doctor, with such a stringency as, in the 'year 1751, at Göttingen, when I stood for my Degree, the 'learned Professors Haller, Richter, Segner, and Brendel (for 'which Heaven recompense them!) never dreamed of! All in- 'flammatory fevers, and the most important of the slow diseases, 'the King mustered with me, in their order. He asked me,

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'How and whereby I recognised each of these diseases; how 'and whereby distinguished them from the approximate mala- 'dies; what my procedure was in simple and in complicated 'cases; and how I cured all those disorders? On the varieties, 'the accidents, the mode of treatment, of small-pox especially, 'the King inquired with peculiar strictness;—and spoke, with 'much emotion, of that young Prince of his House who was car- 'ried off, some years ago, by that disorder'—(suddenly arrested by it, while on march with his regiment, 'near Ruppin, 26th May 1767.' This is the Prince Henri, junior Brother of the subsequent King, Friedrich Wilhelm II., who, among other fooleries, invaded France, in 1792, with such success. Both Henri and he, as boys, used to be familiar to us in the final winters of the late War. Poor Henri had died at the age of nineteen,—as yet all brightness, amiability, and nothing else: Friedrich sent an *Éloge* of him to his *Académie*,[6] which is touchingly and strangely filled with authentic sorrow for this young Nephew of his, but otherwise empty,—a mere bottle of sighs and tears). 'Then he came upon Inoculation; went along over 'an incredible multitude of other medical subjects. Into all he 'threw masterly glances; spoke of all with the soundest' (all in superlative) 'knowledge of the matter, and with no less pene- 'tration than liveliness and sense.

'With heartfelt satisfaction, and with the freëst soul, I made 'my answers to his Majesty. It is true, he potently supported 'and encouraged me. Ever and anon his Majesty was saying 'to me: "That is very good;—that is excellently thought and "expressed;—your mode of proceeding, altogether, pleases me "very well;—I rejoice to see how much our ways of thinking "correspond." Often, too, he had the graciousness to add: "But "I weary you with my many questions!" His scientific ques- 'tions I answered with simplicity, clearness and brevity; and 'could not forbear sometimes expressing my astonishment at 'the deep and conclusive (*tiefen und frappanten*) medical in- 'sights and judgments of the King.

'His Majesty came now upon the history of his own maladies. 'He told me them over, in their series; and asked my opinion

[6] In *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vii. 37 et seq.

'and advice about each. On the *Hæmorrhoids*, which he greatly 'complained of, I said something that struck him. Instantly he 'started up in his bed; turned his head round towards the wall, 'and said: "Schmucker, write me that down!" I started in 'fright at this word; and not without reason! Then our Col-'loquy proceeded:

King. "The Gout likes to take up his quarters with me; he "knows I am a Prince, and thinks I shall feed him well. But I "feed him ill; I live very meagrely."

Ego. "May Gout thereby get disgusted, and forbear ever "calling on your Majesty!"

King. "I am grown old. Diseases will no longer have pity "on me." *Ego.* "Europe feels that your Majesty is not "old; and your Majesty's look (*physiognomie*) shows that you "have still the same force as in your thirtieth year."

King (laughing, and shaking his head). "Well, well, well!"

'In this way, for an hour and quarter, with uninterrupted 'vivacity, the Dialogue went on. At last the King gave me the 'sign to go; lifting his hat very kindly, and saying: "Adieu, "my dear M. Zimmermann; I am very glad to have seen you." Towards 6 P.M. now, and Friedrich must sign his Despatches; have his Concert, have his reading; then to supper (as spectator only),—with Quintus Icilius and old Lord Marischal, to-night, or whom?[7]

'Herr von Catt accompanied me into the anteroom, and 'Schmucker followed. I could not stir from the spot; could 'not speak, was so charmed and so touched, that I broke into a 'stream of tears' (being very weak of nerves at the time!). 'Herr 'von Catt said: "I am now going back to the King; go you "into the room where I took you up; about eight, I will con-"duct you home." I pressed my excellent countryman's hand, 'I'—'Schmucker said, I had stood too near his Majesty; I had 'spoken too frankly, with too much vivacity; nay, what was 'unheard of in the world, I had "gesticulated" before his Ma-'jesty! "In presence of a King," said Herr Schmucker, "one

[7] Of Icilius, and a quarrel and estrangement there had lately been, now happily reconciled, see Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, vi. 140-142.

26th Oct. 1771.

"must stand stiff, and not stir." De Catt came back to us at 'eight; and, in Schmucker's presence' (let him chew the cud of that!), 'reported the following little Dialogue with the King:

King. "What says Zimmermann?" *De Catt.* "Zimmer-"mann, at the door of your Majesty's room, burst into a stream "of tears." *King.* "I love those tender affectionate hearts; "I love right well those brave Swiss people!"

'Next morning the King was heard to say: "I have found "Zimmermann quite what you described him."—Catt assured me 'furthermore, "Since the Seven-Years War there had thousands "of strangers, persons of rank, come to Potsdam, wishing to "speak with the King, and had not attained that favour; and "of those who had, there could not one individual boast that his "Majesty had talked with him an hour and quarter at once."' (Fourteen years hence, he dismissed Mirabeau in half an hour; which was itself a good allowance.)

'Sunday 27th, I left Potsdam, with my kind Meckels, in an 'enthusiasm of admiration, astonishment, love and gratitude; 'wrote to the King from Berlin, sent him a Tissot's Book '(marked on the margins for Majesty's use), which he acknow-'ledged by some word to Catt; whereupon I'—In short, I got home to Hanover, in a more or less seraphic condition,—'with indescribable, unspeakable,' what not,—early in November; and, as a healed man, never more troubled with that disorder, though still troubled with many and many, endeavoured to get a little work out of myself again.[8]

'Zimmermann was tall, handsome of shape; his ex-'terior was distinguished and imposing,' says Jördens.[9] 'He had a firm and light step; stood gracefully; pre-'sented himself well. He had a fine head; his voice 'was agreeable; and intellect sparkled in his eyes:'—had it not been for those dreadful hypochondrias, and confused disasters, a very pretty man. At the time of this first visit to Friedrich he is 43 years of age, and

[8] Zimmermann, *Meine Unterredungen* (Dialogues) *with Friedrich the Great* (8vo, Leipzig, 1788), pp. 305-326. [9] Ubi suprà, p. 643.

Friedrich is on the borders of 60. Zimmermann, with still more famous *Dialogues*, will reappear on us from Hanover, on a sad occasion! Meanwhile, few weeks after him, here is a Visit of far more joyful kind.

Sister Ulrique, Queen-Dowager of Sweden, revisits her native Place (December 1771—August 1772).

Prince Henri was hardly home from Petersburg and the Swedish Visit, when poor Adolf Friedrich, King of Sweden, died.[10] A very great and sad event to his Queen, who had loved her old man; and is now left solitary, eclipsed, in circumstances greatly altered on the sudden. In regard to settlements, Accession of the new Prince, dowager revenues and the like, all went right enough; which was some alleviation, though an inconsiderable, to the sorrowing Widow. Her two Princes were absent, touring over Europe, when their Father died, and the elder of them, Karl Gustav, suddenly saw himself King. They were in no breathless haste to return; visited their Uncle, their Prussian kindred, on the way, and had an interesting week at Potsdam and Berlin;[11] Karl Gustav flying diligently about, still incognito, as 'Graf von Gothland,'—a spirited young fellow, perhaps too spirited;—and did not reach home till Mayday was come, and the outburst of the Swedish Summer at hand.

Some think the young King had already something dangerous and serious in view, and wished his Mother out of the way for a time. Certain it is she decided on a visit to her native Country in December following: arrived accordingly, December 2d, 1771;

[10] 12th February 1771. [11] April 22d-29th: Rödenbeck, iii. 45.

and till the middle of August next was a shining phenomenon in the Royal House and upper ranks of Berlin Society, and a touching and interesting one to the busy Friedrich himself, as may be supposed. She had her own Apartments and Household at Berlin, in the Palace there, I think; but went much visiting about, and receiving many visits,—fond especially of literary people.

Friedrich's notices of her are frequent in his Letters of the time, all affectionate, natural and reasonable. Here are the first two I meet with: *To the Electress of Saxony* (three weeks after Ulrique's arrival): "A thou- "sand excuses, Madam, for not answering sooner! What "will plead for me with a Princess who so well knows "the duties of friendship, is, that I have been occupied "with the reception of a Sister, who has come to seek "consolation in the bosom of her kindred for the loss of "a loved Husband, the remembrance of whom saddens "and afflicts her." And again, two months later: * * "Your Royal Highness deigns to take so obliging an "interest in the visit I have had" (and still have) "from "the Queen of Sweden. I beheld her as if raised from "the dead to me; for an absence of eight-and-twenty "years, in the short space of our duration, is almost "equivalent to death. She arrived among us, still in "great affliction for the loss she had had of the King; "and I tried to distract her sad thoughts by all the "dissipations possible. It is only by dint of such that "one compels the mind to shift away from the fatal idea "where grief has fixed it: this is not the work of a day, "but of time, which in the end succeeds in everything. "I congratulate your Royal Highness on your Journey "to Bavaria" (on a somewhat similar errand, we may politely say); "where you will find yourself in the "bosom of a Family that adores you:" after which, and

the sight of old scenes, how pleasant to go on to Italy, as you propose![12]

Queen Ulrique,—a solid and ingenuous character (in childhood a favourite of her Father's, so rational, truthful, and of silent staid ways),—appears to have been popular in the Berlin circles; pleasant and pleased, during these eight months. Formey, especially Thiébault, are copious on this Visit of hers; and give a number of insipid Anecdotes: How there was solemn Session of the Academy made for her, a Paper of the King's to be read there,[13]—reading beautifully done by me, Thiébault (one of my main functions, this of reading the King's Academy Papers, and my dates of *them* always correct); how Thiébault was invited to dinner in consequence, and again invited; how Formey dined with her Majesty 'twenty-five times;' and 'preached to her in the Palace, August 19th' (should be August 9th): insipid wholly, vapid and stupid; descriptive of nothing, except of the vapidities and vanities of certain persons. Leaving these, we will take an Excerpt, probably our last, from authentic Büsching, which is at least to be depended on for perfect accuracy, and has a feature or two of portraiture.

Büsching, for the last five or six years, is home from Russia; comfortably established here as Consistorialrath, much concerned with School-Superintendence; still more with *Geography*, with copious rugged Literature of the undigested kind: a man well seen in society; has 'six

[12] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiv. 230, 235. '24th December 1771,' 'February 1772.' See also '*Épître à la Reine Douairière de Suède*' (Poem on the Troubles she has had: *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xiii. 74, 'written in December 1770'), and '*Vers à la Reine de Suède*,' 'January 1771' (ibid. 79).

[13] '*Discours de l'Utilité des Sciences et des Arts dans un État*' (in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ix. 169 et seq.): read '27th January 1772.' Formey, ii. 16, &c. &c.

families of rank which invite him to dinner;' all the dining he is equal to, with so much undigested writing on his hands. Büsching, in his final Section, headed *Berlin Life*, Section more incondite even than its foregoers, has this passage:

'On the Queen-Dowager of Sweden, Louise Ulrique's, coming to Berlin, I felt not a little embarrassed. The case was this: Most part of the *Sixth Volume* of my *Magazine*' (meritorious curious Book, sometimes quoted by us here, not yet known in English Libraries) 'was printed; and in it, in the printed part, were various things that concerned the deceased Sovereign, King Adolf Friedrich, and his Spouse' (now come to visit us),—and among these were Articles which the then ruling party in Sweden could certainly not like. And now I was afraid these people would come upon the false notion, that it was from the Queen-Dowager I had got the Articles in question;—notion altogether false, as they had been furnished me by Baron Korf' (well known to Hordt and others of us, at Petersburg, in the Czar-Peter time), 'now Russian Minister at Copenhagen. However, when Duke Friedrich of Brunswick' (one of the juniors, soldiering here with his Uncle, as they almost all are) 'wrote to me, one day, That his Lady Aunt the Queen of Sweden invited me to dine with her tomorrow, and that he, the Duke, would introduce me,—I at once decided to lay my embarrassment before the Queen herself.

'Next day, when I was presented to her Majesty, she took me by the hand, and led me to a window' (as was her custom with guests whom she judged to be worth questioning and talking to), 'and so placed herself in a corner there that I came to stand close before her; when she did me the honour to ask a great many questions about Russia, the Imperial Court especially, and most of all the Grand-Duke' (Czar Paul that is to be,—a kind of kinsman he, his poor Father was my late Husband's Cousin-german, as perhaps you know). 'A great deal of time was spent in this way; so that the Princes and Princesses, punctual to invitation, had to wait above half an hour long; and the Queen was more than once informed that dinner was on the table and getting cold. I could get nothing of

'my own mentioned here; all I could do was to draw back, in 'a polite way, so soon as the Queen would permit: and after- 'wards, at table, to explain with brevity my concern about what 'was printed in the *Magazine*; and request the Queen to permit 'me to send it her to read for herself. She had it, accordingly, 'that same afternoon.

'A few days after, she invited me again; again spoke with 'me a long while in the window embrasure, in a low tone of 'voice; confirmed to me all that she had read,—and, in parti- 'cular, minutely explained that *Letter of the King*' (one of my Pieces) 'in which he relates what passed between him and Count 'Tessin' (Son's Tutor) 'in the Queen's Apartment. At table, she 'very soon took occasion to say: "I cannot imagine to myself "how the Herr Consistorialrath" (Büsching, to wit) "has come "upon that Letter of my deceased Lord the King of Sweden's; "which his Majesty did write, and which is now printed in your "*Magazine*. For certain, the King showed it to nobody." Where- upon *Büsching*: "Certainly; nor is that to be imagined, your "Majesty. But the person it was addressed to must have shown "it; and so a copy of it has come to my hands." Queen still ex- presses her wonder; whereupon again, *Büsching*, with a courage- ous candour: "Your Majesty, most graciously permit me to say, "that hitherto all Swedish secrets of Court or State have been "procurable for money and good words!" The Queen, to whom 'I sat directly opposite, cast down her eyes at these words, and 'smiled;—and the Reichsrath Graf von Schwerin' (a Swedish Gentleman of hers), 'who sat at my left, seized me by the hand, 'and said: "Alas, that is true!"'—Here is a difficulty got over; Magazine Number can come out when it will. As it did, 'next Easter-Fair,' with proper indications and tacit proofs that the Swedish part of it lay printed several months before the Queen's arrival in our neighbourhood.

Büsching dined with her Majesty several times,—'eating no- 'thing,' he is careful to mention, and was careful to show her Majesty, 'except, very gradually, a small bit of bread soaked in 'a glass of wine!'—meaning thereby, "Note, ye great ones, it is not for your dainties; in fact, it is out of loyal politeness mainly!" the gloomily humble man.

'One time, the Queen asked me, in presence of various

'Princes and Princesses of the Royal House: "Do you think it "advisable to enlighten the Lower Classes by education?" To 'which I answered: "Considering only under what heavy loads "a man of the Lower Classes, especially of the Peasant sort, has "to struggle through his life, one would think it was better "neither to increase his knowledge nor refine his sensibility. "But when one reflects that he, as well those of the Higher "Classes, is to last through Eternity; and withal that good in- "struction may" (or might, *if* it be not *bad*) "increase his prac- "tical intelligence, and help him to methods of alleviating him- "self in this world, it must be thought advisable to give him "useful enlightenment." The Queen accorded with this view 'of the matter.

'Twice I dined with her Majesty at her Sister, Princess 'Amelia, the Abbess of Quedlinburg's:—and the second time' (must have been Summer 1772), 'Professor Sulzer, who was also 'a guest, caught his death there. When I entered the reception- 'room, Sulzer was standing in the middle of a thorough-draught, 'which they had managed to have there, on account of the great 'heat; and he had just arrived, all in a perspiration, from the 'Thiergarten: I called him out of the draught, but it was too late.'[14] *Ach, mein lieber Sulzer*,—Alas, dear Sulzer; seriously this time!

Büsching has a great deal to say about Schools, about the "School-Commission 1765," the subjects taught, the methods of teaching devised by Büsching and others, and the King's continual exertions, under deficient funds, in this province of his affairs. Büsching had unheard-of difficulty to rebuild the old Gymnasium at Berlin into a new. Tried everybody; tried the King thrice over, but nobody would. 'One of the persons I 'applied to was Lieutenant-General von Ramin, Governor of 'Berlin' (surliest of mankind, of whose truculent incivility there go many anecdotes); 'to Ramin I wrote, entreating that he 'would take a good opportunity and suggest a new Town School- 'house to his Majesty: "Excellenz, it will render you immortal "in the annals of Berlin!" To which Ramin made answer: "That is an immortality I must renounce the hope of, and leave

[14] Büsching, *Beyträge*, vi. 578-582.

"to the Town-Syndics and yourself. I, for my own part, will "by no means risk such a proposal to his Majesty; which he "would, in all likelihood, answer in the negative, and receive ill "at anybody's hands."'[15] By subscriptions, by bequests, donations, and the private piety of individuals, Büsching aiding and stirring, the thing was at last got done. Here is another glance into School-life; not from Büsching:

June 9th, 1771. 'This Year the Stände of the Kurmark 'find they have an overplus of 100,000 thalers (15,000*l.*); which 'sum they do themselves the pleasure of presenting to the King 'for his Majesty's uses. King cannot accept it for his own uses. "This money," answers he (9th June), "comes from the Province, wherefore I feel bound to lay it out again for advantage of the Province. Could not it become a means of getting English Husbandry" (*turnips* in particular, whether short-horns or not, I do not know) "introduced among us? In the Towns that follow Farming chiefly, or in Villages belonging to unmoneyed Nobles, we will lend out this 15,000*l.*, at 4 per cent, in convenient sums for that object: hereby will turnip-culture and rotation be vouchsafed us; interest at 4 per cent brings us in 600*l.* annually; and this we will lay out in establishing new Schoolmasters in the Kurmark, and having the youth better educated." What a pretty idea; neat and beautiful, killing two important birds with one most small stone! I have known enormous cannonballs and granite blocks, torrent after torrent, shot out under other kinds of Finance-gunnery, that were not only less respectable, but that were abominable to me in comparison.

Unluckily, no Nobles were found inclined; English Husbandry ('*Turnipse*,' and the rest of it) had to wait their time. The King again writes: "No Nobles to be found, say you? Well; put the 15,000*l.* to interest in the common way,—that the Schoolmasters at least may have solacement: I will add 120 thalers (18*l.*) apiece, that we may have a chance of getting better Schoolmasters;—send me List of the Places where the worst are." List was sent; is still extant; and on the margin of it, in Royal Autograph, this remark:

[15] Büsching, *Beyträge*, vi. 568.

9th Aug. 1772.

"The Places are well selected. The bad Schoolmasters are "mostly Tailors; and you must see whether they cannot be got "removed to little Towns, and set to tailoring again, or other-"wise disposed of, that our Schools might the sooner rise into "good condition, which is an interesting thing." 'Eager always 'our Master is to have the Schooling of his People improved and 'everywhere diffused,' writes, some years afterwards, the excellent Zedlitz, officially "Minister of Public Justice," but much and meritoriously concerned with School-matters as well. The King's ideas were of the best, and Zedlitz sometimes had fine hopes; but the want of funds was always great.

'In 1779,' says Preuss, 'there came a sad blow to Zedlitz's 'hopes; Minister von Brenkenhof' (deep in West-Preussen canal-diggings and expenditures) 'having suggested, That in-'stead of getting Pensions, the Old Soldiers should be put to 'keeping School.' Do but fancy it; poor old fellows, little versed in scholastics hitherto! 'Friedrich, in his pinch, grasped 'at the small help; wrote to the War-Department: "Send me "a List of Invalids who are fit" (or at least fittest) "to be "Schoolmasters." And got thereupon a List of 74, and after-'wards 5 more' (79 Invalids in all); 'War-Department adding, 'That besides these scholastic sort, there were 741 serving as '*Büdner*' (Turnpike-keepers, in a sort), 'as Forest-watchers, and 'the like; and 3,443 *unversorgt*' (shifting for themselves, no provision made for them at all),—such the check, by cold arithmetic and inexorable finance, upon the genial current of the soul!—

The *Turnips*, I believe, got gradually in; and Brandenburg, in our day, is a more and more beautifully farmed Country. Nor were the Schoolmasters unsuccessful at all points; though I cannot report a complete educational triumph on those extremely limited terms.[16]

Queen Ulrique left, I think, on the 9th of August 1772; there is sad farewell in Friedrich's Letter next day to Princess Sophie Albertine, the Queen's Daughter, subsequently Abbess of Quedlinburg: he is just setting out on his Silesian Reviews; "shall, too likely, never see

[16] Preuss, iii. 115, 113, &c.

your good Mamma again."[17] Poor King; Berlin City is sound asleep, while he rushes through it, on this errand,—'past the Princess Amelia's window,' in the dead of night; and takes to humming tender strophes to her too; which gain a new meaning by their date.[18]

Ten days afterwards (19th August 1772),—Queen Ulrique not yet home,—her Son, the spirited King Gustav III., at Stockholm, had made, what in our day is called a 'stroke of state,'—put a thorn in the snout of his monster of a Senate, namely: "Less of palaver, venality and insolence, from you, Sirs; we 'restore the Constitution of 1680,' and are something of a King again!" Done with considerable dexterity and spirit; not one person killed or hurt. And surely it was the muzzling-up of a great deal of folly on their side,—provided only there came wisdom enough from Gustav himself instead. But, alas, there did not, there hardly could. His Uncle was alarmed, and not a little angry for the moment: "You had two Parties to reconcile; a work of time, of patient endeavour, continual and quiet; no good possible till then. And instead of that—!" Gustav, a shining kind of man, showed no want of spirit, now or afterwards: but he leant too much on France and broken reeds;—and, in the end, got shot in the back by one of those beautiful "Nobles" of his, and came to a bad conclusion, they and he.[19] Scandinavian Politics, thank Heaven, are none of our business.

Queen Ulrique was spared all these catastrophes. She had alarmed her Brother by a dangerous illness,

[17] 'Potsdam, 10th August 1772:' *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. II. 93.

[18] '*À ma Sœur Amélie, en passant, la nuit, sous sa fenêtre, pour aller en Silésie (Août* 1772):' *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xiii. 77.

[19] '16th-29th March 1792,' death of Gustav III. by that assassination; '13th March 1809,' his Son Gustav IV. has to go on his travels; 'Karl XIII.,' a childless Uncle, succeeds for a few years; after whom &c.

7th Sept. 1773.

sudden and dangerous, in 1775; who writes with great anxiety about it, to Another still more anxious:[20] of this she got well again; but it did not last very long. July 16th, 1782, she died;—and the sad Friedrich had to say, Adieu. Alas, "must the eldest of us mourn, then, by the grave of those younger!"

Wilhelmina's Daughter, Elizabeth Frederike Sophie, Duchess of Würtemberg, appears at Ferney (September 1773).

Of our dear Wilhelmina's high and unfortunate Daughter there should be some Biography; and there will, surely, if a man of sympathy and faculty pass that way; but there is not hitherto. Nothing hitherto but a few bare dates; bare and sternly significant, as on a Tombstone; indicating that she had a History, and that it was a tragic one. Welcome to all of us, in this state of matters, is the following one clear emergence of her into the light of day, and in company so interesting too! Seven years before her death, she had gone to Lausanne (July 1773) to consult Tissot, a renowned Physician of those days. From Lausanne, after two months, she visited Voltaire at Ferney. Read this Letter of Voltaire's:

To Elizabeth Frederike Sophie, Duchess of Würtemberg (at Lausanne).

"Ferney, 10th July 1773.

"Madame,—I am informed that your most Serene Highness "has deigned to remember that I was in the world. It is very

[20] See 'Correspondence with Gustav III.' (in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. 11. 84, &c.).

"sad to be there, without paying you my court. I never felt "so cruelly the sad state to which old age and maladies have "reduced me.

"I never saw you except as a child" (1743, her age then 10): "but you were certainly the beautifullest child in Europe. May "you be the happiest Princess" (alas!), "as you deserve to be! "I was attached to Madame the Margravine" (your dear Mother) "with equal devotedness and respect; and I had the honour to "be pretty deep in her confidence, for some time before this "world, which was not worthy of her, had lost that adorable "Princess. You resemble her;—but don't resemble her in "feebleness of health! You are in the flower of your age" (coming forty, I should fear): "let such bright flower lose no- "thing of its splendour; may your happiness be able to equal "(*puisse égaler*) your beauty; may all your days be serene, and "the sweets of friendship add a new charm to them! These are "my wishes; they are as lively as my regrets at not being at "your feet. What a consolation it would be for me to speak of "your loving Mother, and of all your august relatives! Why "must Destiny send you to Lausanne" (consulting Dr. Tissot there), "and hinder me from flying thither!—Let your most "Serene Highness deign to accept the profound respect of the "old moribund Philosopher of Ferney.—V."[21]

The Answer of the Princess, or farther Correspondence on the matter, is not given; evident only that by and by, as Voltaire himself will inform us, she did appear at Ferney;—and a certain Swedish tourist, one Björnstahl, who met her there, enables us even to give the date. He reports this anecdote:

'At supper, on the evening of 7th September 1773, the 'Princess sat next to Voltaire, who always addressed her, "*Votre* '*Altesse.*" At last, the Duchess said to him, "*Tu es mon papa,* "*je suis ta fille, et je veux être appelée ta fille.*" Voltaire took a 'pencil from his pocket, asked for a card, and wrote upon it:

"*Ah, le beau titre que voilà!*
Vous me donnez la première des places;
Quelle famille j'aurais là!
Je serais le père des Grâces."[22]

[21] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, xcii. 331. [22] Ibid. xviii. 342.

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'He gave the card to the Princess, who embraced and kissed 'him for it.'[23]

Voltaire to Friedrich (a fortnight after).

"Ferney, 22d September 1773.

"I must tell you that I have felt, in these late days, in spite "of all my past caprices, how much I am attached to your Majesty "and to your House. Madame the Duchess of Würtemberg hav- "ing had, like so many others, the weakness to believe that health "is to be found at Lausanne, and that Dr. Tissot gives it if one "pay him, has, as you know, made the journey to Lausanne; "and I, who am more veritably ill than she, and than all the "Princesses who have taken Tissot for an Æsculapius, had not "the strength to leave my home. Madame of Würtemberg, "apprised of all the feelings that still live in me for the me- "mory of Madame the Margravine of Baireuth her Mother, has "deigned to visit my hermitage, and pass two days with us. I "should have recognised her, even without warning; she has the "turn of her Mother's face with your eyes.

"You Hero-people who govern the world don't allow your- "selves to be subdued by feelings; you have them all the same "as we, but you maintain your decorum. We other petty mor- "tals yield to all our impressions: I set myself to cry, in speak- "ing to her of you and of Madame the Princess her Mother; "and she too, though she is Niece of the first Captain in Europe, "could not restrain her tears. It appears to me that she has "the talent (*esprit*) and the graces of your House; and that "especially she is more attached to you than to her Husband" (I should think so!). "She returns, I believe, to Baireuth,"—

—(No Mother, no Father, there now: foolish Uncle of Anspach died long ago, '3d August 1757;' Aunt Dowager of Anspach gone to Erlangen, I hope, to Feuchtwang, Schwabach or Schwaningen, or some Widow's-Mansion (*Wittwensitz*) of her own;[24] reigning Son, with his French-Actress equipments, being of questionable figure),—

—"returns, I believe, to Baireuth; where she will find another

[23] Vehse, *Geschichte der Deutschen Höfe* (Hamburg, 1853), xxv. 252, 253.

[24] Lived, finally at Schwaningen, in sight of such vicissitudes and follies round her, till '4th February 1784' (Rödenbeck, iii. 304).

"Princess of a different sort; I mean Mademoiselle Clairon, who "cultivates Natural History, and is Lady Philosopher to Mon- "seigneur the Margraf,"—high-rouged Tragedy-Queen, rather tyrannous upon him, they say; a young man destined to adorn Hammersmith by and by, and not go a good road.

* * "I renounce my beautiful hopes of seeing the Maho- "metans driven out of Europe, and Athens become again the "Seat of the Muses. Neither you nor the Kaiser are"—are inclined in the Crusading way at all. * * "The old sick man "of Ferney is always at the feet of your Majesty; he feels "very sorry that he cannot talk of you farther with Madame "the Duchess of Würtemberg, who adores you.—*Le Vieux "Malade.*"[25]

To which Friedrich makes answer: "If it is forevermore "forbidden me to see you again, I am not the less glad that the "Duchess of Würtemberg has seen you. I should certainly "have mixed my tears with yours, had I been present at that "touching scene! Be it weakness, be it excess of regard, I have "built for her lost Mother, what Cicero projected for his Tullia, "a Temple of Friendship: her Statue occupies the back- "ground, and on each pillar stands a mask (*mascaron*) contain- "ing the Bust of some Hero in Friendship: I send you the "drawing of it."[26] Which again sets Voltaire weeping, and will the Duchess when she sees it.[27]

We said there hitherto was nearly nothing anywhere discoverable as History of this high Lady but the dates only; these we now give. She was 'born, 30th August 1732,'—her Mother's and Father's one Child; —four years older than her Anspach Cousin, who inherited Baireuth too, and finished off that genealogy. She was 'wedded, 26th September 1748;' her age then about 16; her gloomy Duke of Würtemberg, age 20, all

[25] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, xcii. 390.

[26] 'Potsdam, 24th October 1773:' *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 259;—'Temple' was built in 1768 (Ibid. p. 259 n.).

[27] Voltaire's next Letter: *Œuvres de Voltaire*, xcii. 434.

Sept.—Dec. 1773.
sunshine and goodness to her then: she was 'divorced, in 1757:' 'died, 6th April 1780,'—Tradition says, 'in great poverty' (great for her rank, I suppose, proud as she might be, and above complaining),—'at Neustadt-on-the-Aisch' (in the Nurnberg region), whither she had retired, I know not how long after her Papa's death and Cousin's accession. She is bound for her Cousin's Court, we observe, just now; and, considering her Cousin's ways and her own turn of mind, it is easy to fancy she had not a pleasant time there.

Tradition tells us, credibly enough, 'She was very 'like her Mother: beautiful, much the lady (*von feinem 'Ton*), and of energetic character;' and adds, probably on slight foundation, 'but very cold and proud towards 'the People.'[28] Many Books will inform you how, 'On 'first entering Stuttgart, when the reigning Duke and 'she were met by a party of congratulatory Peasant 'Women, dressed in their national costume, she said 'to her Duke,' being then only sixteen, poor young soul, and on her marriage-journey, '"*Was will das 'Geschmeis* (Why does that rabble bore us)!"' This is probably the main foundation. That 'her Ladies, 'on approaching her, had always to kiss the hem of 'her gown,' lay in the nature of the case, being then the rule to people of her rank. Beautiful Unfortunate, adieu;—and be Voltaire thanked, too!—

It is long since we have seen Voltaire before:—a prosperous Lord at Ferney these dozen years ('the only man in France that lives like a *grand Seigneur*,' says Cardinal Bernis to him once[29]); doing great things for the Pays

[28] Vehse, xxv. 251.

[29] Their *Correspondence*, really pretty of its kind, used to circulate as a separate Volume, in the years then subsequent.

de Gex, and for France, and for Europe; delivering the Calases, the Sirvens, and the Oppressed of various kinds; especially ardent upon the *Infâme*, as the real business Heaven has assigned him in his Day, the sunset of which, and Night wherein no man can work, he feels to be hastening on. "Couldn't we, the few Faithful, go to Cleve in a body?" thinks he at one time: "To Cleve; and there, as from a safe place, under the Philosopher King, shoot out our fiery artilleries with effect?" The Philosopher King is perfectly willing, "provided you don't involve me in Wars with my neighbours." Willing enough he; but they the Faithful—alas, the Patriarch finds that they have none of his own heroic ardour, and that the thing cannot be done. Upon which, struck with sorrow, he writes nothing to Friedrich for two years.[30]

The truth is, he is growing very old; and though a piercing radiance, as of stars, bursts occasionally from the central part of him, the outworks are getting decayed and dim; obstruction more and more accumulating, and the immeasurable Night drawing nigh. Well does Voltaire himself, at all moments, know this; and his bearing under it, one must say, is rather beautiful. There is a tenderness, a sadness, in these his latter Letters to Friedrich; instead of emphasis or strength, a beautiful shrill melody, as of a woman, as of a child; he grieves unappeasably to have lost Friedrich; never will forgive Maupertuis:—poor old man! Friedrich answers in a much livelier, more robust tone: friendly, encouraging, communicative on small matters;—full of praises,—in fact, sincerely glad to have such a transcendant genius still alive with him in this world. Praises to the most liberal pitch everything of Vol-

[30] 'Nov. 1769,' *recommences* (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 140, 139).

taire's,—except only the Article on *War*, which occasionally (as below) he quizzes a little, to the Patriarch or his Disciple.

As we have room for nothing of all this, and perhaps shall not see Voltaire again,—there are Two actual Interviews with him, which, being withal by Englishmen, though otherwise not good for much, we intend for readers here. In these last twenty years, D'Alembert is Friedrich's chief Correspondent. Of D'Alembert to the King, it may be or may not, some opportunity will rise for a specimen; meanwhile here is a short Letter of the King's to D'Alembert, through which there pass so many threads of contemporaneous flying events (swift shuttles on the loud-sounding Loom of Time), that we are tempted to give this, before the two Interviews in question.

Date of the Letter is two months after that apparition of the Duchess of Würtemberg at Ferney. Of 'Crillon,' an ingenious enough young Soldier, rushing ardently about the world in his holiday time, we have nothing to say, except that he is Son of that Rossbach Crillon, who always fancies to himself that once he perhaps spared Friedrich's life (by a glass of wine judiciously given) long since, while the Bridge of Weissenfels was on fire, and Rossbach close ahead.[31] Colonel 'Guibert' is another Soldier, still young, but of much superior type; greatly an admirer of Friedrich, and subsequently a Writer upon him.[32]

In regard to the 'Landgravine of Darmstadt,' notice these points. First, that her eldest Daughter is Wife, second Wife, to the dissolute Crown Prince of Prussia; and then, that she has Three other Daughters,—one of whom has just been disposed of in an important way; wedded to the Czarowitch Paul of Russia, namely. By Friedrich's means and management, as Friedrich informs us.[33] The Czarina, he says, had sent out a confidential Gentleman, one Asseburg, who was Prussian by birth, to seek a

[31] Suprà, v. 193.

[32] Of Guibert's visit to Friedrich (June 1773), see Preuss, iv. 214; Rödenbeck, iii. 80.

[33] *Œuvres de Frédéric* (*Mémoires de* 1763 *jusqu'à* 1775), vi. 57.

fit Wife for her Son: Friedrich, hearing of this, suggested to Asseburg, "The Landgravine of Darmstadt, the most distinguished and accomplished of German Princesses, has three marriageable Daughters; her eldest, married to our Crown Prince, will be Queen of Prussia in time coming;—suppose now, one of the others were to be Czarina of Russia withal? Think, might it not be useful both to your native Country and to your adopted?" Asseburg took the hint; reported at Petersburg, That of all marriageable Princesses in Germany, the Three of Darmstadt, one or the other of them, would, in his humble opinion, be the eligiblest. "Could not we persuade you to come to Petersburg, Madam Landgravine?" wrote the Czarina thereupon: "Do us the honour of a visit, your three Princesses and you!" The Landgravine and Daughters, with decent celerity, got under way;[34] Czarowitch Paul took interesting survey, on their arrival; and about two months ago wedded the middle one of the three;—and here is the victorious Landgravine bringing home the other two. Czarowitch's fair one did not live long, nor behave well: died of her first child; and Czarowitch, in 1776, had to apply to us again for a Wife, whom, this time, we fitted better. Happily, the poor victorious Landgravine was gone before anything of this; died suddenly five months hence;[35] nothing doubting of her Russian Adventure. She was an admired Princess of her time, *die grosse Landgräfin*, as Goethe somewhere calls her; much in Friedrich's esteem,—*femina sexu, ingenio vir*, as the Monument he raised to her at Darmstadt still bears.[36]

Friedrich to D'Alembert.

"Potsdam, 16th December 1773.

"M. de Crillon delivered me your *Crillonade*" (lengthy Letter of introduction); "which has completed me in the History of all "the Crillons of the County of Avignon. He doesn't stop here; "he is soon to be off for Russia; so that I will take him on your "word, and believe him the wisest of all the Crillons: assuring

[34] Passed through Berlin, 16th-19th May 1773: Rödenbeck, iii. 78.

[35] 30th March 1774.

[36] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xx. 183 n. His *Correspondence* with her is Ibid. xxvii. II. 135-153; and goes from 1757 to 1774.

16th Dec. 1773.

"myself that you have measured and computed all his curves, "and angles of incidence. He will find Diderot and Grimm "in Russia" (famous visit of Diderot), "all occupied with the "Czarina's beautiful reception of them, and with the many "things worthy of admiration which they have seen there. Some "say Grimm will possibly fix himself in that Country" (chose better),—"which will be the asylum at once of your fanatic "*Chaumeixes* and of the *Encyclopédistes*, whom he used to de- "nounce." (This poor Chaumeix did, after such feats, 'die peaceably at Moscow, as a Schoolmaster').

"M. de Guibert has gone by Ferney; where it is said Vol- "taire has converted him, that is, has made him renounce the "errors of ambition, abjure the frightful trade of hired man- "slayer, with intent to become either Capuchin or Philosophe; "so that I suppose by this time he will have published a 'Decla- "ration' like Gresset, informing the public that, having had the "misfortune to write a Work on Tactics, he repented it from "the bottom of his soul, and hereby assured mankind that never "more in his life would he give rules for butcheries, assassina- "tions, feints, stratagems, or the like abominations. As to me, "my conversion not being yet in an advanced stage, I pray you "to give me details about Guibert's, to soften my heart and "penetrate my bowels.

"We have the Landgravine of Darmstadt here:[37] no end to "the Landgravine's praises of a magnificent Czarina, and of all "the beautiful and grand things she has founded in that Coun- "try. As to us, who live like mice in their holes, news come to "us only from mouth to mouth, and the sense of hearing is "nothing like that of sight. I cherish my wishes, in the mean- "while, for the sage Anaxagoras" (my D'Alembert himself); "and I say to Urania, 'It is for thee to sustain thy foremost "Apostle, to maintain one light, without which a great Kingdom' (France) 'would sink into darkness;' and I say to the Supreme "Demiurgus: 'Have always the good D'Alembert in thy holy "and worthy keeping.'—F."[38]

The Boston Tea (same day). Curious to remark, while Friedrich is writing this Letter, "*Thursday, December* 16*th*, 1773,"

[37] Rödenbeck, iii. 89, 90.

[38] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiv. 614.

what a commotion is going on, far over seas, at Boston, New England,—in the 'Old South Meetinghouse' there; in regard to three English Tea-Ships that are lying embargoed in Griffin's Wharf, for above a fortnight past. The case is well known, and still memorable to mankind. British Parliament, after nine years of the saddest haggling and baffling to and fro, under Constitutional stress of weather, and such east-winds and west-winds of Parliamentary eloquence as seldom were, has made up its mind, That America shall pay duty on these Teas before infusing them: and America, Boston more especially, is tacitly determined that it will not; and that to avoid mistakes, these Teas shall never be landed at all. Such is Boston's private intention, more or less fixed;—to say nothing of the Philadelphias, Charlestons, New Yorks, who are watching Boston, and will follow suite of it.

'Sunday, November 26th,—that is, nineteen days ago,—'the first of these Tea-Ships, the *Dartmouth*, Captain Hall, 'moored itself in Griffin's Wharf: Owner and Consignee is a 'broad-brimmed Boston gentleman called Rotch, more attentive 'to profits of trade than to the groans of Boston:—but already 'on that Sunday, much more on the Monday following, there 'had a meeting of Citizens run together,—(on Monday, Faneuil 'Hall won't hold them, and they adjourn to the Old South 'Meetinghouse),—who make it apparent to Rotch that it will 'much behove him, for the sake both of tea and skin, not to "enter" (or officially announce) this Ship *Dartmouth* at the 'Customhouse in any wise; but to pledge his broad-brimmed 'word, equivalent to his oath, that she shall lie dormant there 'in Griffin's Wharf, till we see. Which, accordingly, she has 'been doing ever since; she and two others that arrived some 'days later: dormant all three of them, side by side, three 'crews totally idle; a "Committee of Ten" supervising Rotch's 'procedures; and the Boston world much expectant. Thursday, 'December 16th: this is the 20th day since Rotch's *Dartmouth* 'arrived here; if not "entered" at Customhouse in the course of 'this day, Customhouse cannot give her a "clearance" either (a 'leave to depart),—she becomes a smuggler, an outlaw, and her 'fate is mysterious to Rotch and us.

'This Thursday, accordingly, by 10 in the morning, in the 'Old South Meetinghouse, Boston is assembled, and country-

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'people to the number of 2,000;—and Rotch never was in such 'a company of human Friends before. They are not uncivil to 'him (cautious people, heedful of the verge of the Law); but 'they are peremptory, to the extent of—Rotch may shudder 'to think what. "I went to the Customhouse yesterday," said 'Rotch, "your Committee of Ten can bear me witness; and "demanded clearance and leave to depart; but they would not; "were forbidden, they said!" "Go, then, sir; get you to the "Governor himself; a clearance, and out of harbour, this day: "hadn't you better?" Rotch is well aware that he had; hastens 'off to the Governor (who has vanished to his Country-house, 'on purpose); Old South Meetinghouse adjourning till 3 P.M., 'for Rotch's return with clearance.

'At 3 no Rotch, nor at 4, nor at 5; miscellaneous plangent 'intermittent speech instead, mostly plangent, in tone sorrowful 'rather than indignant:—at a quarter to 6, here at length is 'Rotch; sun is long since set,—has Rotch a clearance or not? 'Rotch reports at large, willing to be questioned and cross-'questioned: "Governor absolutely would not! My Christian 'friends, what could I or can I do?" There are by this time 'about 7,000 people in Old South Meetinghouse, very few tallow-'lights in comparison,—almost no lights for the mind either,— 'and it is difficult to answer. Rotch's report done, the Chair-'man' (one Adams, "American Cato," subsequently so-called) 'dissolves the sorrowful 7,000, with these words: "This Meet-'ing declares that it can do nothing more to save the Country." 'Will merely go home, then, and weep. Hark, however: almost 'on the instant, in front of Old South Meetinghouse, "a ter-'rific War-whoop; and about fifty Mohawk Indians,"—with 'whom Adams seems to be acquainted; and speaks without 'Interpreter: Aha!—

'And, sure enough, before the stroke of 7, these fifty painted 'Mohawks are forward, without noise, to Griffin's Wharf; have 'put sentries all round there; and, in a great silence of the 'neighbourhood, are busy, in three gangs, upon the dormant 'Tea-ships; opening their chests, and punctually shaking them 'out into the sea. "Listening from the distance, you could hear 'distinctly the ripping open of the chests, and no other sound." 'About 10 P.M. all was finished; 342 chests of tea flung out to

'infuse in the Atlantic; the fifty Mohawks gone like a dream; 'and Boston sleeping more silently even than usual.'[39]

'Seven in the evening:' this, I calculate, allowing for the Earth's rotation, will be about the time when Friedrich, well tired with the day's business, is getting to bed; by 10 on the Boston clocks, when the process finishes there, Friedrich will have had the best of his sleep over. Here is Montcalm's Prophecy coming to fulfilment;—and a curious intersection of a flying Event through one's poor *Letter to D'Alembert*. We will now give the two English Interviews with Voltaire; one of which is of three years past, another of three years ahead.

No. 1. *Doctor Burney has Sight of Voltaire* (July 1770).

In the years 1770-71, Burney, then a famous *Doctor of Music*, made his *Tour* through France and Italy, on Musical errands and researches;[40] with these we have no concern, but only with one most small exceptional offshoot or episode which grew out of these. Enough for us to know that Burney, a comfortable, well-disposed, rather dull Doctor, age near 45, had left London for Paris 'in June 1770;' that he was on to Geneva, intending for Turin, 'early in July;' and that his 'M. Fritz,' mentioned below, is a veteran Brother in Music, settled at Geneva for the last thirty years, who has been helpful and agreeable to Burney while here. Our Excerpt therefore dates itself, 'one of the early days of July 1770,'—Burney hovering between two plans (as we shall dimly perceive), and not exactly executing either:

* * 'My going to M. Fritz broke' (was about breaking, but did not quite) 'into a plan which I had formed of visit-

[39] 'Summary of the Advices from America' (in *Gentleman's Magazine for* 1774, pp. 26, 27); Bancroft, iii. 536 et seq.

[40] Charles Burney's *Present State of Music in France and Italy, being the Journal of a Tour through those Countries to collect Materials for a General History of Music* (London, 1773). The *History of Music* followed duly, in Four 4tos (London, 1776-1789).

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'ing M. de Voltaire, at the same hour, along with some other 'strangers, who were then going to Ferney. But, to say the 'truth, besides the visit to M. Fritz being more *my business*, I 'did not much like going with these people, who had only a 'Geneva Bookseller to introduce them; and I had heard that 'some English had lately met with a rebuff from M. de Vol-'taire, by going without any letter of recommendation, or any-'thing to recommend themselves. He asked them What they 'wanted? Upon their replying That they wished only to see so 'extraordinary a man, he said: "Well, gentlemen, you now see "me: did you take me for a wild-beast or monster, that was fit "only to be stared at as a show?" This story very much fright-'ened me; for, not having, when I left London, or even Paris, 'any intention of going to Geneva, I was quite unprovided with 'a recommendation. However, I was determined to see the 'place of his residence, which I took to be' (still *Les Délices*),

'*Cette maison d'Aristippe, ces jardins d'Epicure,*

'to which he retired in 1755; but was mistaken' (not The *Délices* now at all, but Ferney, for nine or ten years back).

'I drove to Ferney alone, after I had left M. Fritz. This 'house is three or four miles from Geneva, but near the Lake. 'I approached it with reverence, and a curiosity of the most 'minute kind. I inquired *when* I first trod on his domain; I 'had an intelligent and talkative postillion, who answered all 'my questions very satisfactorily. M. de Voltaire's estate is very 'large here, and he is building pretty farmhouses upon it. He 'has erected on the Geneva side a quadrangular *Justice*, or Gal-'lows, to show that he is the *Seigneur*. One of his farms, or 'rather manufacturing houses,—for he is establishing a manu-"facture upon his estate,—was so handsome that I thought it 'was his château.

'We drove to Ferney, through a charming country, covered 'with corn and vines, in view of the Lake, and Mountains of 'Gex, Switzerland, and Savoy. On the left hand, approaching 'the House, is a neat Chapel, with this inscription:

"DEO EREXIT VOLTAIRE MDCCLXI."

'I sent to inquire, Whether a stranger might be allowed to see 'the House and Gardens; and was answered in the affirmative.

'A servant soon came, and conducted me into the cabinet or 'closet where his Master had just been writing: this is never 'shown when he is at home; but having walked out, I was 'allowed that privilege. From thence I passed to the Library, 'which is not a very large one, but well filled. Here I found a 'whole-length Figure in marble of himself, recumbent, in one 'of the windows; and many curiosities in another room; a Bust 'of himself, made not two years since; his Mother's picture; 'that of his Niece, Madam Denis; his Brother, M. Dupuis; the 'Calas Family; and others. It is a very neat and elegant House; 'not large, nor affectedly decorated.

'I should first have remarked, that close to the Chapel, be- 'tween that and the house, is the Theatre, which he built some 'years ago; where he treated his friends with some of his own 'Tragedies: it is now only used as a receptacle for wood and 'lumber, there having been no play acted in it these four years. 'The servant told me his Master was 78' (76 gone), 'but very 'well. "*Il travaille*," said he, "*pendant dix heures chaque jour*, "He studies ten hours every day; writes constantly without "spectacles, and walks out with only a domestic, often a mile or "two—*Et le voilà, là bas*, And see, yonder he is!"

'He was going to his workmen. My heart leaped at the sight 'of so extraordinary a man. He had just then quitted his Gar- 'den, and was crossing the court before his House. Seeing my 'chaise, and me on the point of mounting it, he made a sign to 'his servant who had been my *cicerone*, to go to him; in order, 'I suppose, to inquire who I was. After they had exchanged a 'few words together, he,' M. de Voltaire, 'approached the place 'where I was standing motionless, in order to contemplate his 'person as much as I could while his eyes were turned from 'me; but on seeing him move towards me, I found myself 'drawn by some irresistible power towards him; and, without 'knowing what I did, I insensibly met him half-way.

'It is not easy to conceive it possible for life to subsist in a 'form so nearly composed of mere skin and bone as that of M. 'de Voltaire.' Extremely lean old Gentleman! 'He complained 'of decrepitude, and said, He supposed I was anxious to form 'an idea of the figure of one walking after death. However, 'his eyes and whole countenance are still full of fire; and

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'though so emaciated, a more lively expression cannot be 'imagined.

'He inquired after English news; and observed that Poetical 'squabbles had given way to Political ones; but seemed to think 'the spirit of opposition as necessary in poetry as in politics. "*Les querelles d'auteurs sont pour le bien de la littérature, comme* "*dans un gouvernement libre les querelles des grands, et les clameurs* "*des petits, sont nécessaires à la liberté.*" And added, "When "critics are silent, it does not so much prove the Age to be cor-"rect, as dull." He inquired what Poets we had now; I told 'him we had Mason and Gray. "They write but little," said 'he: "and you seem to have no one who lords it over the rest, "like Dryden, Pope, and Swift." I told him that it was one 'of the inconveniences of Periodical Journals, however well exe-'cuted, that they often silenced modest men of genius, while 'impudent blockheads were impenetrable, and unable to feel the 'critic's scourge: that Mr. Gray and Mr. Mason had both been 'illiberally treated by mechanical critics, even in newspapers; 'and added, that modesty and love of quiet seemed in these gen-'tlemen to have got the better even of their love of fame.

'During this conversation, we approached the buildings that 'he was constructing near the road to his Château. "These," 'said he, pointing to them, "are the most innocent, and perhaps "the most useful, of all my works." I observed that he had 'other works, which were of far more extensive use, and would 'be much more durable, than those. He was so obliging as to 'show me several farmhouses that he had built, and the plans of 'others: after which I took my leave.'[41]

No. 2. *A Reverend Mr. Sherlock sees Voltaire, and even dines with him* (April 1776).

Sherlock's Book of *Travels*, though he wrote it in two languages, and it once had its vogue, is now little other than a Dance of Will-o'-wisps to us. A Book tawdry, incoherent, indistinct, at once flashy and opaque, full of idle excrescences and exuberances;—as is the poor man himself. He was "Chaplain

[41] Burney's *Present State of Music* (London, 1773), pp. 55-62.

to the Earl of Bristol, Bishop of Derry;" gyrating about as ecclesiastical Moon to that famed Solar Luminary, what could you expect![42] Poor Sherlock is nowhere intentionally fabulous; nor intrinsically altogether so foolish as he seems: let that suffice us. In his Dance of Will-o'-wisps, which in this point happily is dated,—26th-27th April 1776,—he had come to Ferney, with proper introduction to Voltaire: and here (after severe excision of the flabby parts, but without other change) is credible account of what he saw and heard. In Three Scenes; with this Prologue —as to Costume, which is worth reading twice:

Voltaire's Dress. 'On the two days I saw him, he wore white 'cloth shoes, white woollen stockings, red breeches, with a night-'gown and waistcoat of blue linen, flowered, and lined with yellow. 'He had on a grizzle wig with three ties, and over it a silk night-'cap embroidered with gold and silver.'

SCENE I. *The Entrance-Hall of Ferney* (Friday, 26th April 1776); *exuberant Sherlock entering, Letter of Introduction having preceded.*

'He met me in the hall; his Nephew M. d'Hornoi' (Grandnephew; Abbé Mignot, famous for *burying* Voltaire, and Madame Denis, whom we know, were his Uncle and Aunt) — Grandnephew, 'Counsellor in the Parlement of Paris, held him by the 'arm. He said to me, with a very weak voice: "You see a very "old man, who makes a great effort to have the honour of seeing "you. Will you take a walk in my Garden? It will please you, "for it is in the English taste:—it was I who introduced that "taste into France, and it is become universal. But the French "parody your Gardens; they put your thirty acres into three."

'From his Gardens you see the Alps, the Lake, the City of 'Geneva and its environs, which are very pleasant. He said:

Voltaire. "It is a beautiful prospect." He pronounced these 'words tolerably well. *Sherlock.* "How long is it since you "were in England?"

[42] Title of his Book is, *Letters from an English Traveller; translated from the French Original* (London, 1780). Ditto, *Letters from an English Traveller; written originally in French:* by the Rev. Martin Sherlock, A.M., Chaplain to the Earl of Bristol, &c. (a new Edition, 2 voll., London, 1802.)

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Voltaire. "Fifty years, at least." (Not quite; in 1728 left; in 1726 had come).[43] *D'Hornoi.* "It was at the time when "you printed the First Edition of your *Henriade*."

'We then talked of Literature; and from that moment he 'forgot his age and infirmities, and spoke with the warmth of a 'man of thirty. He said some shocking things against Moses 'and against Shakspeare.' (Like enough!) * * 'We then 'talked of Spain.

Voltaire. "It is a Country of which we know no more than "of the most savage parts of Africa; and it is not worth the "trouble of being known. If a man would travel there, he "must carry his bed, &c. On arriving in a Town, he must go "into one street to buy a bottle of wine; a piece of a mule" (by way of beef) "in another; he finds a table in a third,—and he "sups. A French Nobleman was passing through Pampeluna: "he sent out for a spit; there was only one in the Town, and "that was lent away for a wedding."

D'Hornoi. "There, Monsieur, is a Village which M. de Vol-"taire has built!" *Voltaire.* "Yes, we have our freedoms "here. Cut off a little corner, and we are out of France. I "asked some privileges for my Children here, and the King has "granted me all that I asked, and has declared this Pays de Gex "exempt from all Taxes of the Farmers-General; so that salt, "which formerly sold for ten sous a pound, now sells for four. "I have nothing more to ask, except to live."—We went into the 'Library' (had made the round of the Gardens, I suppose).

SCENE II. *In the Library.*

Voltaire. "There you find several of your countrymen" (he had Shakspeare, Milton, Congreve, Rochester, Shaftesbury, Bolingbroke, Robertson, Hume, and others). "Robertson is your Livy; "his *Charles Fifth* is written with truth. Hume wrote his His-"tory to be applauded, Rapin to instruct; and both obtained "their ends." *Sherlock.* "Lord Bolingbroke and you agreed "that we have not one good Tragedy."

Voltaire. "We did think so. *Cato* is incomparably well "written: Addison had a great deal of taste;—but the abyss

[43] Suprà, ii. 586.

"between taste and genius is immense! Shakspeare had an "amazing genius, but no taste: he has spoiled the taste of the "Nation. He has been their taste for two hundred years; and "what is the taste of a Nation for two hundred years will be so "for two thousand. This kind of taste becomes a religion; "there are, in your Country, a great many Fanatics for Shak-"speare." *Sherlock.* "Were you personally acquainted with "Lord Bolingbroke?"

Voltaire. "Yes. His face was imposing, and so was his "voice; in his *Works*, there are many leaves, and little fruit; "distorted expressions, and periods intolerably long." (*Taking down a Book.*) "There, you see the *Koran*, which is well read, "at least." ('It was marked throughout with bits of paper.') "There are *Historic Doubts*, by Horace Walpole" ('which had 'also several marks'); "here is the Portrait of Richard III.; you "see he was a handsome youth." *Sherlock* (making an abrupt transition). "You have built a Church?"

Voltaire. "True; and it is the only one in the Universe in "honour of God" (*Deo erexit Voltaire*, as we read above): "you "have plenty of Churches built to St. Paul, to St. Genevieve, "but not one to God." *Exit* Sherlock (to his Inn; makes jotting as above;—is to dine at Ferney tomorrow).

Scene III. *Dinner-Table of Voltaire.*

'The next day, as we sat down to Dinner,' our Host in the above shining costume, 'he said, in English tolerably pronounced:

Voltaire. "We are here for liberty and property!" (parody of some old Speech in Parliament, let us guess,—liberty and property, my Lords!) "This Gentleman,—whom let me present to "Monsieur Sherlock,—is a Jesuit" (old Père Adam, whom I keep for playing Chess, in his old, unsheltered days); "he wears "his hat: I am a poor invalid,—I wear my nightcap." * *

'I do not now recollect why he quoted these verses, also in 'English, by Rochester, on *Charles Second*:

"Here lies the mutton-eating King,
Whose promise none relies on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
Nor ever did a wise one."

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'But speaking of Racine, he quoted this Couplet (of Roscommon's *Essay on Translated Verse*):

"The weighty bullion of one sterling line
Drawn to French wire would through whole pages shine."

Sherlock. "The English prefer Corneille to Racine."

Voltaire. "That is because the English are not sufficiently "acquainted with the French tongue to feel the beauties of "Racine's style, or the harmony of his versification. Corneille "ought to please them more because he is more striking; but "Racine pleases the French because he has more softness and "tenderness."

Sherlock. "How did you find" (*like*) "the English fare (*la "chère Anglaise?*"—which Voltaire mischievously takes for "the dear Englishwoman"). *Voltaire.* "I found her very fresh "and white,"—truly! ('It should be remembered, that when he 'made this pun upon Women, he was in his eighty-third year).'

Sherlock. "Their language?" *Voltaire.* "Energetic, "precise and barbarous; they are the only Nation that pro- "nounces their *a* as *e*." * * (And some time afterwards) "Though I cannot perfectly pronounce English, my ear is sen- "sible of the harmony of your language and of your versifica- "tion. Pope and Dryden have the most harmony in Poetry; "Addison in Prose." (Takes now the interrogating side.)

Voltaire. "How have you found (*avez-vous trouvé*) the "French?" *Sherlock.* "Amiable and witty. I only find "one fault with them: they imitate the English too much."

Voltaire. "How! Do you think us worthy to be originals "ourselves?" *Sherlock.* "Yes, Sir."

Voltaire. "So do I too:—but it is of your Government that "we are envious."

Sherlock. "I have found the French freer than I expected."

Voltaire. "Yes, as to walking, or eating whatever he pleases, "or lolling in his elbow-chair, a Frenchman is free enough; but "as to taxes—Ah, Monsieur, you are a lucky Nation; you can "do what you like; poor we are born in slavery: we cannot "even die as we will; we must have a Priest" (can't get buried otherwise; am often thinking of that!). * * "Well, if the "English do sell themselves, it is a proof that they are worth

"something: we French don't sell ourselves, probably because "we are worth nothing."

Sherlock. "What is your opinion of the *Éloïse*" (Rousseau's immortal Work)? *Voltaire.* "That it will not be read "twenty years hence."

Sherlock. "Mademoiselle de l'Enclos wrote some good *Let-"ters?*" *Voltaire.* "She never wrote one; they were by the "wretched Crébillon" (my beggarly old 'Rival' in the Pompadour epoch)! * *

Voltaire. "The Italians are a Nation of brokers. Italy is an "Old-Clothes shop; in which there are many Old Dresses of "exquisite taste. * * But we are still to know, Whether the "subjects of the Pope or of the Grand Turk are the more ab-"ject." (We have now gone to the Drawing-room, I think, though it is not jotted.)

'He talked of England and of Shakespeare; and explained 'to Madame Denis part of a Scene in *Henry Fifth*, where the 'King makes love to Queen Catherine in bad French; and of 'another in which that Queen takes a lesson in English from her 'Waiting-woman, and where there are several very gross double-'entendres'—but, I hope, did not long dwell on these. * *

Voltaire. "When I see an Englishman subtle and fond of "law-suits, I say, 'There is a Norman, who came in with Wil-"liam the Conqueror.' When I see a man good-natured and "polite, 'That is one who came with the Plantagenets;' a brutal "character, 'That is a Dane:'—for your Nation, Monsieur, as "well as your Language, is a medley of many others."

'After dinner, passing through a little Parlour where there 'was a head of Locke, another of the Countess of Coventry, 'and several more, he took me by the arm and stopped me: "Do you know this Bust" (bust of Sir Isaac Newton)? "It "is the greatest genius that ever existed: if all the geniuses of "the Universe were assembled, he should lead the band."

'It was of Newton, and of his own Works, that M. de Vol-'taire always spoke with the greatest warmth.'[44] (*Exit* Sherlock, to jot down the above, and thence into Infinite Space.)

[44] Sherlock, *Letters* (London, 1802), i. 98-106.

General or Fieldmarshal Conway, direct from the London Circles, attends one of Friedrich's Reviews (August—September 1774).

Now that Friedrich's Military Department is got completely into trim again, which he reckons to have been about 1770, his annual Reviews are becoming very famous over Europe; and intelligent Officers of all Countries are eager to be present, and instruct themselves there. The Review is beautiful as a Spectacle; but that is in no sort the intention of it. Rigorous business, as in the strictest of Universities examining for Degrees, would be nearer the definition. Sometimes, when a new manœuvre or tactical invention of importance is to be tried by experiment, you will find for many miles the environs of Potsdam, which is usually the scene of such experiments, carefully shut in; sentries on every road, no unfriendly eye admitted; the thing done as with closed doors. Nor at any time can you attend without leave asked; though to Foreign Officers, and persons that have really business there, there appears to be liberality enough in granting it. The concourse of military strangers seems to keep increasing every year, till Friedrich's death.[45] French, more and more in quantity, present themselves; multifarious German names; generally a few English too,—Burgoyne (of Saratoga finally), Cornwallis, Duke of York, Marshal Conway,—of which last we have something farther to say at present.

In Summer 1774, Conway, the Marshal Conway, of whom Walpole is continually talking as of a considerable Soldier and Politician, though he was not in either

[45] Rödenbeck, iii. in *locis*.

character considerable, but was Walpole's friend, and an honest modest man,—had made up his mind, perhaps partly on domestic grounds (for I have noticed glimpses of a "Lady C." much out of humour), to make a Tour in Germany, and see the Reviews, both Austrian and Prussian, Prussian especially. Two immense *Letters* of his on that subject have come into my hands,[46] and elsewhere incidentally there is printed record of the Tour;[47] unimportant as possible, both Tour and Letters, but capable, if squeezed into compass, of still being read without disadvantage here.

Sir Robert Murray Keith,—that is, the younger Excellency Keith, now Minister at Dresden, whom we have sometimes heard of,—accompanies Conway on this Tour, or flies alongside of him, with frequent intersections at the principal points; and there is printed record by Sir Robert, but still less interesting than this of Conway, and perfectly conformable to it:—so that, except for some words about the Lord Marischal, which shall be given, Keith must remain silent, while the diffuse Conway strives to become intelligible. Indeed, neither Conway nor Keith tell us the least thing that is not abundantly, and even wearisomely known from German sources; but to readers here, a pair of English eyes looking on the matter (put straight in places by the help there is), may give it a certain freshness of meaning. Here are Conway's Two Letters, with the nine-parts of water charitably squeezed out of them, by a skilful friend of mine and his.

[46] Kindly presented me by Charles Knight, Esq., the well-known Author and Publisher (who possesses a Collection by the same hand): these Two run to fourteen large pages in my Copy!

[47] In Keith (Sir Robert Murray), *Memoirs and Correspondence*, ii. 21 et seq.

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Conway to his Brother, Marquis of Hertford (in London).

"Berlin, July 17th, 1774.

"Dear Brother,—In the hurry I live in"— . . . "Leaving "Brunswick, where, in absence of most of the Court, who are "visiting at Potsdam, my old Commander," Duke Ferdinand, now estranged from Potsdam,[48] and living here among works of Art, and speculations on Free Masonry, "was very kind to me, "I went to Celle, in Hanover, to pay my respects to the Queen "of Denmark" (unfortunate divorced Matilda, saved by my friend Keith,—innocent, I will hope!) . . . "She is grown extremely "fat." . . . "At Magdeburg, the Prussian Frontier on this side, "one is not allowed, without a permit, even to walk on the ram- "parts,—such the strictness of Prussian rule." . . . "Driving "through Potsdam, on my way to Berlin, I was stopped by a "servant of the good old Lord Marischal, who had spied me as "I passed under his window. He came out in his nightgown, "and insisted upon our staying to dine with him"—(worthy old man; a word of him, were this Letter done). "We ended, on "consultation about times and movements of the King, by stay- "ing three days at Potsdam, mostly with this excellent old Lord.

"On the third day" (yesterday evening, in fact), "I went, "by appointment, to the New Palace, to wait upon the King of "Prussia. There was some delay: his Majesty had gone, in "the interim, to a private Concert, which he was giving to the "Princesses" (Duchess of Brunswick and other high guests[49]); "but the moment he was told I was there, he came out from his "company, and gave me a most flattering gracious audience of "more than half an hour; talking on a great variety of things, "with an ease and freedom the very reverse of what I had been "made to expect." . . . "I asked, and received permission, to "visit the Silesian Camps next month, his Majesty most graciously "telling me the particular days they would begin and end" (27th August—3d September, Schmelwitz near Breslau, are time and

[48] Had a kind of quarrel with Friedrich in 1766 (rough treatment by Adjutant von Anhalt, not tolerable to a Captain now become so eminent), and quietly withdrew,—still on speaking terms with the King, but never his Officer more.

[49] Rödenbeck (*in die*), iii. 98.

place[50]). "This considerably deranges my Austrian movements, "and will hurry my return out of those parts: but who could "resist such a temptation!—I saw the Foot-Guards exercise, "especially the splendid 'First Battalion;' I could have con- "ceived nothing so perfect and so exact as all I saw:—so well "dressed, such men, and so punctual in all they did.

"The New Palace at Potsdam is extremely noble. Not so "perfect, perhaps, in point of taste, but better than I had been "led to expect. The King dislikes living there; never does, "except when there is high Company about him; for seven or "eight months in the year, he prefers Little Sans-Souci, and "freedom among his intimates and some of his Generals." . . . . "His Music still takes up a great share of the King's time. On "a table in his Cabinet there, I saw, I believe, twenty boxes with "a German flute in each; in his Bed-chamber, twice as many "boxes of Spanish snuff; and, alike in Cabinet and in Bed- "chamber, three arm-chairs in a row for three favourite dogs, "each with a little stool by way of step, that the getting up "might be easy." . . .

"The Town of Potsdam is a most extraordinary and, in its "appearance, beautiful Town; all the streets perfectly straight, "all at right angles to each other; and all the houses built with "handsome, generally elegant fronts." . . . "He builds for "everybody who has a bad or a small house,—even the lowest "mechanic. He has done the same at Berlin." Altogether, his Majesty's building operations are astonishing. And "from whence "does this money come, after a long expensive War? It is all "fairy-land and enchantment,"—*Magnum vectigal parsimonia*, in fact! . . . "At Berlin here, I saw the Porcelain Manufacture "today, which is greatly improved. I leave presently. Adieu, "dear Brother; excuse my endless Letter" (since you cannot squeeze the water out of it, as some will!)—"Yours most sin- "cerely, HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY."

Keith is now Minister at Dresden for some years back; and has, among other topics, much to say of our brilliant friend the Electress there: but his grand Diplomatic feat was at Copen-

[50] Rödenbeck, iii. 101.

hagen, on a sudden sally out thither (in 1771):[51] the saving of Queen Matilda, youngest Sister of George Third, from a hard doom. Unfortunate Queen Matilda; one never knows how guilty, or whether guilty at all, but she was very unfortunate, poor young Lady! What with a mad Husband collapsed by debaucheries into stupor of insanity; with a Doctor, gradually a Prime Minister, Struensee, wretched scarecrow to look upon, but wiser than most Danes about; and finally, with a lynx-eyed Step-sister, whose Son, should Matilda mistake, will inherit,—unfortunate Matilda had fallen into the awfullest troubles; got divorced, imprisoned, would have lost her head along with scarecrow Struensee, had not her Brother George III. emphatically intervened, —Excellency Keith, with Seventy-fours in the distance, coming out very strong on the occasion,—and got her loose. Loose from Danish axe and jail, at any rate; delivered into safety and solitude at Celle in Hanover, where she now is,—and soon after suddenly dies of fever, so closing a very sad short history.

Excellency Keith, famed in the Diplomatic circles ever since, is at present ahead of Conway on their joint road to the Austrian Reviews. Before giving Conway's Second Letter, let us hear Keith a little on his kinsman the Old Marischal, whom he saw at Berlin years ago, and still occasionally corresponds with, and mentions in his Correspondence. Keith *loquitur;* date is Dresden, February 1770:

Has visited the Old Marischal at Potsdam lately. * * 'My 'stay of three days with Lord Marischal' .... 'He is the most 'innocent of God's creatures; and his heart is much warmer 'than his head. The place of his abode,' I must say, 'is the 'very Temple of Dulness; and his Female Companion' (a poor Turk foundling, a perishing infant flung into his late Brother's hands at the Fall of Oczakow,[52]—whom the Marischal has carefully brought up, and who refuses to marry away from him,—rather stupid, not very pretty by the Portraits; must now be two-and-thirty gone) 'is perfectly calculated to be the Priestess 'of it! Yet he dawdles away his day in a manner not unpleasant to him; and I really am persuaded he has a conscience

[51] In *Keith*, i. 152, &c., nothing of intelligible Narrative given, hardly the date discoverable.

[52] Suprà, ii. 622.

'that would gild the inside of a dungeon. The feats of our 'bare-legged warriors in the late War' (*Berg-Schotten*, among whom I was a Colonel), 'accompanied by a *pibrach*' (elegiac bagpipe droning *more suo*) 'in his outer room, have an effect on 'the old Don, which would delight you.'[53]

And then seen him in Berlin, on the same occasion. * * 'Lord Marischal came to meet me at Sir Andrew's' (Mitchel's, in Berlin, the last year of the brave Mitchel's life), 'where we 'passed five days together. My visit to his country residence,' as you already know, 'was of three days; and I had reason to be 'convinced that it gave the old Don great pleasure. He talked 'to me with the greatest openness and confidence of all the 'material incidents of his life; and hinted often that the honour 'of the Clan was now to be supported by our family, for all of 'whom he had the greatest esteem. His taste, his ideas, and his 'manner of living, are a mixture of Aberdeenshire and the King-'dom of Valencia; and as he seeks to make no new friends, he 'seems to retain a strong, though silent, attachment for his old 'ones. As to his political principles, I believe him the most sin-'cere of converts' to Whiggery and Orthodoxy. * * 'Since 'I began this, I have had a most inimitable Letter from Lord 'Marischal. I had mentioned Dr. Bailies to him' (noted English Doctor at Dresden, bent on inoculating and the like), 'and begged 'he would send me a state of his case and infirmities, that the 'Doctor might prescribe for him. This is a part of his answer:

"I thank you for your advice of consulting the English "Doctor to repair my old carcass. I have lately done so by "my old coach, and it is now almost as good as new. Please, "therefore, to tell the Doctor, that from him I expect a good "repair, and shall state the case. First, he must know that "the machine is the worse for wear, being nearly eighty years "old. The reparation I propose he shall begin with is: One "pair of new eyes, one pair of new ears, some improvement on "the memory. When this is done, we shall ask new legs, and "some change in the stomach. For the present, this first repa-

[53] Keith, i. 129; 'Dresden, 25th February 1770:' to his Sister in Scotland.

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"ration will be sufficient; and we must not trouble the Doctor "too much at once."—You see by this, how easy his Lordship's 'infirmities sit upon him; and it is really so as he says. Your 'friend Sir Andrew is, I am afraid, less gay; but I have not 'heard from him these three months.'[54]

Conway to Keith, on the late Three Days at Potsdam.[55] "I "stayed three days at Potsdam, with much entertainment, for "good part of which I am obliged to your Excellency's old friend "Lord Marischal, who showed me all the kindness and civility "possible. He stopped me as I passed, and not only made me "dine with him that day, but in a manner live with him. He is "not at all blind, as you imagined; so much otherwise that I "saw him read, without spectacles, a difficult hand I could not "easily decipher." . . . "Stayed but a day at Berlin;" am rushing after you:—Here is my Second Letter:

Conway's Second Letter (to his Brother, as before).

"Schmelwitz" (near Breslau) "Headquarters,
"August 31st, 1774.

"Dear Brother" . . . "I left that Camp" (Austrian Camp, and Reviews, in Hungary, where the Kaiser and everybody had been very gracious to me) "with much regret." 'Parted regretfully with Keith;—had played, at Presburg, in sight of him and fourteen other Englishmen, a game with the Chess Automaton' (brand-new miracle, just out);[56]—'came on through Vienna 'hitherward, as fast as post-horses could carry us; travelling night 'and day, without stopping, being rather behind time.' "Arrived "at Breslau near dark, last night; where I learnt that the Camp "was twenty miles off; that the King was gone there, and that the "Manœuvres would begin at four or five this morning. I there-"fore ordered my chaise at twelve at night, and set out, in dark-"ness and rain, to be presented to the King of Prussia next "morning at five, at the head of his troops." . . . "When I "arrived, before five, at the place called 'Headquarters,' I found

[54] Keith, i. 132, 133; 'Dresden, 13th March 1770:' to his Father.

[55] Date, 'Dresden, 21st July 1774:' in *Keith*, ii. 15.

[56] Account of it, and of this game, in *Keith* too (ii. 18; 'Vienna, 3d September 1774:' Keith to his Father).

"myself in the middle of a miserable Village" (this Schmelwitz here); "no creature alive or stirring, nor a sentinel, or any "Military object to be seen." . . . "As soon as anything alive "was to be found, we asked, If the King was lodged in that "Village? 'Yes,' they said, 'in that House' (pointing to a clay "Hovel). But General Lentulus soon appeared; and—"

"His Majesty has been very gracious; asked me many ques- "tions about my Tour to Hungary. I saw all the Troops pass "him as they arrived in Camp. They made a very fine ap- "pearance really, though it rained hard the whole time we were "out; and as his Majesty" (age 62) "did not cloak, we were "all heartily wet. And, what was worse, went from the field to "Orders" (giving out of Parole, and the like) "at his Quarters, "there to make our bow;—where we stayed in our wet clothes "an hour and half" (towards 10 A.M. by this time). . . How "different at the Emperor's, when his Imperial Majesty and "everybody was cloaked!" (Got no hurt by the wet, strange to say.) . . . . "These are our news to this day. And now, "having sat up five nights out of the last six, and been in rain "and dirt almost all day, I wish you sincerely good night.— "H. S. C."

"P.S. Breslau, 4th September.— * * My Prussian Cam- "paign is finished, and as much to my satisfaction as possible. "The beauty and order of the Troops, their great discipline, "their" &c. &c., "almost pass all belief." . . . "Yesterday we "were on horseback early, at four o'clock. The movement was "conducted with a spirit and order, on both sides, that was asto- "nishing, and struck the more delightful (*sic*) by the variety, as "in the course of the Action the Enemy, conducted by General "Anhalt" (head all right as yet), "took three different positions "before his final retreat.

"The moment it was over" (nine o'clock or so), "his Majesty "got a fresh horse, and set out for Potsdam, after receiving the "compliments of those present, or rather holding a kind of short "Levee in the field. I can't say how much, in my particular, I "am obliged to his Majesty for his extraordinary reception, and "distinction shown me throughout. Each day after the Man- "œuvre, and giving the Orders of the day, he held a little Levee

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"at the door, or in the court; at which, I can assure you, it is "not an exaggeration of vanity to say, that he not only talked to "me, but literally to nobody else at all. It was a good deal each "time, and as soon as finished, he made his bow, and retired, "though all, or most, of the other Foreigners were standing by, "as well as his own Generals. He also called me up, and spoke "to me several times on horseback, when we were out, which he "seldom did to anybody.

"The Prince Royal also showed me much civility. The "second day, he asked me to come and drink a dish of tea with "him after dinner, and kept me an hour and half. He told "me, among other things, that the King of Prussia had a high "opinion of me, and that it came chiefly from the favourable "manner in which Duke Ferdinand and the Hereditary Prince" (of Brunswick) "had spoken of me." . . . "Pray let Horace "Walpole know my address, that I may have all the chance I "can of hearing from him. But, if he comes to Paris, I forgive "him.—H. S. C."

Friedrich's Reviews, though fine to look upon, or indeed the finest in the world, were by no means of spectacular nature; but of altogether serious and practical, almost of solemn and terrible, to the parties interested. Like the strictest College Examination for Degrees, as we said; like a Royal Assize or Doomsday of the Year; to Military people, and over the upper classes of Berlin Society, nothing could be more serious. Major Kaltenborn, an Ex-Prussian Officer, presumably of over-talkative habits, who sounds on us like a very messroom of the time all gathered under one hat,—describes in an almost awful manner the kind of terror with which all people awaited these Annual Assizes for trial of military merit.

'What a sight,' says he, 'and awakening what thoughts, that 'of a body of from 18,000 to 20,000 soldiers, in solemn silence 'and in deepest reverence, awaiting their fate from one man! A 'Review, in Friedrich's time, was an important moment for al- 'most the whole Country. The fortune of whole families often 'depended on it: from wives, mothers, children and friends, 'during those terrible three days, there arose fervent wishes to

'Heaven, that misfortune might not, as was too frequently the 'case, befal their husbands, fathers, sons and friends, in the 'course of them. Here the King, as it were, weighed the merits 'of his Officers, and distributed, according as he found them 'light or heavy, praise or blame, rebukes or favours; and often, 'too often, punishments, to be felt through life. One single 'unhappy moment' (especially, if it were the last of a long series of such!) 'often deprived the bravest Officer of his bread, pain-'fully earned in peace and war, and of his reputation and 'honour, at least in the eyes of most men, who judge of every-'thing only by its issue. The higher you had risen, the easier 'and deeper your fall might be, at an unlucky Review. The 'Heads and Commanders of regiments were always in danger of 'being sent about their business (*weggejagt*).'

The fact is, I Kaltenborn quitted the Prussian Service, and took Hessian,—being (presumably) of exaggerative, over-talkative nature, and strongly gravitating Opposition way!—Kaltenborn admits that the King delighted in nothing so much as to see people's faces cheerful about him; provided the price for it were not too high. Here is another passage from him:

'At latest by 9 in the morning, the day's Manœuvre had 'finished, and everything was already in its place again. Straight 'from the ground all Heads of regiments, the Majors-*de-jour*, all 'Aides-de-Camp, and from every battalion one Officer, proceed 'to Headquarters. It was impossible to speak more beautifully, 'or instructively, than the King did on such occasions, if he were 'not in bad humour. It was then a very delight to hear him 'deliver a Military Lecture, as it were. He knew exactly who 'had failed, what caused the fault, and how it might and should 'have been retrieved. His voice was soft and persuasive (*hinreis-'send*); he looked kindly, and appeared rather bent upon giving 'good advice than commands.

'Thus, for instance, he once said to General von Lossow, 'Head of the Black Hussars: "Your (*seine*) Attack would have "gone very well, had not your own squadron pressed forward "too much (*vorgeprellt*). The brave fellows wanted to show me "how they can ride. But don't I know that well enough;—and "also that you" (covetous Lossow) "always choose the best horses

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"from the whole remount for your own squadron! There was, "therefore, no need at all for that. Tell your people not to "do so tomorrow, and you will see it will go much better; all "will remain closer in their places, and the left wing be able to "keep better in line, in coming on." Another time, having ob-'served, in a certain Foot-regiment, that the soldiers were too 'long in getting out their cartridges, he said to the Command-'ant: "Do you know the cause of this, my dear Colonel? Look, "the cartouche, in the cartridge-box, has 32 holes; into these "the fellow sticks his eight cartridges, without caring how: and "so the poor devil fumbles and gropes about, and cannot get "hold of any. But now, if the Officers would look to it that he "placed them all well together in the middle of the cartouche, "he would never make a false grasp, and the loading would go "as quick again. Only tell your Officers that I had made this "observation, and I am sure they will gladly attend to it." '[57]

Of humane consolatory Anecdotes, in this kind, our Opposition Kaltenborn gives several; of the rhadamanthine desolating or destructive kind, though such also could not be wanting, if your Assize is to be good for anything, he gives us none. And so far as I can learn, the effective punishments, dismissals and the like, were of the due rarity and propriety; though the flashes of unjust rebuke, fulminant severity, lightnings from the gloom of one's own sorrows and ill-humour, were much more frequent, but were seldom,—I do not know if ever,—persisted in to the length of practical result. This is a Rhadamanthus much interested not to be unjust, and to discriminate good from bad! Of Ziethen there are two famous Review Anecdotes, omitted and omissible by Kaltenborn, so well known are they: one of each kind. At a certain Review, year not ascertainable,—long since, prior to the Seven-Years War,—the King's humour was of the grimmest, nothing but faults all round; to Ziethen himself, and the Ziethen Hussars, he said various hard things, and at length this hardest: "Out of my sight with you!"[58] Upon which Ziethen,—a stratum of red-hot kindling in Ziethen too, as was

[57] Anonymous (Kaltenborn), *Briefe eines alten Preussischen Officiers* (Hohenzollern, 1790), ii. 24-26.

[58] Madame de Blumenthal, *Life of Ziethen*, i. 285.

easily possible,—turns to his Hussars, "Right about, *Rechts um*: march!" and on the instant did as bidden. Disappeared, double-quick; and at the same high pace, in a high frame of mind, rattled on to Berlin, home to his quarters, and there first drew bridle. "Turn; for Heaven's sake, bethink you!" said more than one friend whom he met on the road: but it was of no use. Everybody said, "Ziethen is ruined;" but Ziethen never heard of the thing more.

Anecdote Second is not properly of a Review, but of an incidental Parade of the Guard, at Berlin (25th December 1784), by the King in person: Parade, or rather giving out of the Parole after it, in the King's Apartments; which is always a kind of Military Levee as well;—and which, in this instance, was long famous among the Berlin people. King is just arrived for Carnival season; old Ziethen will not fail to pay his duty, though climbing of the stairs is heavy to a man of 85 gone. This is Madam Blumenthal's Narrative (corrected, as it needs, in certain points):

'*Saturday*, 25*th December* 1784, Ziethen, in spite of the bur-'den of eighty-six years, went to the Palace, at the end of the 'Parade, to pay his Sovereign this last tribute of respect, and 'to have the pleasure of seeing him after six months absence. 'The Parole was given out, the orders imparted to the Generals, 'and the King had turned towards the Princes of the Blood,—'when he perceived Ziethen on the other side of the Hall, be-'tween his Son and his two Aides-de-camp. Surprised in a very 'agreeable manner at this unexpected sight, he broke out into an 'exclamation of joy; and directly making up to him,—"What, "my good old Ziethen, are you there!" said his Majesty: "How "sorry am I that you have had the trouble of walking up the "staircase! I should have called upon you myself. How have "you been of late?" "Sire," answered Ziethen, "my health "is not amiss, my appetite is good; but my strength! my "strength!" "This account," replied the King, "makes me "happy by halves only: but you must be tired;—I shall have a "chair for you."' (Thing unexampled in the annals of Royalty!) 'A chair,' on order to Ziethen's Aides-de-Camp, 'was 'quickly brought. Ziethen, however, declared that he was not at

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'all fatigued: the King maintained that he was. "Sit down, good "Father (*Mein lieber alter Papa Ziethen, setze Er sich doch*)!" 'continued his Majesty: "I will have it so; otherwise I must "instantly leave the room; for I cannot allow you to be incom- "moded under my own roof." The old General obeyed, and 'Friedrich the Great remained standing before him, in the midst 'of a brilliant circle that had thronged round them. After ask- 'ing him many questions respecting his hearing, his memory, 'and the general state of his health, he at length took leave of 'him in these words: "Adieu, my dear Ziethen" (it was his last adieu!)—"take care not to catch cold; nurse yourself well, and "live as long as you can, that I may often have the pleasure "of seeing you." After having said this, the King, instead of 'speaking to the other Generals, and walking through the saloons, 'as usual, retired abruptly, and shut himself up in his closet.'[59]

Following in date these small Conway Phenomena, if these, so extraneous and insignificant, can have any glimmer of memorability to readers, are two other occurrences, especially one other, which come in at this part of the series, and greatly more require to be disengaged from the dust-heaps, and presented for remembrance.

In 1775, the King had a fit of illness; which long occupied certain Gazetteers and others. That is the first occurrence of the two, and far the more important. He himself says of it, in his *History*, all that is essential to us here:

'Towards the end of 1775, the King was attacked by several 'strong consecutive fits of gout. Van Swieten, a famous Doctor's 'Son, and Minister of the Imperial Court at Berlin, took it into

[59] Blumenthal, ii. 341; *Militair-Lexikon*, iv. 318. Chodowiecki has made an Engraving of this Scene; useful to look at for its military Portraits, if of little esteem otherwise. Strangely enough, both in *Blumenthal* and in Chodowiecki's *Engraving*, the year is given as 1785 (plainly impossible); *Militair-Lexikon* misprints the month; and, one way or other, only Rödenbeck (iii. 316) is right in both day and year.

'his head that this gout was a declared dropsy; and, glad to 'announce to his Court the approaching death of an enemy that 'had been dangerous to it, boldly informed his Kaiser that the 'King was drawing to his end, and would not last out the year. 'At this news the soul of Joseph flames into enthusiasm; all the 'Austrian troops are got on march, their Rendezvous marked in 'Bohemia; and the Kaiser waits, full of impatience, at Vienna, 'till the expected event arrive; ready then to penetrate at once 'into Saxony, and thence to the Frontiers of Brandenburg, and 'there propose to the King's Successor the alternative of either 'surrendering Silesia straightway to the House of Austria, or 'seeing himself overwhelmed by Austrian troops before he could 'get his own assembled. All these things, which were openly 'done, got noised abroad everywhere; and did not, as is easy 'to believe, cement the friendship of the Two Courts. To the 'Public, this scene appeared the more ridiculous, as the King of 'Prussia, having only had a common gout in larger dose than 'common, was already well of it again, before the Austrian 'Army had got to their Rendezvous. The Kaiser made all these 'troops return to their old quarters; and the Court of Vienna 'had nothing but mockery for its imprudent conduct.'[60]

The first of these gout-attacks seems to have come in the end of September, and to have lasted about a month; after which the illness abated, and everybody thought it was gone. The Kaiser-Joseph evolution must have been in October, and have got its mockery in the next months. Friedrich, writing to *Voltaire*, October 22d, has these words: * * "A pair of "charming Letters from Ferney; to which, had they been from "the great Demiurgus himself, I could not have dictated An- "swer. Gout held me tied and garrotted for four weeks;—gout "in both feet and in both hands; and, such its extreme liberality, "in both elbows too: at present the pains and the fever have "abated, and I feel only a very great exhaustion."[61] 'Four consecutive attacks; hope they are now all over:' but we read, within the Spring following, that there have been in all twelve of them; and in May 1776, the Newspapers count eighteen quasi-consecutive. So that in reality the King's strength was sadly

[60] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vi. 124. [61] Ibid. xxv. 44.

1776.

reduced; and his health, which did not recover its old average till about 1780, continued, for several years after this bad fit, to be a constant theme of curiosity to the Gazetteer species, and a matter of solicitude to his friends and to his enemies.

Of the Kaiser's immense ambition there can be no question. He is stretching himself out on every side; 'seriously wishing,' thinks Friedrich, 'that he could "revivify the German Reich,"' —new Barbarossa in improved *fixed* form; how noble! Certainly, to King Friedrich's sad conviction, 'the Austrian Court is 'aiming to swallow all manner of dominions that may fall within 'its grasp.' Wants Bosnia and Servia in the East; longs to seize certain Venetian Territories, which would unite Trieste and the Milanese to the Tyrol. Is throwing out hooks on Modena, on the Ferrarese, on this and on that. Looking with eager eyes on Bavaria,—the situation of which is peculiar; the present Kur-Baiern being elderly, childless; and his Heir the like, who withal is already Kur-Pfalz, and will unite the Two Electorates under one head; a thing which Austria regards with marked dislike.[62] These are anxious considerations to a King in Friedrich's sick state. In his private circle, too, there are sorrows: death of Fouquet, death of Quintus Icilius, of Seidlitz, Quantz (good old Quantz, with his fine Flutings these fifty years, and the still finer memories he awoke![63]),—latterly an unusual number of deaths. The ruggedly intelligent Quintus, a daily companion, and guest at the supper-table, died few months before this fit of gout; and must have been greatly missed by Friedrich. Fouquet, at Brandenburg, died last year: his benefactor in the early Cüstrin distresses, his "Bayard," and chosen friend ever since; how conspicuously dear to Friedrich to the last is still evident. A Friedrich getting lonely enough, and the lights of his life going out around him;—has but one sure consolation, which comes to him as compulsion withal, and is not neglected, that of standing stedfast to his work, whatever the mood and posture be.

The Event of 1776 is Czarowitch Paul's arrival in Berlin, and betrothal to a second Wife there; his first

[62] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vi. 123. [63] Friedrich's Teacher of the Flute; procured for him by his Mother (Suprà, ii. 108).

having died in childbirth lately. The first had been of Friedrich's choosing, but had behaved ill,—seduced by Spanish-French Diplomacies, by this and that, poor young creature:—the second also was of Friedrich's choosing, and a still nearer connexion: figure what a triumphant event! Event now fallen dead to every one of us; and hardly admitting the smallest Note,—except for chronology's sake, which it is always satisfactory to keep clear:

'Czarowitch Paul's first Wife, the Hessen-Darmstadt Prin-
'cess of Three, died of her first child, April 26th, 1776: every-
'body whispered, "It is none of Paul's!"—who, nevertheless,
'was inconsolable, the wild heart of him like to break on the
'occurrence. By good luck, Prince Henri had set out, by invi-
'tation, on a second visit to Petersburg; and arrived there, also
'on April 26th,[64]—the very day of the fatality. Prince Henri
'soothed, consoled the poor Czarowitch; gradually brought him
'round; agreed with his Czarina Mother, that he must have a
'new Wife; and dextrously fixed her choice on a "Niece of
'the King's and Henri's." Eldest Daughter of Eugen of Wür-
'temberg, of whom, as an excellent General, though also as a surly
'Husband, readers have some memory; now living withdrawn at
'Mümpelgard, the Würtemberg Apanage' (Montbeillard, as the French call it), 'in these piping times of Peace:—she is the
'Princess. To King Friedrich's great surprise and joy. The
'Mümpelgard Principalities, and fortunate Princess, are sum-
'moned to Berlin. Czarowitch Paul, under Henri's escort,
'and under gala and festivities from the Frontier onward,
'arrived in Berlin, 21st July 1776; was betrothed to his Wür-
'temberg Princess straightway; and after about a fortnight of
'festivities still more transcendent, went home with her to Pe-
'tersburg; and was there wedded, 18th October following;—
'Czar and Czarina, she and he, twenty years after, and their
'posterity reigning ever since.'[65]

'At Vienna,' says the King, 'everybody was per-
'suaded the Czarowitch would never come to Berlin.
'Prince Kaunitz had been,'—been at his old tricks again,

[64] Rödenbeck, iii. 139-146. [65] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vi. 120-122.

playing his sharpest, in the Court of Petersburg again: what tricks (about Poland and otherwise), let us not report, for it is now interesting to nobody. Of the Czarowitch Visit itself, I will remark only,—what seems to be its one chance of dating itself in any of our memories,—that it fell out shortly after the Sherlock dinner with Voltaire (in 1776, April 27th the one event, July 21st the other);—and that here is, by pure accident, the exuberant erratic Sherlock, once more, and once only, emerging on us for a few moments!—

Exuberant Sherlock and Eleven other English are presented to Friedrich, on a Court Occasion (8th October 1777); *and Two of them get spoken to, and speak each a Word. Excellency Hugh Elliot is their Introducer.*

Harris, afterwards Earl of Malmesbury, succeeded Mitchell at Berlin: "Polish troubles" (heartily indifferent to England), "Dantzic squabbles" (miraculously important there),—nothing worth the least mention now. Excellency Harris quitted Berlin in Autumn 1776; gave place to an Excellency Hugh Elliot (one of the Minto Elliots, Brother of the first Earl of Minto, and himself considerably noted in the world), of whom we have a few words to say.

Elliot has been here since April 1777; stays some five years in this post;—with not much Diplomatic employment, I should think, but with a style of general bearing and social physiognomy, which, with some procedures partly incidental as well, are still remembered in Berlin. Something of spying, too, doubtless there was; bribing of menials, opening of Letters: I believe a great deal of that went on; impossible to prevent under the

carefullest of Kings.[66] Hitherto, with one exception to be mentioned presently, his main business seems to have been that of introducing, on different Court-Days, a great number of Travelling English, who want to see the King, and whom the King little wants, but quietly submits to. Incoherent Sherlock, whom we discover to have been of the number, has, in his tawdry disjointed Book, this Passage:

'The last time of my seeing him' (this Hero-King of my heart) 'was at Berlin' (not a hint of the time when). 'He came 'thither to receive the adieus of the Baron de Swieten, Minister 'from their Imperial Majesties' (thank you; that means, 8th October 1777[67]), 'and to give audience to the new Minister, the 'Count Cobenzl.' The Foreign Ministers, the persons who were 'to be presented' (we, for instance), 'and the Military, were all 'that were at Court. We were ten English' (thirteen by tale): 'the King spoke to the first and the last; not on account of their 'situation, but because their names struck him. The first was 'Major Dalrymple. To him the King said: "You have been "presented to me before?" "I ask your Majesty's pardon; it "was my Uncle" (Lord Dalrymple, of whom presently). Mr. 'Pitt' (unknown to me which Pitt, subsequent Lord Camelford or another) 'was the last. *The King:* "Are you a relation of "Lord Chatham's?" "Yes, Sire."—"He is a man whom I "highly esteem" (read "esteemed").

'He then went to the Foreign Ministers; and talked more to 'Prince Dolgorucki, the Russian Ambassador, than to any other. 'In the midst of his conversation with this Prince, he turned

[66] An ingenious young Friend of mine, connected with Legationary Business, found lately, at the Hague, a consecutive Series, complete for four or five years (I think, from 1780 onwards), of Friedrich's *Letters* to his *Minister in London*,—Copies punctually filched as they went through the Post-office there:—specimens of which I saw; and the whole of which I might have seen, had it been worth the effort necessary. But Friedrich's London Minister, in this case, was a person of no significance or intimacy; and the King's Letters, though strangely exact, clear, and even elucidative on English Court-Politics and vicissitudes, seemed to be nearly barren as to Prussian.

[67] Rödenbeck, iii. 172.

'abruptly to Mr. Elliot, the English Minister, and asked: "What "is the Duchess of Kingston's family name?" This transition 'was less Pindaric than it appears; he had just been speaking 'of the Court of Petersburg, and that Lady was then there.'[68] Whereupon Sherlock hops his ways again; leaving us considerably uncertain. But, by a curious accident, here, at first hand, is confirmation of the flighty creature;—a Letter from Excellency Elliot himself having come our way:

To William Eden, Esquire (of the Foreign-Office, London; Elliot's Brother-in-law; afterwards *Lord Auckland*).

"Berlin, 12th October 1777.

"My dear Eden,—If you are waiting upon the pinnacle of "all impatience to give me news from the Howes" (unknown to us, of no interest to us), "I am waiting with no less impatience "to receive it, and think every other subject too little interesting to be mentioned. I must, however, tell you, the King has "been here;[69] to the astonishment of all croakers, hearty and in "high spirits. He was very civil to all of us. I was attended "by one dozen English, which nearly completes my half-hundred "this season. Pitt made one of the twelve, and was particularly "distinguished. KING: '*Monsieur est-il parent de Mylord Chatham?*' PITT: '*Oui, Sire.*' KING: '*C'est un homme que j'ai beaucoup estimé.*'

"You have no idea of the joy the people expressed to see "the King on Horseback,—all the Grub-street nonsense of 'a "Country groaning under the weight of its burdens,' of 'a Nation governed with a rod of iron,' vanished before the sincere "acclamations of all ranks, who joined in testifying their enthusiasm for their great Monarch. I long for Harris and Company" (Excellency Harris; making for Russia, I believe); "they are to pig together in my house; so that I flatter myself "with having a near view, if not a taste, of connubial joys. My "love to E and *e*" (your big *E*leanor and your *little*, a baby in

[68] Sherlock, ii. 27.

[69] 'Came to Berlin, 8th October,' on the Van-Swieten errand; 'saw Princess Amelia twice; and on the 9th, returned to Potsdam' (Rödenbeck, iii. 172).

arms, who are my Sister and Niece;—pretty, this!). "Your "most affectionate, H. E."

"P.S. I quite forgot to tell you, I sent out a servant some "time ago to England to bring a couple of Horses. He will "deliver some Packets to you; which I beg you will send, with "Lord Marischal's compliments, to their respective Addresses. "There is also a china cup for Mr. Macnamara, Lawyer, in the "Temple or Lincoln's Inn, from the same person" (lively old gentleman, age 91 gone; did die next year). "What does "Eleanor mean about my Congratulatory Letter to Lord Suf- "folk" (our Foreign Secretary, on his marriage lately)? "I "wished his Lordship, most sincerely, every happiness in his "new state, as soon as I knew of it. I beg, however, Eleanor "will do the like;—and although it is not my system to 'con- "gratulate' anybody upon marriage, yet I never fail to wish "them what, I think, it is always two to one they do not "obtain."[70]

As to the Dalrymple of *Sherlock*, read this (*Friedrich to D'Alembert*, two years before[71]): * * "A Mylord "of wonderful name" (Lord Dalrymple, if I could remember it), "of amiable genius (*au nom baroque, à "l'esprit aimable*), gave me a Letter on your part. "'Ah, how goes the Prince of Philosophers, then? "Is he gay; is he busy; did you see him often?' To "which the Mylord: 'I? No; I am straight from Lon- "don!'"—"*Quoi donc—?*" In short, knowing my Anaxagoras, this Mylord preferred to be introduced by him; and was right: "One of the amiablest Eng- "lishmen I have seen;—I except only the name, which "I shall never remember" (but do, on this new occasion): "Why doesn't he get himself unchristened of it, "and take that of Stair, which equally belongs to him?" (Earl of Stair by and by; Nephew, or Grand-Nephew,

[70] *Eden-House Correspondence* (part of which, not this, has been published, in late years).

[71] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxv. 21: 5th August 1775.

of the great Earl of Stair, once so well known to some of us. Becomes English Minister here in 1785, if we much cared.)

That word of reminiscence about Pitt is worth more attention. Not spoken lightly, but with meaning and sincerity; something almost pathetic in it, after the sixteen-years separation: "A man whom I much esteemed," —and had good reason to do so! Pitt's subsequent sad and bright fortunes, from the end of the Seven-Years War and triumphant summing-up of the *Jenkins's-Ear Question*, are known to readers. His Burton-Pynsent meed of honour (Estate of 3,000*l.* a-year bequeathed him by an aged Patriot, "Let *this* bit of England go a noble road!"); his lofty silences, in the World Political; his vehement attempts in it, when again asked to attempt, all futile,—with great pain to him, and great disdain from him:—his passionate impatiences on minor matters, 'labourers' (ornamenting Burton-Pynsent Park, in Somersetshire) 'planting trees by torchlight;' 'kitchen 'people' (at Hayes in North Kent, House still to be seen) 'roasting a series of chickens, chicken after chicken, all 'day, that at any hour, within ten minutes, my Lord 'may dine!'—these things dwell in the memory of every worthy reader. Here, saved from my poor friend Smelfungus (nobody knows how much of him I suppress), is a brief jotting, in the form of rough *memoranda*, if it be permissible:

'Pitt four years King; lost in quicksands, after that; off to 'Bath, from gout, from semi-insanity; "India should pay, but 'how?" Lost in General-Warrants, in Wilkes Controversies, 'American Revolts,—generally, in shallow quicksands;—dies 'at his post, but his post had become a delirious one.

'A delicate, proud, noble man; pure as refined gold. Some-'thing sensitive, almost feminine in him; yet with an edge, a

'fire, a steadiness; liker Friedrich, in some fine principal points, 'than any of his Contemporaries. The one King England has 'had, this King of Four Years, since the Constitutional system 'set in. Oliver Cromwell, yes indeed,—but he died, and there 'was nothing for it but to hang his body on the gallows. Dutch 'William, too, might have been considerable,—but he was Dutch, 'and to us proved to be nothing. Then again, so long as Sarah 'Jennings held the Queen's Majesty in bondage, some gleams of 'Kinghood for us under Marlborough:—after whom Noodleism 'and Somnambulism, zero on the back of zero, and all our Affairs, 'temporal, spiritual and eternal, jumbling at random, which we 'call the Career of Freedom, till Pitt stretched out his hand 'upon them. For four years; never again, he; never again one 'resembling him,—nor indeed can ever be.

'Never, I should think. Pitts are not born often; this Pitt's 'ideas could occur in the History of Mankind once only. Stranger 'theory of society, completely believed in by a clear, sharp and 'altogether human head, incapable of falsity, was seldom heard 'of in the world. For King: open your mouth, let the first 'gentleman that falls into it (a mass of Hanover stolidity, stu-'pidity, foreign to you, heedless of you) be King: Supreme 'Majesty he, with hypothetical decorations, dignities, solemn 'appliances, high as the stars (the whole, except the money, a 'mendacity, and sin against Heaven): him you declare Sent-'of-God, Supreme Captain of your England; and having done 'so,—tie him up (according to Pitt) with Constitutional straps, 'so that he cannot stir hand or foot, for fear of accidents: in 'which state he is fully cooked; throw me at his Majesty's feet, 'and let me bless Heaven for such a Pillar of Cloud by day,

'Pitt, closely as I could scrutinise, seems never to have 'doubted in his noble heart but he had some reverence for 'George II. "Reverenced his Office," says a simple reader? 'Alas no, my friend, man does not "reverence Office," but only 'sham-reverences it. I defy him to reverence anything but a 'Man filling an Office (with or without salary) nobly. Filling a 'noble office ignobly; doing a celestial task in a quietly infernal 'manner? It were kinder perhaps to run your sword through 'him (or through yourself) than to take to revering him! If

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'inconvenient to slay him, or to slay yourself (as is oftenest 'likely),—keep well to windward of him; be not, without ne-'cessity, partaker of his adventures in this extremely earnest 'Universe!' * *

'No; Nature does not produce many Pitts:—nor will any 'Pitt ever again apply in Parliament for a career. "Your "voices, *your* most sweet voices; ye melodious torrents of Gada-"renes Swine, galloping rapidly down steep places,—I, for one, "know whither!"' * *—Enough.

About four months before this time, Elliot had done a feat, not in the Diplomatic line at all, or by his own choice at all, which had considerably astonished the Diplomatic world at Berlin, and was doubtless well in the King's thoughts during this introduction of the Dozen. The American War is raging and blundering along,—a delectable Lord George Sackville (*alias* Germaine) managing as War-Minister, others equally skilful presiding at the Parliamentary helm; all becoming worse and worse off, as the matter proceeds. The revolted Colonies have their Franklins, Lees, busy in European Courts: "Help us in our noble struggle, ye European Courts; now is your chance on tyrannous England!" To which France at least does appear to be lending ear. Lee, turned out from Vienna, is at work in Berlin, this while past; making what progress is uncertain to some people.

I know not whether it was by my Lord Suffolk's instigation, or what had put the Britannic Cabinet on such an idea,—perhaps the stolen Letters of Friedrich, which show so exact a knowledge of the current of events in America as well as England ("knows every step of it, as if he were there himself, the Arch-Enemy of honest neighbours in a time of stress!")—but it does appear they had got it into their sagacious heads that

the bad neighbour at Berlin was, in effect, the Arch-Enemy, probably mainspring of the whole matter; and that it would be in the highest degree interesting to see clearly what Lee and he had on hand. Order thereupon to Elliot: "Do it, at any price;" and finally, as mere price will not answer, "Do it by any method,—*steal* Lee's Despatch-Box for us!"

Perhaps few Excellencies living had less appetite for such a job than Elliot; but his Orders were peremptory, "Lee is a rebel, quasi-outlaw; and you must!" Elliot thereupon took accurate survey of the matter; and rapidly enough, and with perfect skill, though still a novice in Berlin affairs, managed to do it. Privily hired, or made his servant hire, the chief Housebreaker or Pick-pocket in the City: "Lee lodges in such and such a Hostelry; bring us his Red-Box for a thirty hours; it shall be well worth your while!" And in brief space the Red-Box arrives, accordingly; a score or two of ready-writers waiting for it, who copy all day, all night, at the top of their speed, till they have enough: which done, the Lee Red-Box is left on the stairs of the Lee Tavern; Box locked again, and complete; only the Friedrich-Lee Secrets completely pumped out of it, and now rushing day and night towards England, to illuminate the Supreme Council-Board there.

This astonishing mass of papers is still extant in England;[72]—the outside of them I have seen, by no means the inside, had I wished it;—but am able to say from other sources, which are open to all the world, that seldom had a Supreme Council-Board procured for itself, by improper or proper ways, a Discovery of less

[72] In the *Eden-House Archives;* where a natural delicacy (unaware that the questionable Legationary *Fact* stands in print for so many years past) is properly averse to any promulgation of them.

value! Discovery that Lee has indeed been urgent at Berlin; and has raised in Friedrich the question, "Have you got to such a condition that I can, with safety and advantage, make a Treaty of Commerce with you?"—That his Minister Schulenburg has, by Order, been investigating Lee on that head; and has reported, "No, your Majesty, Lee and People are not in such a condition;" that his Majesty has replied, "Well, let him wait till they are;" and that Lee is waiting accordingly. In general, That his Majesty is not less concerned in guidance or encouragement of the American War than he is in ditto of the Atlantic Tides or of the East-Wind (though he does keep barometers and meteorological apparatus by him); and that we of the Council-Board are a—what shall I say! Not since the case of poor Dr. Cameron, in 1753, when Friedrich was to have joined the Highlanders with 15,000 chosen Prussians for Jacobite purposes,—and the Cham of Tartary to have taken part in the Bangorian Controversy,—was there a more perfect platitude, or a deeper depth of ignorance as to adjacent objects on the part of Governing Men. For shame, my friends!—

This surprising bit of Burglary, so far as I can gather from the Prussian Books, must have been done on *Wednesday, June 25th*, 1777; Box (with essence pumped out) restored to staircase, night of Thursday,—Police already busy, Governor Ramin and Justice-President Philippi already apprised, and suspicion falling on the English Minister,—whose Servant ("Arrest him we cannot without a King's Warrant, only procurable at Potsdam!") vanishes bodily. Friday 27th, Ramin and Philippi make report; King answers, "greatly astonished:" a "*garstige Sache* (ugly Business), which will do the English no honour:" "Servant fled, say you?

Trace it to the bottom; swift!" Excellency Elliot, seeing how matters lay, owned honestly to the Official People, That it was his Servant (Servant safe gone, Chief Pickpocket not mentioned at all); *Sunday evening 29th*, King orders thereupon, "Let the matter drop." These Official Pieces, signed by the King, by Hertzberg, Ramin and others, we do not give: here is Friedrich's own notice of it to his Brother Henri:

"*Potsdam, 29th June* 1777. * * There has just "occurred a strange thing at Berlin. Three days ago, "in absence of the Sieur Lee, Envoy of the American "Colonies, the Envoy of England went" (sent!) "to the "Inn where Lee lodged, and carried off his Portfolio; "it seems he was in fear, however, and threw it down, "without opening it, on the stairs" (alas, no, your Majesty, not till after pumping the essence out). "All "Berlin is talking of it. If one were to act with rigour, "it would be necessary to forbid this man the Court, "since he has committed a public theft: but, not to "make a noise, I suppress the thing. Shan't fail, how-"ever, to write to England about it, and indicate that "there was another way of dealing with such a matter, "for they are impertinent" (say, ignorant, blind as moles, your Majesty; that is the charitable reading!).[73]

This was not Excellency Elliot's Burglary, as readers see,—among all the Excellencies going, I know not that there is one with less natural appetite for such a job; but sometimes what can a necessitous Excellency do? Elliot is still remembered in Berlin society, not for this only, but for emphatic things of a better complexion which he did; a man more justly estimated

[73] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvi. 394. In *Preuss*, v. (he calls it 'iv.' or '*Urkundenbuch* to vol. iv.,' but it is really and practically vol. v.) 278, 279, are the various Official Reports.

there, than generally here in our time. Here his chief fame rests on a witty Anecdote, evidently apocryphal, and manufactured in the London Clubs: "Who is this "Hyder-Ali," said the old King to him, one day (according to the London Clubs). "Hm," answered Elliot, with exquisite promptitude, politeness and solidity of information, "*C'est un vieux voleur qui commence radoter*" (An old robber, now falling into his dotage),"—let his dotard Majesty take that.

Alas, my friends!—Ignorance by herself is an awkward lumpish wench; not yet fallen into vicious courses, nor to be uncharitably treated: but Ignorance and Insolence,—these are, for certain, an unlovely Mother and Bastard! Yes;—and they may depend upon it, the grim Parish-beadles of this Universe are out on the track of them, and oakum and the correction-house are infallible sooner or later! The clever Elliot, who knew a hawk from a hernshaw, never floundered into that platitude. This, however, is a joke of his, better or worse (I think, on his quitting Berlin in 1782, without visible resource or outlook): "I am far from having a Sans-Souci," writes he to the Edens; "and I "think I am coming to be *sans six-sous*."—

—Here still are two small Fractions, which I must insert; and then rigorously close. Kaiser Joseph, in these months, is travelling through France to instruct his Imperial mind. The following is five weeks anterior to that of Lee's Red-Box:

1. *A Bit of Dialogue at Paris* (Saturday, 17th May 1777). After solemn Session of the *Académie Française*, held in honour of an illustrious *Comte de Falkenstein* (privately, Kaiser Joseph II.), who has come to look at France,[74]—Comte de Falkenstein was

[74] Minute and rather entertaining Account of his procedures there, and especially of his two Visits to the Academy (first was May 10th), in Mayer, *Reisen Josephs II.* (Leipzig, 1778), pp. 112-132, 147 et seq.

graciously pleased to step up to D'Alembert, who is Perpetual Secretary here; and this little Dialogue ensued:

Falkenstein. "I have heard you are for Germany this sea-" son; some say you intend to become German altogether?" *D'Alembert.* "I did promise myself the high honour of a visit to " his Prussian Majesty, who has deigned to invite me, with all " the kindness possible: but, alas for such hopes! the bad state " of my health—" *Falkenstein.* "It seems to me you have al-" ready been to see the King of Prussia?" *D'Alembert.* "Two " times; once in 1756" (1755, 17th-19th June, if you will be exact), "at Wesel, when I remained only a few days; and again " in 1763, when I had the honour to pass three or four months " with him. Since that time I have always longed to have the " honour of seeing his Majesty again; but circumstances hin-" dered me. I, above all, regretted not to have been able to pay " my court to him that year he saw the Emperor at Neisse,—but " at this moment there is nothing more to be wished on that head" (Don't bow: the Gentleman is *Incognito*). *Falkenstein.* "It " was very natural that the Emperor, young, and desiring to in-" struct himself, should wish to see such a Prince as the King of " Prussia; so great a Captain, a Monarch of such reputation, " and who has played so great a part. It was a Scholar going " to see his Master" (these are his very words, your Majesty). *D'Alembert.* "I wish M. le Comte de Falkenstein could see the " Letters which the King of Prussia did me the honour to write " after that Interview: it would then appear how this Prince " judged of the Emperor, as all the world has since done."[75]

King to D'Alembert (three months after. Kaiser is home; passed Ferney, early in August; and did not call on Voltaire, as is well known). * * "I hear the Comte de Falken-" stein has been seeing harbours, arsenals, ships, manufactures, " and hasn't seen Voltaire. Had I been in the Emperor's " place, I would not have passed Ferney without a glance at the " old Patriarch, were it only to say that I had seen and heard " him. Arsenals, ships, manufactures, these you can see any-" where; but it requires ages to produce a Voltaire. By the " rumours I hear, it will have been a certain great Lady Theresa,

[75] 'D'Alembert to Friedrich' (in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxv. 75), '23d May 1777.' Ibid. xxv. 82; '13th August 1777.'

"very Orthodox and little Philosophical, who forbade her Son to "visit the Apostle of Tolerance." *D'Alembert* (in answer): "No doubt your Majesty's guess is right. It must have been "the Lady Mother. Nobody here believes that the advice came "from his Sister" (Queen Marie Antoinette), "who, they say, "is full of esteem for the Patriarch, and has more than once let "him know it by third parties."[76]

According to Friedrich, Joseph's reflections in France were very gloomy: "This is all one Country; strenuously kneaded into perfect union and incorporation by the Old Kings: my discordant Romish Reich is of many Countries,—and should be of one, if Sovereigns were wise and strenuous!"[77]—

2. *A Cabinet-Order and actual* (facsimile) *Signature of Friedrich's.*—After unknown travels over the world, this poor brown Bit of Paper, with a Signature of Friedrich's to it, has wandered hither; and I have had it copied, worthy or not. A Royal Cabinet-Order on the smallest of subjects; but perhaps all the more significant on that account; and a Signature which readers may like to see.

Fordan, or Fordon, is in the Bromberg Department in West-Preussen,—Bromberg no longer a heap of ruins; but a lively, new-built, paved, *canalled*, and industrious trading Town. At Fordan is a Grain-Magazine: Bein ("Leg," *der Bein*, as they slightingly call him) is Proviant-Master there; and must consider his ways,—the King's eye being on him. Readers can now look and understand:

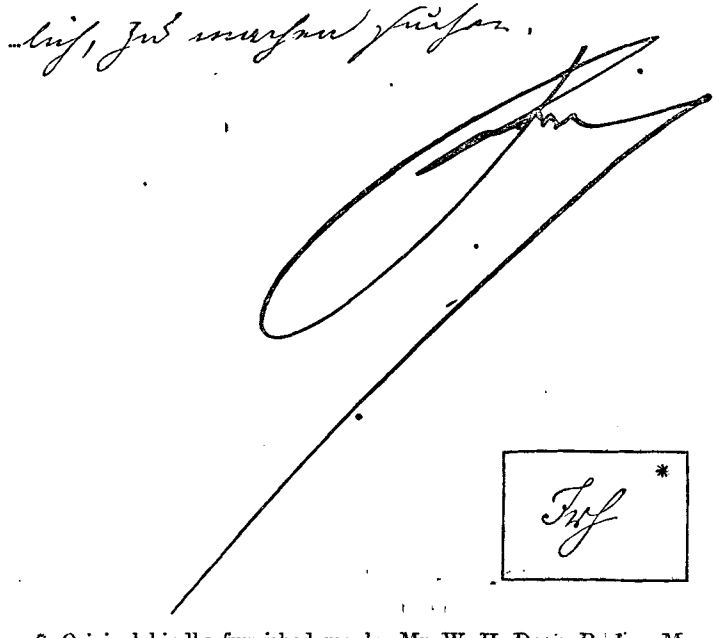
"*An den Ober-Proviantmeister Bein*, zu Fordan.

"Potsdam, den 9ten April 1777.

"*Seiner Königlicher Majestät*	"His Royal Majesty of
"*von Preussen, Unser allergnäd-*	"Preussen, Our most all-gra-
"*igster Herr, lassen dem Ober-*	"cious Lord, lets herewith,
"*Proviantmeister Bein hiebey*	"to the Head Proviant-master
"*die Getraide-Preistabelle des*	"Bein, the Grain-Prices Table
"*Brombergschen Departments*	"of the Bromberg Department
"*zufertigen; Woraus derselbe*	"be despatched; Wherefrom
"*ersiehet wie niedrig solche an*	"Bein perceives how low in
"*einigen Orthen sind, und dass*	"some places these are, and

[76] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxv. 84. [77] Ibid. vi. 125.

" *zu Inovraclaw und Strezeltnow* " that at Inovraclaw and Stre-
" *der Scheffel Roggen um* 12 " zeltnow the Bushel of Rye
" *Groschen kostet: da solches* " costs about 14 Pence: now,
" *nun hier so wohlfeil ist, so* " as it is so cheap there, the
" *muss ja der Preis in Pohlen* " price in Poland must be still
" *noch wohl geringer, und ist* " smaller; and therefore it is
" *daher nicht abzusehen warum* " not to be conceived why the
" *die Pohlen auf so hohe Preise* " Poles demand such high
" *bestehen; der Bein muss sich* " prices," as the said Bein re-
" *daher nun rechte Mühe geben,* ports: "Bein therefore is char-
" *und den Einkauf so wohlfeil* " ged to take especial pains, and
" *als nur immer möglich zu* " try not to make the purchase
" machen suchen." " dearer than is indispensable."



* Original kindly furnished me by Mr. W. H. Doeg, Barlow Moor, Manchester; whose it now is,—purchased in London, A.D. 1863. The *Frh* of German *cursiv-schrift* (current hand), which the woodcutter has appended, shut off by a square, will show English readers what the King means: an "*Frh*" done as by a flourish of one's stick, in the most compendious and really ingenious manner,—suitable for an economic King, who has to repeat it scores of times every day of his life!

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CHAPTER VI.

THE BAVARIAN WAR.

At the very beginning of 1778, the chronic quarrel with Austria passed, by an accident just fallen out, into the acute state; rose gradually, and, in spite of negotiating, issued in a thing called Bavarian-Succession War, which did not end till Spring of the following year. The accident was this. At München, December 30th, 1777, Max Joseph Kurfürst of Baiern, only Brother of our lively friend the Electress-Dowager of Saxony, died; suddenly, of small-pox unskilfully treated. He was in his fifty-second year; childless, the last of that Bavarian branch. His Heir is Karl Theodor, Kur-Pfalz (Elector Palatine), who is now to unite the Two Electorates,—unless Austria can bargain with him otherwise. Austria's desire to get hold of Baiern is of very old standing; and we have heard lately how much it was an object with Kaunitz and his young Kaiser. With Karl Theodor they did bargain,—in fact, had beforehand as good as bargained,—and were greatly astonished, when King Friedrich, alone of all Teutschland or the world, mildly, but peremptorily, interfered, and said No,—with effect, as is well known.

Something, not much, must be said of this Bavarian Succession War; which occupied, at a pitch of tension and anxiety foreign to him for a long time, fifteen months of Friedrich's old age (January 1778—March

1779); and filled all Europe round him and it, in an extraordinary manner. Something; by no means much, now that we have seen the issue of such mountains all in travail. Nobody could then say but it bade fair to become a Fourth Austrian-Prussian War, as sanguinary as the Seven-Years had been; for in effect there stood once more the Two Nations ranked against each other, as if for mortal duel, near half a million men in whole; parleying indeed, but brandishing their swords, and ever and anon giving mutual clash of fence, as if the work had begun, though there always intervened new parleying first.

And now everybody sees that the work never did begin; that parleying, enforced by brandishing, turned out to be all the work there was: and everybody has forgotten it, and, except for specific purposes, demands *not* to be put in mind of it. Mountains in labour were not so frequent then as now, when the Penny Newspaper has got charge of them; though then as now to practical people they were a nuisance. Mountains all in terrific travail-throes, threatening to overset the solar system, have always a charm, especially for the more foolish classes: but when once the birth has taken place, and the wretched mouse ducks past you, or even nothing at all can be seen to duck past, who is there but impatiently turns on his heel?

Those Territories, which adjoin on its own dominions, would have been extremely commodious to Austria;—as Austria itself has long known; and by repeatedly attempting them on any chance given (as in 1741-45, to go no farther back), has shown how well it knows. Indeed, the whole of Bavaria fairly incorporated and made Austrian, what an infinite convenience would it be!

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'Do but look on the Map' (this Note is not by Büsching, but by somebody of Austrian tendencies): 'you would say, Austria 'without Bavaria is like a Human Figure with its belly belong-'ing to somebody else. Bavaria is the trunk or belly of the 'Austrian Dominions, shutting off all the limbs of them each 'from the other; making for central part a huge chasm.

'Ober-Pfalz,—which used to be Kur-Pfalz's, which is Ba-'varia's since we took it from the Winter-King and bestowed 'it in that way,—Ober-Pfalz, the Country of Amberg, where 'Maillebois once pleased to make invasion of us;—does not it 'adjoin on the Bohemian Forest? The *ribs* there, Bohemian all, 'up to the shoulder, are ours: but the shoulder-blade and left 'arm, whose are they! Austria Proper and Hungary, these may 'be taken as sitting-part and lower limbs, ample and fleshy; but 'see, just above the pelvis, on the south side, how Bavaria and 'its Tyrol sticks itself in upon Austria, who fancied she also 'had a Tyrol, and far the more important one. Our Tyrol, our 'Styria, Carniola, Carinthia,—Bavaria blocks these in. Then 'the Swabian Austria,—Breisach, and those Upper-Rhine Coun-'tries, from which we invade France,—we cannot reach them 'except through Bavarian ground. Swabian Austria should be 'our right arm, fingers of it reaching into Switzerland; Ober-'Pfalz our left:—and as to the broad breast between these two; 'left arm and broad breast are Bavaria's, not ours. Of the 'Netherlands, which might be called geographically the head 'of Austria, alas, the long neck, Lorraine, was once ours; but 'whose is it? Irrecoverable for the present,—perhaps may not 'always be so!'

These are Kaunitz's ideas; and the young Kaiser has eagerly adopted them as the loadstar of his life. "Make the Reich a reality again," thinks the Kaiser (good, if only possible, think we too); "make Austria great; Austria is the Reich, how else can the Reich be real?"

In practical politics these are rather wild ideas; but they are really Kaunitz's and his Kaiser's; and were persisted in long after this Bavarian matter got its check: and as a whole, they got repeated checks; being

impossible all, and far from the meaning of a Time big with French Revolution, and with quite other things than world-greatness to Austria, and rejuvenescence on such or on any terms to the poor old Holy Roman Reich, which has been a wiggery so long. Nobody could guess of what it was that France or the world might be with child: nobody, till the birth in 1789, and even for a generation afterwards. France is weakly and unwieldy, has strange enough longings for chalky, inky, visionary, foolish substances, and may be in the family-way for aught we know.

To Kaunitz it is pretty clear that France will not stand in his path in this fine little Bavarian business; which is all he cares for at present. England in war with its Colonies; Russia attentive to its Turk; foreign Nations, what can they do but talk; remonstrate more or less, as they did in the case of Poland; and permit the thing with protest? Only from one Sovereign Person, and from him I should guess not much, does Kaunitz expect serious opposition: from Friedrich of Prussia; to whom no enlargement of Austria can be matter of indifference. "But cannot we perhaps make it worth his while?" thinks Kaunitz: "Tush, he is old and broken; thought to be dying; has an absolute horror of war. He too will sit quiet; or we must make it worth his while." In this calculation Kaunitz deceived himself; we are now shortly to see how.

Kaunitz's Case, when he brings it before the Reich, and general Public of mankind and its Gazetteers, will by no means prove to be a strong one. His Law "*title*" is this:

'Archduke Albert V. of Austria, subsequently Kaiser Al-
'bert II., had married Elizabeth, only Daughter of Kaiser
'Sigismund *Super-Grammaticam:* Albert is he who got three
'crowns in one year, Hungary, Bohemia, Romish Reich; and

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"we hope a fourth," say the Old Historians, "which was a "heavenly and eternal one,"—died, in short (1439, age forty). 'From him come the now Kaisers.

'In 1426, thirteen years before this event of the Crowns, 'Sigismund *Grammaticam* had infeoffed him in a thing still of 'shadowy nature,—the Expectancy of a Straubingen Princedom; 'pleasant extensive District, only not yet fallen, or like falling 'vacant: "You shall inherit, you and yours (who are also my 'own), so soon as this present line of Wittelsbachers die!" said 'Kaiser Sigismund, solemnly, in two solemn sheepskins. "Not 'a whit of it," would the Wittelsbachers have answered, had they 'known of the affair. "When we die out, there is another Line of 'Wittelsbachers, plenty of other lines; and House-treaties many 'and old, settling all that, without help of you and Albert of the 'Three Crowns!" And accordingly there had never come the 'least fruit, or attempt at fruit, from these two Sigismund Sheep-'skins; which were still lying in the Vienna Archives, where 'they had lain since the creation of them, known to an Antiquary 'or two, but not even by them thought worthy of mention in 'this busy world. This was literally all the claim that Austria 'had; and every bystander admitted it to be, in itself, not worth 'a rush.'

"In itself perhaps not," thought Kaunitz; "but the free consent of Karl Theodor the Heir, will not that be a Title in full? One would hope so; in the present state of Europe: France, England, Russia, every Nation weltering overhead in its own troubles and affairs, little at leisure for ours!" And it is with Karl Theodor, to make out a full Title for himself there, that Kaunitz has been secretly busy this long time back, especially in the late critical days of poor Kurfürst Max.

Karl Theodor of the Pfalz, now fallen Heir to Baiern, is a poor idle creature, of purely egoistic, ornamental, dilettante nature; sunk in theatricals, bastard children, and the like; much praised by Voltaire, who sometimes used to visit him; and by Collini, to whom

he is a kind master. Karl Theodor cares little for the integrity of Baiern, much for that of his own skin. Very long ago, in 1742, in poor Kaiser Karl's Coronation time, we saw him wedded, him and another, to two fair Sister Sulzbach Princesses,[1] Granddaughters of old Karl Philip, the then Kur-Pfalz, whom he has inherited. It was the last act of that never-resting old Karl Philip, of whom we used to hear so much: "Karl Theodor to have one of my inestimable Granddaughters; Duke Clement, younger Brother of our blessed new Kaiser, to have another; thereby we unite the kindred branches of the Pfalz-Baiern Families, and make the assurance of the Heritages doubly sure!" said old Karl Philip; and died happy, or the happiest he could.

Readers no doubt have forgotten this circumstance; and, in their total lack of interest in Karl Theodor and his paltry affairs, may as well be reminded of it;—and, furthermore, that these brilliant young Wives, "Duchess Clement" especially, called on Wilhelmina during the Frankfurt Gaieties, and were a charm to Kaiser Karl Albert, striving to look forward across clouds into a glittering future for his House. Theodor's Princess brought him no children; she and her Sister are both still living; a lone woman the latter (Duke Clement dead these seven years),—a still more lone the former, with such a Husband yet living! Lone women both, well forward in the fifties; active souls, I should guess, at least to judge by Duchess Clement, who being a Dowager, and mistress of her movements, is emphatic in denouncing such disaster and disgrace; and plays a great part, at München, in the agitating scenes now on hand. Comes out "like a noble Amazon," say the admiring bystanders, on this occasion; stirs whatever

[1] Supra, iii. 529.

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faculty she has, especially her tongue; and goes on urging, pushing and contriving, all she can, regardless of risks in such an imminency.

Karl Theodor finds his Heritages indisputable; but he has no Legitimate Son to leave them to; and has many Illegitimate, whom Austria can provide for,—and richly will. His Heir is a Nephew, Karl August Christian, of Zweibrück; whom perhaps it would not be painful to him to disappoint a little of his high expectations. On the whole, Peace; plentiful provision, titular and other, for his Illegitimates; and a comfortable sum of ready-money over, to enliven the Theatricals, Düsseldorf Picture-Galleries and Dilettante operations and Collections,—how much welcomer to Theodor than a Baiern never so religiously saved entire at the expense of quarrel, which cannot but be tedious, troublesome and dangerous! Honour, indeed—but what, to an old stager in the dilettante line, is honour? Old stagers there are who will own to you, like Balzac's Englishman in a case of conflagration, when honour called on all men to take their buckets, "*Mais je n'ai point d'honneur!*" To whom, unluckily, you cannot answer as in that case, "*C'est égal*, 'Tis all one; do as if you had some!" Karl Theodor scandalously left Baiern to its fate.

Karl Theodor's Heir, poor August Christian of Zweibrück, had of course his own gloomy thoughts on this parcelling of his Bavarian reversion: but what power has he? None, he thinks, but to take the inevitable patiently. Nor generally in the Princes of the Reich, though one would have thought them personally concerned, were it only for danger of a like mistreatment, was there any emotion publicly expressed, or the least hope of help. "Perhaps Prussia will quarrel about it?" think they: "Austria, Prussia, in any of their quarrels

we get only crushed; better to keep out of it. We well out of it, the more they quarrel and fight, the better for us!" England, in the shape of Hanover, would perhaps have made some effort to interfere, provided France did: on either side, I incline to think,—that is to say, on the side opposite to France. But poor England is engaged with its melancholy American War; France on the point of breaking out into Alliance with the Insurrection there. Neither France nor England did interfere. France is sinking into bankruptcy; intent to have a Navy before most things; to assist the Cause of Human Liberty over seas withal, and become a sublime spectacle, and a ruin to England,—not as in the Pitt-Choiseul time, but by that improved method. Russia, again involved in Turk business, looks on, with now and then a big word thrown out on the one side and the other.—München, in the interval, we can fancy what an agitated City! One Note says:

'Kurfürst Max Joseph being dead (30th December 1777), 'Privy Councillor Johann Euchar von Obermayr, favourite 'and factotum Minister of the Deceased, opened the Chatoulle' (Princely Safe, or Case of Preciosities); 'took from it the Act, 'which already lay prepared, for Homaging and solemn Instal- 'ment of Karl Theodor Kur-Pfalz, as Heir of Baiern; with 'immediate intent to execute the same. Euchar orders strict 'closure of the Town-gates; the Soldiery to draw out, and beset 'all streets,—especially that street where Imperial Majesty's Am- 'bassador lives: "Rank close with your backs to that House," 'orders Euchar; "and the instant anybody stirs to come out, 'sound your drums, and, at the same instant, let the rearmost 'rank of you, without looking round" (for one would not give 'offence, unless imperative), "smite the butts of their muskets to 'the ground" (ready for firing, *if* imperative). Nobody, I think, 'stirred out from that Austrian Excellency's House; in any 'case, Obermayr completed his Act without the least protest

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'or trouble from anybody; and Karl Theodor, almost to his 'terror' (for he meant to sell, and satisfy Austria, by no means to resist or fight, the paltry old creature, careful of self and skin only), 'saw himself solemnly secured by all forms of law in all 'the Lands of the Deceased.[2]

'Kaiser Joseph, in a fume at this, shot off an express to 'Bohemia: "Such and such regiments, ten or twelve of you, 'with your artillery and tools, march instantly into Straubingen, 'and occupy that Town and District." At Vienna, to the Karl-'Theodor Ambassador, the Kaunitz Officials were altogether 'loud-voiced, minatory: "What is this, Herr Excellenz? Bar-'gain already made; lying ready for mere signature; and at 'München such doings. Sign this Bargain, or there cross your 'frontier 60,000 Austrian men, and seize both Baiern and the 'Ober-Pfalz; bethink you, Herr!" The poor Herr bethought 'him, what could he do? signed the Bargain, Karl Theodor 'sanctioning, 3d January 1778,—the fourth day after Ober-'mayr's Homaging feat;—and completes the first act of this bad 'business. The Bargain, on Theodor's side, was of the most 'liberal kind: All and sundry the Lands and Circles of Duke 'Johann of Straubingen, Lordship of Mindelheim' (Marlborough's old Place) 'superadded, and I know not what else; Sovereignty 'of the Fiefs in Ober-Pfalz to lapse to the Crown of Böhmen on 'my decease.' Half Bavaria, or better; some reckon it as good as two-thirds.

The figure of Duchess Clement, Amazon in hair-powder, driving incessantly about among the officialities and aristocratic circles; this and the order of, "Rattle your muskets on the ground;" let these two features represent to us the München of those months. München, Regensburg, Vienna are loud with pleading, protocolling; but it is not there that the crisis of the game will be found to lie.

Friedrich has, for some time back, especially since the late Kur-Baiern's illness, understood that Austria, always eager for a clutch at Baiern, had something of that kind in view; but his first positive news of it was

[2] Fischer, *Geschichte Friedrichs des Zweiten* (Halle, 1787), ii. 358.

a Letter from Duchess Clement (date, *January 3d*), which, by the detail of facts, unveiled to his quick eye the true outline, extent and nature of this Enterprise of Austria's; Enterprise which, he could not but agree with Duchess Clement, was one of great concernment not to Baiern alone. "Must be withstood; prevented, at whatever risk," thought Friedrich on the instant: "The new Elector, Karl Theodor, he probably is dead to the matter; but one ought to ask him. If he answer, Dead; then ask his Heir, Have you no life to it?" Heir is a gallant enough young gentleman, of endless pedigree, but small possessions, 'Karl August Christian' (Karl II. in Official style), 'Duke of Zweibrück-Birkenfeld,' Karl Theodor's eldest Nephew; Friedrich judges that he probably will have haggled to sign any Austrian convention for dismembering Baiern, and that he will start into life upon it so soon as he sees hope.

"A messenger to him, to Karl Theodor and him," thinks Friedrich: "a messenger instantly; and who?" For that clearly is the first thing. And a delicate thing it is; requiring to be done in profoundest secrecy, by hint and innuendo rather than speech,—by somebody in a cloak of darkness, who is of adroit quality, and was never heard of in diplomatic circles before, not to be suspected of having business of mine on hand. Friedrich bethinks him that in a late visit to Weimar, he had noticed, for his fine qualities, a young gentleman named Görtz; Eustace von Görtz,[3] late Tutor to the young Duke (Karl August, whom readers know as Goethe's friend): a wise, firm, adroit-looking young gentleman; who was farther interesting as Brother to Lieutenant-General von Görtz, a respectable soldier of Friedrich's. Ex-Tutor at Weimar, we say, and idle for the moment;

[3] Preuss, iv. 92 n., &c.

hanging about Court there, till he should find a new function.

Of this Ex-Tutor Friedrich bethinks him; and in the course of that same day,—for there is no delay,—Friedrich, who is at Berlin, beckons General Görtz to come over to him from Potsdam instantly. "Hither this evening, and in all privacy meet me in the Palace at such an hour" (hour of midnight or thereby); which of course Görtz, duly invisible to mankind, does. Friedrich explains: An errand to München; perfectly secret, for the moment, and requiring great delicacy and address; perhaps not without risk, a timorous man might say: will your Brother go for me, think you? Görtz thinks he will. "Here is his Instruction, if so," adds the King, handing him an Autograph of the necessary outline of procedure,—not signed, nor with any credential, or even specific address, lest accident happen. "Adieu, then, Herr General-Lieutenant; rule is, shoes of swiftness, cloak of darkness: adieu!" And Görtz Senior is off on the instant, careering towards Weimar, where he finds Görtz Junior, and makes known his errand. Görtz Junior stares in the natural astonishment; but, after some intense brief deliberation, becomes affirmative, and in a minimum of time is ready and on the road.

Görtz Junior proved to have been an excellent choice on the King's part; and came to good promotion afterwards by his conduct in this affair. Görtz Junior started for München on the instant, masked utterly, or his business masked, from profane eyes; saw this person, saw that, and glided swiftly about, swiftly and with sure aim; and speedily kindled the matter, and had smoke rising in various points. And before January was out, saw the Reichs-Diet at Regensburg, much more the

general Gazetteerage everywhere, seized of this affair, and thrown into paroxysms at the size and complexion of it: saw, in fact, a world getting into flame,—kindled by whom or what nobody could guess, for a long time to come. Görtz had great running about in his cloak of darkness, and showed abundant talent of the kind needed. A pushing, clear-eyed, stout-hearted man; much cleverness and sureness in what he did and forbore to do. His adventures were manifold; he had much travelling about: was at Regensburg, at Mannheim; saw many persons whom he had to judge of on the instant, and speak frankly to, or speak darkly, or speak nothing; and he made no mistake. One of his best counsellors, I gather, was Duchess Clement: of course it was not long till Duchess Clement heard some inkling of him; till, in some of his goings and comings, he saw Duchess Clement, who hailed him as an angel of light. In one journey more mysterious than ever, 'he 'was three days invisible in Duchess Clement's Garden-'house.' "*Ah, Madame, que n'étiez-vous Électeur*, Why "were not you Elector!" writes Friedrich to her once: "We should not have seen those shameful events, which "every good German must blush for, to the bottom of "his heart (*dont tout bon Allemand doit rougir jusqu'au "fond du cœur*)!"[4]

We cannot afford the least narrative of Görtz and his courses: imagination, from a few traits, will sufficiently conceive them. He had gone first to Karl Theodor's Minister: "Dead to it, I fear; has already signed?" Alas, yes. Upon which to Zweibrück the Heir's Minister; whom his Master had distinctly ordered to sign, but who, at his own peril, gallant man, delayed, remonstrated, had not yet done it; and was able to answer:

[4] Preuss, iv. 94.

"Alive to it, he? Yes, with a witness, were there hope in the world!"—which threw Görtz upon instant gallop towards Zweibrück Schloss, in search of said Heir, the young Duke August Christian; who, however, had left in the interim (summoned by his Uncle, on Austrian urgency, to consent along with him); but whom Görtz, by dexterity and intuition of symptoms, caught up by the road, with what a mutual joy! As had been expected, August Christian, on sight of Görtz, with an armed Friedrich looming in the distance, took at once into new courses and activities. From him, no consent now; far other: Treaty with Friedrich; flat refusal ever to consent: application to the Reich, application even to France, and whatever a gallant young fellow could do.

It was by Friedrich's order that he applied to France; his younger Brother, Max Joseph, was a soldier there, and strove to back him in Official and other circles,—who were all friendly, even zealous for him; and gave good words, but had nothing more. This French department of the business was long a delay to Friedrich's operations: and in result, poor Max's industry there, do what he could, proved rather a minus quantity than otherwise. A good young man, they say; but not the man to kindle into action horses that are dead,—of which he had experience more than once in time coming. He is the same that, 30 years after, having survived his childless elder Brother, became *King* Max, first King of Baiern; begot Ludwig, second King,—who, for his part, has begotten Otho King of Greece, and done other feats still less worth mentioning. August Christian's behaviour is praised as excellent,—passively firm and polite; the grand requisite, persistence on your ground of "No:"—but his luck, to find

such a Friedrich, and also to find such a Görtz, was the saving clause for him.

Friedrich was in very weak health in these months; still considered by the Gazetteers to be dying. But it appears he is not yet too weak for taking, on the instant necessary, a world-important resolution; and of being on the road with it, to this issue or to that, at full speed before the day closed. "Desist, good neighbour, I beseech you. You must desist, and even you shall:" this resolution was entirely his own; as were the equally prompt arrangements he contrived for executing it, should hard come to hard, and Austria prefer war to doing justice. "Excellent methods," say the most unfriendly judges, "which must at once have throttled Austria into compliance, had he been as prompt in executing them;—which he by no means was. And there lies his error and failure; very lamentable, excusable only by decrepitude of body producing weakness and decay of mind." This is emphatically and wearisomely Schmettau's opinion,[5] who looks at it only as a military Adjutant, intent on honour and rapid feats of war,—with how much reason, readers not Prussian or military shall judge as we go on.

Saxony, we ought to mention, was also aggrieved. The Dowager-Electress Maria Antoinette, our sprightly friend, had, as sole surviving Sister of the late Kurfürst

[5] F. W. C. Graf von Schmettau (this is the *Elder* Schmettau's Son, not the *Dresdener's* whom we used to quote), *Feldzug der Preussischen Armee in Böhmen im Jahre* 1778 (Berlin, 1789,—simultaneously in French too, with Plans): with which,—as the completest Account by an eager Witness and Participator,—compare always Friedrich's own (*Mémoires de la Guerre de* 1778), in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vi. 135-208. Schöning (vol. iv.), besides his own loose Narrative, or Summary, has given all the *Correspondence* between Henri and the King:—sufficient to quench the sharpest appetite on this subject.

Max, the undoubted heirship of Kurfürst Max's "allodial properties and territories:" territories, I think, mainly in the Ober-Pfalz (which are *not* Bavaria Proper, but were acquired in the Thirty-Years War), which are important in value, and which Austria, regardless of our lively friend, has laid hold of as lapsed fiefs of Bohemia. Clearly Bohemian, says Austria; and keeps hold. Our lively friend hereupon makes over all her rights in that matter to her Son, the reigning Elector; with the counsel, if counsel were needed, "Ask protection of King Friedrich; go wholly with King Friedrich." Mecklenburg too has an interest. Among the lapsed fiefs is one to a Duchy called of Leuchtenberg;—in regard to which, says Mecklenburg, as loud as it can, "That Duchy is not lapsed at all; that is now mine, witness this Document" (of a valid testamentary nature)! Other claims were put in; but these three: Zweibrück endlessly important; Saxony important too, though not in such degree; Mecklenburg unimportant, but just,—were alone recognised in impartial quarters as authentic and worthy of notice.

Of the pleadings and procedures in the Reich's Diet no reader would permit me to speak, were I inclined. Enough to understand that they went on in the usual voluminous dull-droning way, crescendo always; and deserve, what at present they are sure of, oblivion from all creatures. The important thing was, not those pleadings in the Reich's Diet, nor the Austrian proposals there or elsewhere; but the brandishing of arms in emitting and also in successively answering the same. Answer always No by Friedrich, and some new flash of handled arms,—the physiognomy of which was the one significant point. Austria, which is far from ready with arms, though at each fresh pleading or proposal it tries

to give a kind of brandish, says mainly three things, in essence somewhat thus. *Austria:* "Cannot two States of the Reich come to a mutual understanding, as Austria and Bavaria have done? And what have third parties to say to it?" *Friedrich:* "Much! Parties of the Reich have much to say to it!" (This several times with variations.) *Austria:* "Our rights seem to us valid: Zweibrück, Saxony, Mecklenburg, if aggrieved, can try in the Reichs Law-Courts." *Friedrich:* "Law-Courts!" with a new brandish; that is, sets more regiments on march, from Pommern to Wesel all on march, to Berlin, to Silesia, towards the Bohemian Frontier. *Austria*, by the voice of Kaunitz: "We will not give up our rights without sentence of Law. We cannot recognise the King of Prussia as Law-Judge in this matter." *Friedrich:* "The King of Prussia is of the Jury!"

Pulse after pulse, this is something like the course things had, crescendo till, in about three months, they got to a height which was evidently serious. Nay, in the course of the pleadings it became manifest that on the Austrian grounds of claim, not Maria Theresa could be heir to Straubingen, but Friedrich himself: "I descend from Three-Crown Albert's Daughter," said Maria Theresa. "And I from an elder Daughter of his, and do not claim!" Friedrich could have answered, but did not; treating such claim all along as merely colorable and chimerical, not worth attention in serious affairs of fact. Till, at length, after about three months, there comes a really serious brandish.

Sunday, April 5th, 1778, at Berlin, Friedrich holds review of his Army, all assembled, equipped and in readiness; and (in that upper Parole-Room of the

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Schloss) makes this Speech, which, not without extraneous intention, was printed in the Newspapers:

Friedrich's Speech to his Generals. "Gentlemen, I have assembled you here for a public object. Most of you, like myself, have often been in arms along with one another, and are grown gray in the service of our Country: to all of us is well known in what dangers, toils, and renown we have been fellow-sharers. I doubt not in the least that all of you, as myself, have a horror of bloodshed: but the danger which now threatens our Countries, not only renders it a duty, but puts us in the absolute necessity, to adopt the quickest and most effectual means for dissipating at the right time the storm which threatens to break out on us.

"I depend with complete confidence on your soldierly and patriotic zeal, which is already well and gloriously known to me, and which, while I live, I will acknowledge with the heartiest satisfaction. Before all things, I recommend to you, and prescribe as your most sacred duty, That, in every situation, you exercise humanity on unarmed enemies; and be continually attentive that, in this respect too, there be the strictest discipline (*Mannszucht*) kept among those under you.

"To travel with the pomp of a King is not among my wishes; and all of you are aware that I have no pleasure in rich field-furniture: but my increasing age, and the weakness it brings, render me incapable of riding as I did in my youth. I shall, therefore, be obliged to make use of a postchaise in times of marching; and all of you have liberty to do the same. But on the day of battle you shall see me on horseback; and there, also, I hope my Generals will follow that example."

Voltaire smothered under Roses. King's Speech was on Sunday, April 5th. Evening of last Monday (March 30th), at the Théâtre Français in Paris, poor Voltaire had that world-famous apotheosis of his; and got "smothered under roses," as he termed it. He had left Ferney (such the urgency of Niece Denis and her unappeasable desire for a sight of Paris again), February 5th; arrived in Paris, February 10th; ventured out to see his poor last Tragedy, not till the sixth night of it, March 30th; was be-

shouted, crowned, raised to the immortal gods by a repentant Paris world: "Greatest of men,—You were not a miscreant and malefactor, then: on the contrary, you were a spiritual Hercules, a heroic Son of Light; Slayer of the Nightmare Monsters, and foul Dragons and Devils that were preying on us: to you shall not we now say, Long life, with all our throats and all our hearts," —and so quench you at last! Which they managed to do, poor repentant souls. The tottering wayworn Voltaire, over-agitated in this way, took to bed; never rose again; and on that day two-months was dead.[6] His light all done; to King Friedrich, or to any of us, no flash of radiancy from him any more forever.

April 6th, Friedrich gets on march,—perhaps about 100,000 strong,—for Schönwalde, in the Neisse-Schweidnitz neighbourhood; and there, in the course of the week, has cantoned himself, and sits completing his magazines and appliances for actual work of war. This is a considerable brandish; and a good deal astonishes Kaunitz and the Vienna people, who have not 10,000 at present on those Frontiers, and nothing whatever in a state of readiness. "Dangerous really!" Kaunitz admits; and sets new regiments on march from Hungary, from the Netherlands, from all ends of the Earth where they are. Tempers his own insolent talk, too; but strives to persuade himself that it is "Menace merely. He won't; he abhors war." Kaunitz had hardly exaggerated Friedrich's abhorrence of war; though it turned out there were things which Friedrich abhorred still more.

Schönwalde, headquarter of this alarming Prussian cantonment, is close on the new Fortress of Silberberg, a beautiful new impregnability, looking into those Valleys of the Warta, of the young Neisse, which are the road to Bohemia or from it,—where the Pandour torrents used to issue into the first Silesian Wars; where

[6] In *Duvernet*, and still better in *Longchamp et Wagnière*, ample account of these interesting occurrences.

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Friedrich himself was once to have been snapped up, but was not quite,—and only sang Mass as Extempore Abbot, with Tobias Stusche, in the Monastery of Camenz, according to the myth which readers may remember. No more can Pandours issue that way; only Prussians can enter in. Friedrich's windows in the Schloss of Schönwalde,—which are on the left-hand, if you be touring in those parts,—look out direct upon Silberberg, and have its battlements between them and the 3-o'clock Sun.[7] In the Town of Silberberg, Friedrich has withal a modest little lodging,—lodging still known,—where he can alight for an hour or a night, in the multifarious businesses that lead him to and fro. 'A beautiful place,' says Schöning; 'where the King stayed twelve weeks' or more; waiting till the Bavarian-Austrian case should ripen better. At Schönwalde, what was important in his private circle, he heard of Lord Marischal's death, then of Voltaire's; not to mention that of English Pitt, and perhaps others interesting to him.[8]

"Now was the time," cry Schmettau and the unfavourable, "when he might have walked across into Eastern Bohemia, into Mähren, whither you like; to Vienna itself, and taken Austria by the throat at discretion: 'Do justice, then, will you! Let go Bavaria, or—!' In his young years, would not he have done so? His Plan, long since laid down, was grand: To march into Mähren, leaving Silesia guarded; nay leaving Bohemia to be invaded,—for Prince Henri, and the Saxons, who are a willing handful, and will complete Henri likewise to 100,000, were to do that feat the

[7] Schöning, iv. (Introductory Part.)

[8] Voltaire died, May 30th; Marischal, May 25th; Pitt, May 11th;—and 'May 4th, in the Cantonment here, died General von Rentzel, the 'same who, as Lieutenant Rentzel, sixty years ago, had taught the little 'Crown-Prince his drill' (Rödenbeck, iii. 187).

while;—march into Mähren, on to Vienna if he chose; laying all flat. Infallible," say the Schmettau people. "He had the fire of head to contrive it at all; but worn down and grown old, he could not execute his great thoughts." Which is obviously absurd, Friedrich's object not being to lay Austria flat, or drive animosities to the sanguinary point, and kindle all Europe into war; but merely to extract, with the minimum of violence, something like justice from Austria on this Bavarian matter. For which end, he may justly consider slow pressure preferable to the cutting method. His problem is most ticklish, not allowed for by Schmettau.

The encampment round Schönwalde, especially as there was nothing ready thereabouts on the Austrian side, produced a visible and great effect on the negotiations; and notably altered the high Kaunitz tone towards Friedrich. "Must two great Courts quarrel, then, for the sake of a small one?" murmured Kaunitz, plaintively now, to himself and to the King,—to the King not in a very distinct manner, though to himself the principle is long since clear as an axiom in Politics: "Great Courts should understand one another; then the small would be less troublesome." For a quarter of a century, this has been the Kaunitz faith. In 1753, when he miraculously screwed round the French into union with the Austrians to put down an upstart Prussia, this was his grand fulcrum, the immovable rock in which the great Engineer fixed down his political capstans, and levered and screwed. He did triumphantly wind matters round,—though whether they much profited him when round, may be a question.

But the same grand principle, in the later instance of partitioning Poland, has it not proved eminently triumphant, successful in all points? And, doubtless, this King of Prussia recognises it, if made worth his

while, thinks Kaunitz. In a word, Kaunitz's next utterance is wonderfully changed. The great Engineer speaks almost like a Bishop on this new text. "Let the Two Courts," says he, "put themselves each in the other's place; each think what *it* would want;" and in fact each, in a Christian manner, try to do as it would be done by! How touching in the mouth of a Kaunitz, with something of pathos, of plaintiveness, almost of unction in it! "There is no other method of agreeing," urges he: "War is a terrible method, disliked by both of us. Austria wishes this of Bavaria; but his Prussian Majesty's turn will come, perhaps now is (let him say and determine); we will make it worth his while." This is of *April 24th;* notable change since the cantoning round Schönwalde.

Germany at large, though it lay so silent, in its bed-rid condition, was in great anxiety. Never had the Holy Romish Reich such a shock before: "Meaning to partition us like Poland?" thought the Reich, with a shudder. "They can, by degrees, if they think good; these Two Great Sovereigns!" Courage, your Durchlauchts: one of the Two great ones has not that in his thoughts; has, and will have, the reverse of that; which will be your anchorage in the storms of fate for a long time to come! Nor was it,—as will shortly appear to readers,—Kaunitz's immediate intention at all: enough if poor we can begin it, set it fairly under way; let some unborn happier Kaunitz, the last of a series, complete such blessed consummation; in a happier time, far over the practical horizon at present. This we do gather to have been Kaunitz's real view; and it throws a light on the vexed Partition-of-Poland question, and gives weight to Dohm's assertion, That Kaunitz was the actual beginner there.

Weeks before Friedrich heard of this remarkable Memorial, and ten days before it was brought to paper, there came to Friedrich another unexpected remarkable Document: a *Letter* from Kaiser Joseph himself, who is personally running about in these parts, over in Bohemia, endeavouring to bring Army matters to a footing; and is no doubt shocked to find them still in such backwardness, with a Friedrich at hand. The Kaiser's Letter, we perceive, is pilot-balloon to the Kaunitz episcopal Document, and to an actual meeting of Prussian and Austrian Ministers on the Bavarian point; and had been seen to be a salutary measure by an Austria in alarm. It asks, as the Kaunitz Memorial will, though in another style, "Must there be war then? Is there no possibility left in negotiation and mutual concession? I am your Majesty's friend and admirer; let us try." This was an unexpected and doubtless a welcome thing to Friedrich; who answers eagerly, and in a noble style both of courtesy and of business sense: upon which there followed two other Imperial Letters with their two Royal answers;[9] and directly afterwards the small Austrian-Prussian Congress we spoke of, Finkenstein and Hertzberg on the Prussian part, Cobenzl on the Austrian (Congress sitting at Berlin), which tried to agree, but could not; and to which Kaunitz's Memorial of April 24th was meant as some helpful sprinkling of presidential quasi-episcopal oil.

Oil merely: for it turned out, Kaunitz had no thought at present of partitioning the German Reich with Friedrich; but intended merely to keep his own seized por-

[9] In *Œuvres de Frédéric* (vi. 183-193), Three successive Letters from the Kaiser (of dates, 'Olmütz,' 'Litau,' 'Königsgrätz,' 13th-19th April 1778), with King's Answers ('Schönwalde," all of them, and 14-20th April),—totally without interest to the general reader.

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tion of Baiern, and in return for Friedrich's assent, intended to recompense Friedrich with—in fact, with Austria's consent, That if Anspach and Baireuth lapsed home to Prussia (as it was possible they might, the present Margraf, Friedrich's Nephew, the Lady-Craven Margraf, having a childless Wife), Prussia should freely open the door to them! A thing which Friedrich naturally maintained to be in need of nobody's consent, and to lie totally apart from this question; but which Austria always considered a very generous thing, and always returned to, with new touches of improvement, as their grand recipe in this matter. So that, unhappily, the Hertzberg-Cobenzl treatyings, Kaiser's Letters, and Kaunitz's episcopal oil, were without effect,—except to gain for the Austrians, who infinitely needed it, delay of above two months. The Letters are without general interest: but, for Friedrich's sake, perhaps readers will consent to a specimen? Here are parts of his First Letter: people meaning to be Kings (which I doubt none of my readers are) could not do better than read it, and again read it, and acquire that style, first of knowing thoroughly the object in hand, and then of speaking on it and of being silent on it, in a true and noble manner:

Friedrich to his Imperial Majesty (at Olmütz).

"Schönwalde, 14th April 1778.

"Sire my Brother,—I have received, with all the satisfaction "possible, the Letter which your Imperial Majesty has had the "goodness to write to me. I have neither Minister nor Clerk "(*scribe*) about me; therefore your Imperial Majesty will be "pleased to put up with such Answer as an Old Soldier can "give, who writes to you with probity and frankness, on one of "the most important subjects which have risen in Politics for a "long time.

"Nobody wishes more than I to maintain peace and har-
"mony between the Powers of Europe: but there are limits to
"everything; and cases so intricate (*épineux*) arise that good-
"will alone will not suffice to maintain things in repose and
"tranquillity. Permit me, Sire, to state distinctly what the
"question seems to me to be. It is to determine if an Emperor
"can dispose at his will of the Fiefs of the Empire. Answer in
"the affirmative, and all these Fiefs become *Timars*" (in the Turk way), "which are for life only; and which the Sultan disposes
"of again, on the possessor's death. Now, this is contrary to the
"Laws, to the Customs and Constitutions of the German Em-
"pire."—"I, as member of the Empire, and as having, by the
"Treaty of Hubertsburg, re-sanctioned the Peace of Westphalia,
"find myself formally engaged to support the immunities, the
"liberties and rights of the Germanic Body.

"This, Sire, is the veritable state of things. Personal in-
"terest I have none: but I am persuaded your Majesty's self
"would regard me as a paltry man, unworthy of your esteem,
"should I basely sacrifice the rights, immunities and privileges,
"which the Electors and I have received from our Ancestors.

"I continue to speak to your Majesty with the same frank-
"ness. I love and honour your person. It will certainly be
"hard for me to fight against a Prince gifted with excellent
"qualities, and whom I personally esteem. But"— —'And is
'there no remedy? Anspach and Baireuth stand in no need
'of sanction. I consent to the Congress proposed:—being with
'the &c. &c.—F.'[10]

The sittings of this little Congress at Berlin lasted all through May and June; to the disgust of Schmettau and the ardent Prussian mess-rooms, "lying ready here, and forbidden to act." For the Austrians all the while were at their busiest, improving the moments, marching continually hitherward from Hungary, from Limburg, from all ends of the earth. Both negotiating parties had shown a manifest wish to terminate without war; and both made various attempts or proposals that way;

[10] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vi. 187.

24th April—24th June 1778.

Friedrich offering, in the name of European peace, to yield the Austrians some small rim or paring of Bavaria from the edge adjoining them; the Austrians offering Anspach-Baireuth with some improvements;—always offering Friedrich his own Baireuth-Anspach with some new sauce (as that he might exchange those Territories with Saxony for a fine equivalent in the Lausitz, contiguous to him, which was a real improvement and increase):—but as neither party would in the least give up in essentials or quit the ground it had taken, the result was nothing. Week after week; so many weeks are being lost to Friedrich; gained to Austria: Schmettau getting more and more disgusted.

Friedrich still waited; not in all points quite ready yet, he said, nor the futile diplomacies quite complete; —evidently in the highest degree unwilling to come to the cutting point, and begin a War which nobody could see the end of. Many things he tried; Peace so precious to him, try and again try. All through June too, this went on; the result always zero,—obviously certain to be so. As even Friedrich had at last to own to himself; and likewise that the Campaign season was ebbing away; and that if his grand Moravian scheme was to be tried on Austria, there was not a moment to lose.

Friedrich's ultimate proposal, new modification of what all his proposals had been, "To you some thin rim of Baiern; to Saxony and Mecklenburg some *et-cetera* of indemnity, money chiefly (money always to be paid by Karl Theodor, who has left Baiern open to the spoiler in this scandalous manner), was of June 13th; Austrians for ten days meditating on it, and especially getting forward their Army matters, answer, June 24th, "No; we won't." Upon which Friedrich,—to the joy of Schmettau and every Prussian,—actually rises. Emits

his War-Manifesto (*July 3d*): 'Declaration to our Brethren (*Mitstände*) of the Reich,' that Austria will listen to nothing but War;[11] and, on and from that day, goes flowing forward in perfect columns and arrangements, 100,000 strong; through the picturesque Glatz Country, straight towards the Bohemian Border, hour by hour. Flows over the Bohemian Border, by Nachod Town; his vanguard bursting into field-music and flourishes of trumpeting at that grand moment (July 5th); flowed bodily over; and encamped that night on Bohemian ground, with Nachod to rear; thence towards Kwalkowitz, and on the second day to Jaromirtz ("Camp of Jaromirtz"), a little Town which we have heard of before, but which became more famous than ever during the next ten weeks.

Jaromirtz, Kwalkowitz, Königsgrätz: this is the old hill-and-dale labyrinth of an Upper-Elbe Country; only too well known to his Majesty and us, for almost forty years past: here again are the Austrians waiting the King; watching diligently this new Invasion of his out of Glatz and the East! In the same days, Prince Henri, who is also near 100,000, starts from Dresden to invade them from the West. Loudon, facing westward, is in watch of Henri; Lacy, or indeed the Kaiser himself, back-to-back of Loudon, stands in this Königsgrätz-Jaromirtz part; said to be embattled in a very elaborate manner, to a length of fifty miles on this fine ground, and in number somewhat superior to the King;—the Austrians in all counting about 250,000; of whom Lacy has considerably the larger share. The terror at Vienna, nevertheless, is very great: 'A day of terror,' says one who was there; 'I will not trust myself to describe

[11] Fischer, ii. 388; Dohm, *Denkwürdigkeiten*, i. 110; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vi. 145.

5th July 1778.
'the sensation which this news, "Friedrich in Bohemia 'again!" produced among all ranks of people."[12] Maria Theresa, with her fine motherly heart, in alarm for her Country, and trembling 'for my two Sons' (Joseph and Leopold) 'and dear Son-in-law' (of Sachsen-Teschen) 'who are in the Army,' overcomes all scruples of pride; instantly despatches an Autograph to the King ("Bearer of this, Baron von Thugut, with Full Powers"); and on her own strength starts a new Negotiation,—which, as will be seen, ended no better than the others.[13]

Schmettau says, 'Friedrich, cheated of his Mähren 'schemes, was still in time; the Austrian position being 'indeed strong, but not being even yet quite ready.' Friedrich himself, however, on reconnoitering, thought differently. 'A position such as one never saw before, thinks he; contrived by Lacy; masterly use of the ground, of the rivers, of the rocks, woods, swamps; Elbe and his branches, and the intricate shoulders of the Giant Mountains: no man could have done it better than Lacy here, who, they say, is the contriver and practical hand.[14] From Königsgrätz, northward, by Königshof, by Arnau, up to Hohenelbe, all heights are crowned, all passes bristling with cannon. Rivers Aupa, Elbe beset with redoubts; with dams, in favourable places, and are become inundations, difficult to tap. There are 'ditches 8 feet deep by 16 broad.' Behind or on the right bank of Elbe, it is mere entrenchment for five-and-twenty miles. With bogs, with thickets full of Croats; and such an amount of artillery,—I believe

[12] Cogniazzo, iv. 316, 320, 321; Preuss, iv. 101, &c.

[13] Her Letters, four in all, with their Appendixes, and the King's Answers: in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vi. 196-200.

[14] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vi. 147.

they have in battery no fewer than 1,500 cannon. A position very considerable indeed:—must have taken time to deliberate, delve and invest; but it is done. Near fifty miles of it: here, clear to your glass, has the head of Lacy visibly emerged on us, as if for survey of phenomena:—head of Lacy sure enough (body of him lying invisible in the heights, passes and points of vantage); and its *neck* of fifty miles, like the neck of a war-horse clothed with thunder. On which (thinks Schmettau privately) you may, too late, make your reflexions!

Schmettau asserts that the position, though strong, was nothing like so infinitely strong; and that Friedrich in his younger days would very soon have assaulted it, and turned Lacy inside out: but Friedrich, we know, had his reasons against hurry. He reconnoitered diligently; rode out reconnoitering 'fifteen miles the first day' (July 6th), ditto the second and following; and was nearly shot by Croats,—by one specific Croat, says Prussian Mythology, supported by Engraving. An old Engraving, which I have never seen, represents Friedrich reconnoitering those five-and-twenty miles of Elbe, which have so many redoubts on their side of it, and swarm with Croat parties on both sides: this is all the truth that is in the Engraving.[15] Fact says: Friedrich ('on the 8th,' if that were all the variation) 'was a 'mark for the Austrian sharpshooters for half-an-hour.' Myth says, and engraves it, with the date of 'July 7th:' Friedrich, skirting some thicket, suddenly came upon a single Croat with musket levelled at him, wild creature's finger just on the trigger;—and quietly admonishing, Friedrich lifts his finger with a "*Du, Du* (Ah you!);" upon which, such the divinity that hedges

[15] Rödenbeck, p. 188.

one, the wild creature instantly flings down his murder-weapon, and, kneeling, embraces the King's boot,—with kisses, for anything I know. It is certain, Friedrich, about six times over in this paltry War or Quasi No-War, set his attendants on the tremble; was namely, from Croateries and Artilleries, in imminent peril of life; so careless was he, and dangerous to speak to in his sour humour. Humour very sour, they say, for most part; being in reality altogether backward and loth for grand enterprise; and yet striving to think he was not; ashamed that any War of his should be a No-War. Schmettau says:

'On the day of getting into Jaromirtz' (July 8th), 'the King, 'tired of riding about while the Columns were slowly getting in, 'lay down on the ground with his Adjutants about him. A 'young Officer came riding past; whom the King beckoned to 'him;—wrote something with pencil (an Order, not of the least 'importance), and said: "Here; that Order to General Lossow, "and tell him he is not to take it ill that I trouble him, as I have "none in my Suite that can do anything."' Let the Suite take it as they can! A most pungent, severe old King; quite perverse at times, thinks Schmettau. Thus again, more than once:

'On arriving with his Column where the Officer, a perfectly 'skilful man, had marked out the Camp, the King would lift his 'spyglass; gaze to right and left, riding round the place at per-'haps a hundred yards distance; and begin: "*Sieht er, Herr*, But "look, Herr, what a botching you have made of it again (*was er "da wieder für dumm Zeug gemacht hat*)!" and grumbling and 'blaming would alter the Camp, till it was all out of rule; and 'then say, "See there, that is the way to mark out Camps."'[16]

In a week's time, July 13th, came another fine excuse for inaction; Plenipotentiary Thugut, namely, and the Kaiserinn's Letter, which we spoke of. Autograph from Maria Theresa herself, inspired by the terror of

[16] Schmettau, xxv. 30, 24.

Vienna and of her beautiful motherly heart. Negotiation to be private utterly: "My Son, the Kaiser, knows nothing of it; I beg the most absolute secrecy;" which was accordingly kept, while Thugut, with Finkenstein and Herzberg again, held "Congress of Braunau" in those neighbourhoods,—with as little effect as ever. Thugut's Name, it seems, was originally *Tunicotto* (Tyrolese-Italian); which the ignorant Vienna people changed into "*Thu-nicht-gut* (Do-no-good)," till Maria Theresa, in very charity, struck out the negative, and made him "Do-good." Do-good and his Congress held Friedrich till August 10th: five more weeks gone; and nothing but reconnoitering,—with of course foraging, and diligently eating the Country, which is a daily employment, and produces fencing and skirmishing enough.

Henri, in the interim, has invaded from the West; seen Leitmeritz, Lobositz;—Prag Nobility all running, and I suppose Prayers to St. Vitus going again,—and Loudon in alarm. Loudon, however, saved Prag 'by two masterly positions' (not mentionable here); upon which Henri took camp at Niemes; Loudon, the weaker in this part, seizing the Iser as a bulwark, and ranking himself behind it, back-to-back of Lacy. Here for about five weeks sat Henri, nothing on hand but to eat the Country. Over the heads of Loudon and Lacy, as the crow flies, Henri's Camp may be about 70 miles from Jaromirtz, where the King is. Hussar Belling, our old Anti-Swede friend, a brilliant cutting-man, broke over the Iser once, perhaps twice; and there was pretty fencing by him and the like of him: 'but Prince Henri did nothing,' says the King,[17]—was, in fact, helping the King to do nothing. By the 10th of September, as

[17] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vi. 154.

6th Aug. 1778.
Henri has computed, this Country will be eaten; "Forage, I find, will be quite done here on September 10th," writes Henri, after a week or two's experience.

There was always talk of Henri and the King, who are 100,000 each, joining hands by the post of Arnau, or some weak point of Lacy's well north of Königsgrätz; thus of cutting off the meal-carts of that back-to-back copartnery, and so of tumbling it off the ground (which was perfectly possible, says Schmettau); and small detachments and expeditions were pushed out, General Dahlwig, General Anhalt, partly for that object: but not the least of it ever took effect. "Futile, lost by loitering, as all else was," groans Schmettau. Prince Henri was averse to attempt, intimates the King,—as indeed (though refusing to own it) was I. "September 10th, my forage will be out, your Majesty," says Henri, always a punctual calculating man.

The Austrians, on their side, were equally stagnant; and, except the continual skirmishing with the Prussian foragers, undertook nothing. "Shamefully ill-done our foraging, too," exclaims Schmettau again and again: "Had we done it with neatness, with regularity, the Country would have lasted us twice as long. Doing it headlong, wastefully, and by the rule-of-thumb, the Country was a desert, all its inhabitants fled, all its edibles consumed, before six weeks were over. Friedrich is not now himself at all; in great things or in little; what a changed Friedrich!" exclaims Schmettau, with wearisome iteration.

From about August 6th, or especially August 10th, when the Maria-Theresa Correspondence, or "Congress of Braunau," ended likewise in zero, Friedrich became impatient for actual junction with Prince Henri, actual push of business; and began to hint of an excellent plan

he had: "Burst through on their left flank; blow up their post of Hohenelbe yonder: thence is but one march to Iser river; junction with Prince Henri there; and a Lacy and a Loudon tumbled to the winds." 'A plan 'perfectly feasible,' says Schmettau; 'which solaced the 'King's humour, but which he never really intended 'to execute.' Possibly not; otherwise, according to old wont, he would have forborne to speak of it beforehand. At all events, August 15th, in the feeling that one ought really to do something, the rather as forage hereabouts was almost or altogether running out, he actually set about this grand scheme.

Got on march to leftward, namely, up the Aupa river, through the gloomy chasms of Kingdom-Wood, memorable in old days: had his bakery shifted to Trautenau; his heavy cannon getting tugged through the mire and the rains, which by this time were abundant, towards Hohenelbe, for the great enterprise: and sat encamped on and about the Battleground of Sohr for a week or so, waiting till all were forward; eating Sohr Country, which was painfully easy to do. The Austrians did next to nothing on him; but the rains, the mud, and scarcity were doing much. Getting on to Hohenelbe region, after a week's wet waiting, he, on ocular survey of the ground about, was heard to say, "This cannot be done, then!" "Had never meant to do it," sneers Schmettau, 'and only wanted some excuse.' Which is very likely. Schmettau gives an Anecdote of him here: In regard to a certain Hill, the Key of the Austrian position, which the King was continually reconnoitering, and lamenting the enormous height of, "Impossible, so high!" One of the Adjutants took his theodolite, ascertained the height, and, by way of comforting his Majesty, reported the exact

number of feet above their present level. "How do "*you* know, Herr?" said the King angrily. "Measured "it by Trigonometry, your Majesty."—"Trigonometry! "try! *Scher' er sich zum Teufel* (Off with you, Sir, to "the Devil, your Trigonometry and you!)"—no believer in mathematics, this King.

He was loth to go; and laid the blame on many things. "Were Prince Henri now but across the Iser. Had that stupid Anhalt, when he was upon it" (galloping about, to the ruin of his head), "only seized Arnau, Arnau and its Elbe-Bridge; and had it in hand for junction with Prince Henri!" In fine, just as the last batch of heavy cannon,—twenty or thirty hungered horses to a gun, at the rate of five miles a day in roads unspeakable,—were getting in, he ordered them all to be dragged back, back to the Trautenau road; whither we must now all go. And, *September 8th*, in perfect order, for the Austrians little molested him, and got a bad bargain when they did, the great Friedrich with his whole Army got on march homeward, after such a Campaign as we see. Climbed the Trautenau-Landshut Pass, with nothing of effective loss except from the rainy elements, the steep miry ways, and the starved horses; draught-horses especially starved,—whom, poor creatures, 'you 'would see spring at the ropes' (draught-harness), 'thirty 'of them to a gun, when started and gee-ho'd to; tug 'violently with no effect, and fall down in whole rows.'

Prince Henri, forage done, started punctually September 10th, two days after his Brother; and, with little or no pursuit from the Austrians, and with horses unstarved, got home in comparatively tolerable circumstances. Cantoned himself in Dresden neighbourhood, and sat waiting: he had never approved this War; and now, I suppose, would not want for reflexions. Fried-

rich's cantonments were round Landshut, and spread out to right and to left, from Glatz Country and the Upper Silesian Hills, to Silberberg and Schweidnitz; —his own quarter is the same region, where he lay so long in Summer 1759, talking on learned subjects with the late Quintus Icilius, if readers remember, and wearily waiting till Cunctator Daun (likewise now deceased) took his stand, or his seat, at Marklissa, and the King could follow him to Schmöttseifen. Friedrich himself on this present occasion stayed at Schatzlar as rearguard, to see whether the Austrians would not perhaps try to make some Winter Campaign of it, and if so, whether they would attempt on Prince Henri or on him. The Austrians did not attempt on either; showed no such intention,—though mischievous enough in other small ways. Friedrich wrote the *Éloge* of Voltaire[18] while he waited here at Schatzlar, among the rainy Mountains. Later on, as prospects altered, he was much at Breslau, or running about on civic errands with Breslau as centre: at Breslau he had many Dialogues with Professor Garve, —in whose good, but oppressively solemn, little Book, more a dull-droning Preachment than a Narrative, no reader need look for them or for him.

As to the *Eulogy of Voltaire*, we may say that it is generous, ingenious, succinct; and of dialect now obsolete to us. There was (and is, though suppressed) another *Eulogy*, brand-new, by a Contemporary of our own,—from which I know not if readers will permit me a sentence or two, in this pause among the rainy Mountains?

* * 'A wonderful talent lay in this man'—(in Voltaire, to wit; 'such an intellect, the sharpest, swiftest of the world,' thinks our Contemporary; 'fathoming you the deepest subject, 'to a depth far beyond most men's soundings, and coming up

[18] In *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vii. 50 et seq. ('finished, Nov. 26th, 1778.')

'with victory and something wise and logically speakable to say 'on it, sooner than any other man,—never doubting but he has 'been at the bottom, which is from three to ten miles lower!')— 'Wonderful talent; but observe always, if you look closely, it 'was in essence a mere talent for Speech; which talent Bavius 'and Mævius and the Jew Apella may admire without looking 'behind it, but this Eulogist by no means will. Speech, my 'friend? If your sublime talent of speech consists only in 'making ignorance appear to be knowledge, and little wisdom 'appear to be much, I will thank you to walk on with it, and 'apply at some other shop. The *quantity* of shops where you 'can apply with thrice-golden advantage, from the Morning 'Newspapers to the National Senate, is tremendous at this epoch 'of the poor world's history;—go, I request you! And while his 'foot is on the stairs, descending from my garret, I think: Oh 'unfortunate fellow-creature in an unfortunate world, why is not 'there a Friedrich Wilhelm to "elect" you, as he did Gundling, 'to his *Tobacco* Parliament, and there set Fassmann upon you 'with the pans of burning peat? It were better even for your- 'self; wholesomely didactic to your poor self, I cannot doubt; 'and for the poor multitudes to whom you are now to be sacred '*vates*, speaking and singing *your* dismal *Gundlingiana* as if in- 'spired by Heaven, how infinitely better!— —Courage, courage! 'I discern, across these hideous jargons, the reign of greater si- 'lence approaching upon repentant men; reign of greater silence, 'I say; or else that of annihilation, which will be the most silent 'of all. * *

'Voltaire, if not a great man, is a remarkably peculiar one; 'and did such a work in these Ages as will render him long me- 'morable, more or less. He kindled the infinite dry dungheap of 'things; set it blazing heaven-high;—and we all thought, in the 'French Revolution time, it would burn out rapidly into ashes, 'and then there would a clear Upper Firmament, if over a 'blackened Earth, be once more vouchsafed us. The flame is 'now done, as I once said; and only the dull dungheap, smokily 'burning, but not now blazing, remains,—for it was very damp, 'except on the surface, and is by nature slow of combustion:— 'who knows but it may have to burn for centuries yet, poisoning 'by its villanous mal-odours the life-atmosphere of all men? Eter-

'nal Author of this Universe, whose throne is Truth, to whom 'all the True are Sons, wilt thou not look down upon us, then! '—Till this sad process is complete, Voltaire is like to be very 'memorable.' * *

To Friedrich the Winter was in general tranquil; a Friedrich busy preparing all things for his grand Mähren Enterprise, and for "real work next year." By and by, there came to be real Peace-prospects instead. Meanwhile, the Austrians do try a little, in the small Pandour way, to dislodge him from the Upper-Silesian or Teschen regions, where the Erbprinz of Brunswick is in command; a man not to be pricked into gratis by Pandours. Erbprinz, accordingly, provoked by their Pandourings, broke out at last; and about Zuckmantel instantly scourged them home, and had peace after. Foiled here, they next tried upon Glatz; "Get into his Glatz Country, then;—a snatch of that will balance the account" (which was one of Newspaper glory only): and a certain Würmser of theirs, expert in such things, did burn the Town of Habelschwert one morning;[19] and tried farther, not wisely this time, a surprisal of Glatz Fortress itself; but got smitten home by our old friend General Wunsch, without profit there. This was the same Würmser who came to bad issues in the Napoleon time afterwards; a rising man then; not a dim Old-Newspaper ghost as now.

Most shameful this burning of Habelschwert by way of mere bravura, thinks Friedrich, in a time of actual Treaty for Peace, when our Congress of Teschen was just struggling to get together! It was the chief stroke done by the Austrians in this War; glorious or shameful, we will not think of inquiring. Nor in fact of adding one word more on such a War,—except, what everybody longs for, That, *November 27th*, 1778, Czarina Catharine,

[19] '18th January 1779' (Rödenbeck, iii. 195; Schmettau, &c.).

by her Prince Galitzin at Vienna, intervened in the matter, in a lofty way; and ended it. Czarina Catharine,—small thanks to her, it seems, for it was Friedrich that by his industries and world-diplomacies, French and other, had got her Turks, who had been giving trouble again, compesced into peace for her; and indeed, to Friedrich or his interests, though bound by Treaty, she had small regard in taking this step, but wished merely to appear in German Politics as a She-Jove,—Czarina Catharine signified, in high and peremptory though polite Diplomatic terms, at Vienna, "Imperial Madam, how long is such a War to last? Be at Peace, both of you; or—!—I shall, however, mediate, if you like, being the hearty friend of both."[20]

"Do," answers Maria Theresa, whose finance is quite out, whose motherly heart is almost broken, though a young Kaiser still prances violently, and kicks against the pricks: "Do, your noble Czarish Majesty; France, too, is interfering: France and you will decide what is just, and we will end." 'Congress of Teschen' met accordingly, *March* 10*th*, 1779: Teschen, in Austrian Silesia, where we have been;—Repnin as Russian, Breteuil the Frenchman, Cobentzl and Herzberg as Austrian and Prussian;—and, *May* 13*th* (in two months time, not in two weeks, as had been expected, for there rose unexpected haggles), did close everything, firm as Diplomacy could do it, into equitable, or approximately equitable finis: "Go home, you Austria; quit your stolen Bavaria (all but a rim or paring, Circle of Burghausen, since you must have something!): Saxony, Mecklenburg, these must be satisfied to moderate length; and therewith general *As-you-were*."

Russia and France were agreed on the case; and Friedrich, bitterly longing to have done with it, had

[20] Copy of Galitzin's 'Declaration,' in *Fischer*, ii. 406-411.

said to himself, "In two weeks or so:" but it proved far otherwise. Never were such hagglings, provocations, and unreasonable confusions as now rose. The burning of Habelschwert was but a type of them. Haggles on the part of worthless Karl Theodor, kindled by Joseph and his Kaunitz, kicking against the pricks. Haggles on Saxony's part: "I claimed 7,000,000*l.* sterling, and you allow me 600,000*l.*" "Better that than nothing," answered Friedrich. Haggles with Mecklenburg: "Instead of my Leuchtenberg, I get an improvement in my Law-Courts, right of Judging without Appeal; what is that!" Haggles with the once grateful Duke of Zweibrück: "Can't part with my Burghausen." "Suppose you had had to part with your Bavaria altogether?" In short, Friedrich, who had gained nothing for himself, but such infinity of outlay in all kinds, never saw such a coil of human follies and cupidities before; and had to exhaust his utmost patience, submit to new losses of his own, and try all his dexterities in pig-driving: overjoyed, at last, to get out of it on any terms. Outlay of Friedrich is about Two Millions sterling, and above 10,000 men's lives (his own narrowly *not* included), with censures, criticisms, provocations and botherations without end. In return for which, he has, truly, put a spoke in Austria's proud wheel for this time, and managed to see fair play in the Reich; which had seemed to him, and seems, a considerable thing. By way of codicil, Austria agrees not to chicane him in regard to Anspach-Baireuth,—how generous of Austria, after this experience!—

In reality, the War was an Imaginary War; deserving on its own score little record anywhere; to readers here, requiring almost less than it has got. Schmettau, Schöning and others, have been abundantly minute upon it; but even to soldiers there is little either of interest

or instruction; to us, all it yields is certain Anecdotes of Friedrich's temper and ways in that difficult predicament; which, as coming at first-hand, gathered for us by punctual authentic Schmettau, who was constantly about him, with eyes open and note-book ready, have a kind of worth in the Biographic point of view.

The Prussian Soldiery, of whom we see a type in Schmettau, were disgusted with this War, and called it, in allusion to the foraging, A scramble for potatoes, "*Der Kartoffel-Krieg*, The Potato War;" which is its common designation to this day. The Austrians, in a like humour, called it "*Zwetschken-Rummel*" (say, "*Three-button* Loo"); a game not worth playing; especially not at such cost. Combined cost counted to have been in sum total 4,350,000*l.* and 20,000 men.[21] 'The Prussian Army was full of ardour, never abler for fight' (insists Schmettau), which indeed seems to have been the fact on every small occasion;—'but fatally forbidden to try.' Not so fatally perhaps, had Schmettau looked beyond his epaulettes: was not the thing, by that slow method, got done? By the swifter method, awakening a new Seven-Years business, how infinitely costlier might it have been!

Schmettau's *Narrative*, deducting the endless lamentings, especially the extensive didactic digressions, is very clear, ocular, exact; and, in contrast with Friedrich's own, is really amusing to read. A Schmettau giving us, in his haggard light and oblique point of vision, the naked truth, *naked* and all in a shiver; a Friedrich striving to drape it a little, and make it comfortable to himself. Those bits of Anecdotes in *Schmettau*, clear, credible, as if we had seen them, are so many crevices through which it is curiously worth while to look.

[21] Preuss, iv. 115.

CHAPTER VII.

MILLER ARNOLD'S LAWSUIT.

ABOUT the Second Law-Reform, after reading and again reading much dreary detail, I can say next to nothing, except that it is dated as beginning in 1776, near thirty years after Cocceji's;[1] that evidently, by what causes is not stated, but may be readily enough conjectured (in the absence of Cocceji by death, and of a Friedrich by affairs of War), the abuses of Law had again become more or less unendurable to this King; that said abuses did again get some reform (again temporary, such the law of Nature, which bids you sweep vigorously your kitchen, though it will next moment *re*commence the gathering of dirt upon it); and that, in fine, after some reluctance in the Law circles, and debating *pro* and *contra*, oral some of it, and done in the King's presence, who is so intent to be convinced and see his practical way in it,[2]—there was, as supplement to the mere Project or Theory of a *Codex Fredericianus* in Cocceji's

[1] 'In 1748' Cocceji's was completed; 'in 1774-75,' on occasion of the Silesian Reviews, Von Carmer, Chancellor of Silesia, knowing of the King's impatience at the state of Law, presented successively Two *Memorials* on the subject; the Second of which began, '4th January 1776,' to have visible fruit.

[2] At Potsdam, '4th January 1776,' Debate, by solemn appointment, in the King's Presence (King very unwell), between Silesian-Chancellor von Carmer and Grand-Chancellor von Fürst, as to the feasibility of Carmer's ideas; old Fürst strong in the negative;—King, after reflexion, determining to go on nevertheless. (Rödenbeck, iii. 131, 133.)

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time, an actual *Prussian Code* set about; Von Carmer, the Silesian Chancellor, the chief agent: and a First Folio, or a First and partly a Second of it, were brought out in Friedrich's lifetime, the remainder following in that of his Successor; which Code is ever since the Law of the Prussian Nation to this day.[3] Of its worth as a Code I have heard favourable opinions, comparatively favourable; but can myself say nothing: famed Savigny finds it superior in intelligence and law-knowledge to the *Code Napoléon*,—upon which indeed, and upon all Codes possible to poor hag-ridden and wig-ridden generations like ours, Savigny feels rather desperate. Unfortunate mortals do want to have their bits of lawsuits settled, nevertheless; and have, on trial, found even the ignorant *Code Napoléon* a mighty benefit in comparison to none!—

Readers all see how this Second Prussian Law-Reform was a thing important to Prussia, of liveliest interest to the then King of Prussia; and were my knowledge of it greater than it is, this is all I could hope to say of it that would be suitable or profitable at present. Let well-disposed readers take it up in their imaginations, as a fact and mass of facts, very serious there and then; and colour with it in some degree those five or six last years of this King's life.

Connected with this Second Law-Reform, and indeed partially a source of it, or provocation to go on with it, mending your speed, there is one little Lawsuit, called the *Miller Arnold* Case, which made an immense noise in the world, and is still known by rumour to many

[3] Not finished and promulgated till '5th February 1794;' First Volume (containing *Prozess-Ordnung*, Form of Procedure, in all its important details) had come out, '26th April 1784' (Preuss, iii. 418-422).

persons, who would probably be thankful, as certainly I myself should, for some intelligible word on it. In regard to which, and to which alone, in this place, we will permit ourselves a little more detail.

In the sandy moors towards the Silesian border of the Neumark, south-west of Züllichau,—where we once were, with Dictator Wedell, fighting the Russians in a tragic way,—there is, as was casually then indicated, on one of the poor Brooks trickling into Oder, a Mill called *Krebsmühle* (Crabmill); Millers of which are a line of dusty Arnolds, laboriously for long generations grinding into meal the ryes, pulses, barleys of that dim region; who, and whose Crabmill, in the year 1779-80, burst into a notoriety they little dreamt of, and became famous in the fashionable circles of this Universe, where an indistinct rumour of them lives to this day. We indicated Arnold and his Mill in Wedell's time; Wedell's scene being so remote and empty to readers: in fact, nobody knows on what paltriest of moors a memorable thing will not happen;—here, for instance, is withal the Birthplace of that Rhyming miracle, Frau Karsch (Karschinn, Karch*ess* as they call her), the Berlin literary Prodigy, to whom Friedrich was not so flush of help as had been expected. The child of utterly poor Peasants there; whose poverty, shining out as thrift, unweariable industry and stoical valour, is beautiful to me, still more their poor little girl's bits of fortunes, 'tending three cows' in the solitudes there, and gazing wistfully into Earth and Heaven with her ingenuous little soul,—desiring mainly one thing, that she could get Books, any Book whatever; having half-accidentally picked up the art of reading, and finding hereabouts absolutely nothing to read. Frau Karsch, I have no

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doubt, knows the Crabmill right well; and can, to all permissible lengths, inform the Berlin Circles on this point.[4]

Crabmill is in Pommerzig Township, not far from Kay:—Züllichau, Kay, Palzig, Crossen, all come to speech again, in this Narrative; fancy how they turned up in Berlin dinner circles, to Dictator Wedell, gray old gentleman, who is now these many years War-Minister, peaceable, and well accepted, but remembers the flamy youth he had. Landlord of these Arnolds and their Mill is Major Graf von Schmettau (no connexion of our Schmettaus),—to what insignificantly small amount of rent, I could not learn on searching; 10*l.* annually is a too liberal guess. Innumerable things, of no pertinency to us, are wearisomely told, and ever again told, while the pertinent are often missed out, in that dreary cart-load of Arnold Law-Papers, barely readable, barely intelligible, to the most patient intellect: with despatch let us fish up the small cardinal particles of it, and arrange in some chronological or human order, that readers may form to themselves an outline of the thing. In 1759, we mentioned that this Mill was going; Miller of it an old Arnold, Miller's Lad a

[4] See *Jördens* (§ Karschin), ii. 607-640. An excellent Silesian Nobleman lifted her miraculously from the sloughs of misery, landed her from his travelling-carriage in the upper world of Berlin, 'January 1761' (age then thirty-nine, husband Karsch a wretched drunken Tailor at Glogau, who thereupon enlisted, and happily got shot or finished): Berlin's enthusiasm was, and continued to be, considerable;—Karschin's head, I fear, proved weakish, though her rhyming faculty was great. Friedrich saw her once, October 1763, spoke kindly to her (*Dialogue* reported by herself, with a Chodowiecki *Engraving* to help, in the *Musen-Almanachs* ensuing); and gave her a 10*l.*, but never much more:—"somebody had done me ill with him," thinks the Karschin (not thinking, "Or perhaps nobody but my poor self, and my weakness of head"). She continued rhyming and living,—certain Principalities and High People still standing true,—till '12th October 1791.'

young. Here is the subsequent succession of occurrences that concern us.

In 1762, Young Arnold, as I dimly gather, had got married, apparently a Wife with portion; bought the Mill from his Father, he and Wife co-possessors thenceforth;—'Rosine his Spouse' figuring jointly in all these Law-Papers; and the Spouse especially as a most shifty litigant. There they continue totally silent to mankind for about eight years. Happy the Nation, much more may we say the Household, 'whose Public History is blank.' But in the eighth year,

In 1770, Freyherr Baron von Gersdorf in Kay, who lies farther up the stream, bethinks him of Fish-husbandry; makes a Fish-pond to himself, and for part supply thereof, lays some beam or weir across the poor Brook, and deducts a part of Arnold's water.

In 1773, the Arnolds fall into arrear of rent: "Want of water; Fishpond spoils our water," plead they to Major Graf von Schmettau. "Prosecute Von Gersdorf, then," says Schmettau: "I must have my rent! You shall have time, lengthened terms; but pay *then*, or else—!" For four years the Arnolds tried more or less to pay, but never could, or never did completely: during which period Major von Schmettau had them up in his Court of Pommerzig,—manorial or feudal kind of Court; I think it is more or less his, though he does not sit there; and an Advocate, not of his appointing, though probably of his accepting, dispenses justice there. Schlecker is the Advocate's name; acquitted by all Official people of doing anything wrong. No appearance that the Herr Graf von Schmettau put hand to the balances of justice in this Court; with his *eye*, however, who knows but he might act on them more or less! And, at any rate, be suspected by distressed Arnolds, especially by a distressed Frau Arnold, of doing so. The Frau Arnold had a strong suspicion that way; and seems to have risen occasionally upon Schlecker, who did once order the poor woman to be locked up for contempt of Court: "Only two hours!" asseverates Schlecker afterwards; after which she came out cool and respectful to Court.

Not the least account survives of those procedures in

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Schlecker's Court; but by accident, after many readings, you light upon a little fact which does shed a transient ray over them. Namely, that already in 1775, four years before the Case became audible in Official circles, much more in general society, Frau Arnold had seized an opportunity, Majesty being at Crossen in those neighbourhoods, and presented a Petition: "Oh, just King, appoint a *Military Commission* to investigate our business; impartial Officers will speedily find out the facts, and decide what is just!"[5] Which denotes an irritating experience in Schlecker's Court. Certain it is, Schlecker's Court did, in this tedious harassing way, decide against Frau Arnold in every point. "Pay Herr Graf von Schmettau, or else disappear; prosecute Von Gersdorf, if you like!" And, in fine, as the Arnolds could not pay up, nor see any daylight through prosecuting Baron von Gersdorf, the big gentleman in Kay,—Schlecker, after some five years of this, decreed Sale of the Mill:—and sold it was. In Züllichau, September 7th, 1778, there is Auction of the Mill; Herr Landeinnehmer (*Cess-Collector*) Kuppisch bought it; knocked down to him for the moderate sum of 600 thalers, or 90*l.* sterling, and the Arnolds are an ousted family. 'September 7th,'—Potato-War just closing its sad Campaign; tomorrow, march for Trautenau, thirty horses to a gun.—

The Arnolds did make various attempts and appeals to the Neumark *Regierung* (College of Judges); but it was without the least result. "Schlecker right in every point; Gersdorf right," answered the College: "go, will you!" A Mill forfeited by every Law, and fallen to the highest bidder. Cess-Collector Kuppisch, it was soon known, had sold his purchase to Von Gersdorf: "Hah!" said the rural public, smelling something bad. Certain it is, Von Gersdorf is become proprietor both of Pond and Mill; and it is not to the ruined Arnolds that Schlecker law can seem an admirable sample.

And truly, reading over those barrow-loads of pleadings and *relationes*, one has to admit that, taken as a

[5] Preuss, iii. 382.

reason for seeing oneself ruined, and one's Mill become the big gentleman's who fancies carp, they do seem considerably insufficient. The Law-Pleadings are duly voluminous. Barrow-loads of them, dreariest reading in Creation, remain; going into all manner of questions, proving, from Grotius and others, that landlords have rights upon private rivers, and another sort upon public ditto; that Von Gersdorf, by Law of 1566, had verily the right to put down his Fishpond,—whether Schmettau the duty to indemnify Arnold for the same? that is not touched upon: nor, singular to say, is it anywhere made out, or attempted to be made out, How much of water Arnold lost by the Pond, much less what degree of real impediment, by loss of his own time, by loss of his customers (tired of such waiting on a mill), Arnold suffered by the Pond. This, which you would have thought the soul of the matter, is absolutely left out; altogether unsettled,—after, I think, four, or at least three, express Commissions had sat on it, at successive times, with the most esteemed hydraulic sages opining and examining;—and remains, like the part of Hamlet, omitted by particular desire. No wonder Frau Arnold begged for a Military Commission; that is to say, a decision from rational human creatures, instead of juridical wigs proceeding at this rate.

It was some time in 1775 that Rosine (what we reckoned a very elucidative point!) had given-in her Petition to the King at Crossen, showing how ill Schlecker was using them. She now, 'about May-day 1779,' in a new Petition, referred to that, and again begged a Commission of Soldier-people to settle it. May 4th, 1779,—King not yet home, but coming,[6]—King's Cabinet, on Order, '*sends* this to Justice-Department;' nothing *said*

[6] 'Arrived at Berlin, May 27th' (Rödenbeck, iii. 201).

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on it, the existence of the Petition sufficiently *saying*. Justice-Department thereupon demands the Law-Records, documentary Narrative of *rès* Arnold, from Cüstrin; finds all right: "Peace, ye Arnolds; what would you have?"[7]

Same year 1779 (no express date), Grand-Chancellor von Fürst, being at Cüstrin, officially examining the condition of Law-matters, Frau Arnold failed not to try there also with a Petition: "See, great Law-gentleman come to reform abuses, can that possibly be Law; or if so, is it not Injustice as well?" "Tush!" answered Fürst;—for I believe Law-people, ever since this new stringency of Royal vigilance upon them, are plagued with such complaints from Dorfships and dark greedy Peasant people; "Tush!" and flung it promptly into his waste-basket.

Is there no hope at all, then? Arnold remembers that a Brother of his is a Prussian soldier; and that he has for Colonel, Prince Leopold of Brunswick, a Prince always kind to the poor. The Leopold Regiment lies at Frankfurt: try Prince Leopold by that channel. Prince Leopold listened;—the Soldier Arnold probably known to him as rational and respectable. Prince Leopold now likewise applies to Fürst: "A defect, not of Law, Herr Kanzler, but of Equity, there does seem. Schmettau had a right to his rent; Von Gersdorf, by Deed of 1566, to his Pond: but the Arnolds had not water, and have lost their Mill. Could not there," suggests Leopold, "be appointed, without noise of any kind, a Commission of neutral people, strangers to the Neumark, to search this matter to the actual root of it, and let Equity ensue?" To whom also Fürst answers, though in a politer shape, "Tush, Durchlaucht! Every man to his trade!"

[7] Preuss, iii. 382.

So that Prince Leopold himself, the King's own Nephew, proves futile? Some think Leopold did, this very Autumn, casually, or as if casually, mention the matter to the King,—whose mind is uneasily awake to all such cases, knowing what a buckram set his Lawyers are. At the Reviews, as these people say, Leopold could not have done it; there being, this Year, no Reviews, merely return of King and Army from the Bavarian War. But during August, and on into September this Year, it is very evident, there was a Visit of the Brunswick Family at Potsdam;[8] Leopold's Mamma and certain of his Brothers,—of which, Colonel Prince Leopold, though not expressly mentioned in the Books, may very possibly have been permitted, for a day or two, to form part, for Mamma's behoof and his own; and may have made his casual observation, at some well-chosen moment, with the effect intended. In which case, Leopold was by no means futile, but proved, after all, to be the saving clause for the Arnolds.

Gallant young fellow, one loves to believe it of him; and to add it to the one other fact now known of him, which was also beautiful, though tragic. Six years after, Spring 1785, Oder River, swollen by rains, was in wild deluge; houses in the suburbs like to be washed away. Leopold, looking on it from the Bridge or shore, perhaps partly with an Official eye, saw the inhabitants of some houses like to be drowned; looked wildly for assistance, but found none; and did, himself, in uncontrollable pity, dash off in a little boat, through the wild-eddying surges; and got his own death there, himself drowned in struggling to save others. Which occasioned loud lamentation in the world; in his poor Mother's heart

[8] Rödenbeck, iii. 206 et seq.

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what unnamable voiceless lamentation![9] He had founded a Garrison School at Frankfurt; spared no expenditure of pains or of money. A man adored in Frankfurt. 'His Brother Friedrich, in memory of him, presented, next year, the Uniform in which Leopold was drowned, to the Freemason Lodge of Berlin, of which he had been member.'[10] *Sunt lacrymæ rerum.*

But to return to the Arnolds, and have done with them: for we are now, by Leopold's help or otherwise, got to the last act of that tedious business.

August 21st, 1779 (these high Brunswickers still at Potsdam, if that had any influence), the Arnolds again make Petition to the King. "Alas, no justice yet, your Majesty!" "Shall we never see the end of this, then?" thinks the King: "some Soldier, with human eyes, let him, attended by one of their Law-wigs, go upon the ground, and search it!" And, next day, having taken Protocol of the Arnold Complaint, issues Cabinet Order, or King's Message to the Cüstrin Law-wigs: "Colonel Heucking" (whose regiment lies in Züllichau district, a punctual enough man), "he shall be the Soldier; to whom do *you* adjoin what member of your Court you think the fittest: and let, at last, justice be done. And swift, if you please!"

The Cüstrin Regierung, without delay, name *Regierungs-Rath* Neumann; who is swiftly ready, as is Colonel Heucking swiftly,—and they two set out together up the Pommerzig Brook, over that moor Country; investigating, pondering, hearing witnesses, and no doubt consulting, and diligently endeavouring to get to the bottom of this poor Arnold question. For how many September

[9] Friedrich's Letter to her: *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. 1. 351 ('12th May 1785').

[10] *Militair-Lexikon*, i. 247.

days, I know not: everybody knows, however, that they could not agree; in other words, that they saw *two* bottoms to it,—the Law-gentleman one bottom, the Soldier another. "True bottom is already there," argued the Law-gentleman: "confirm Decision of Court in every point." "No; Arnold has lost water, has suffered wrong," thinks Heucking; "that is the true bottom." And so they part, each with his own opinion. Neumann affirmed afterwards, that the Colonel came with a predetermination that way, and even that he said, once or oftener, in his eagerness to persuade: "His Majesty has got it into his thought; there will be nothing but trouble if you persist in that notion." To which virtuous Neumann was deaf. Neumann also says, The Colonel, acquainted with Austrian enemies, but not with Law, had brought with him his Regiment's-Auditor, one Bech, formerly a Law-practitioner in Crossen (readers know Crossen, and Ex-Dictator Wedell does),—Law-practitioner in Crossen; who had been in strife with the Cüstrin *Regierung*, under rebuke from them (too importunate for some of his pauper clients, belike); was a cunning fellow too, and had the said Regierung in ill-will. An adroit fellow Bech might be, or must have been; but his now office of Regiment's-Auditor is certificate of honesty,—good, at least, against Neumann.

Neumann's Court was silent about these Neumann surmises; but said afterwards, "Heucking had not gone to the bottom of the thing." This was in a subsequent report, some five or six weeks subsequent. Their present report they redacted to the effect, "All correct as it stood," without once mentioning Heucking. Gave it in, 27th September; by which time Heucking's also was in, and had made a strong impression on his Majesty. Presumably an honest, intelligible report; though, by

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ill-luck for the curious, it is now lost; among the barrow-loads of vague wigged stuff, this one Piece, probably human, is not to be discovered.

Friedrich's indignation at the Cüstrin report, 'Perfectly correct as it stood,' and no mention of Heucking or his dissent, was considerable: already, 27th September,—that is, on the very day while those Cüstrin people were signing their provoking report,—Friedrich, confident in Heucking, had transmitted to his Supreme Board of Justice (*Kammergericht*) the impartial Heucking's account of the affair, with order, "See there, an impartial human account, clear and circumstantial (*deutliches und ganz umständliches*), going down to the true roots of the business: swift, get me justice for these Arnolds!"[11] Scarcely was this gone, when, September 29th, the Cüstrin impertinence, 'Perfectly right as it stood,' came to hand; kindling the King into hot provocation; "extreme displeasure, *äusserstes Misfallen*," as his Answer bore: "Rectify me all that straightway, and relieve these Arnolds of their injuries!" You Pettifogging Pedant Knaves, bring that Arnold matter to order, will you; you had better!—

The Cüstrin Knaves, with what feelings I know not, proceed accordingly; appoint a new Commission, one or more Lawyers in it, and at least one Hydraulic Gentleman in it, Schade the name of him; who are to go upon the ground, hear witnesses, and the like. Who went accordingly; and managed, not too fast, Hydraulic Schade rather disagreeing from the Legal Gentlemen, to produce a Report, reported *upon* by the Cüstrin Court, 28th October: "That there is one error found: 6*l.* 12*s.* as value of corn *left*, clearly Arnold's that, when his Mill was sold; that, with this improvement, all is *now*

[11] Preuss, iii. 489.

correct to the uttermost; and that Heucking had not investigated things to the bottom." By some accident, this Report did not come at once to Friedrich, or had escaped his attention; so that—

November 21st, matters hanging fire in this way, Frau Arnold applies again, by Petition to his Majesty; upon which is new Royal Order,[12] far more patient than might have been expected: "In God's name, rectify me that Arnold matter, and let us at last see the end of it!" To which the Cüstriners answer: "All is rectified, your Majesty. Frau Arnold, in her Petition, has not mentioned that she gained 6*l.* 12*s.*;"—important item, that; 6*l.* 12*s.* for *corn* left (clearly Arnold's that, when his Mill was sold)! "Our sentence we cannot alter; a Court's sentence is alterable only by appeal; your Majesty decides where the appeal is to lie!" Friedrich's patience is now wearing out; but he does not yet give way: "Berlin Kammergericht be your Appeal Court," decides he, 28th November: and will admit of no delay on the Kammergericht's part either. "Papers all at Cüstrin, say you? Send for them by express; they will come in one day: be swift, I say!"

Chancellor Fürst is not a willing horse in this case; but he is obliged to go. December 7th, Kammergericht sits on the Arnold Appeal; Kammergericht's view is: "Cüstrin Papers all here, not the least delay permitted; you, Judge Rannsleben, take these Papers to you; down upon them: let us, if humanly possible, have a Report by tomorrow." Rannsleben takes the Papers in hand, December 7th; works upon them all day, and all night following, at a rate of energy memorable among Legal gentlemen; and December 8th, attends with lucid Report upon them, or couple of Reports; one on Arnold

[12] Preuss, iii. 490.

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versus Schmettau, in six folios; one on Arnold *versus* Gersdorf, in two ditto; draws these two Documents from his pocket, December 8th; reads them in assembled Court (six of the Judges present[13]),—which, with marked thankfulness to the swift Rannsleben, at once adopts his Report, and pronounces upon the Cüstrin Raths, "Right in every particular." Witness our hands: every one affixing his signature, as to a matter happily got done with.

It was Friday 10th December 1779, before Friedrich got this fine bit of news; Saturday 11th, before he authentically saw their Sentence. He is lying miserably ill of gout in the Schloss of Berlin; and I suppose, since his Father, of blessed memory, took cudgel to certain Judges and knocked out teeth from them, and broke the judicial crowns, nobody in that Schloss has been in such humour against men of Law. "Attend me here at 2 P.M. with the Three Raths who signed in Arnold's Case:" Saturday, about 11 A.M., Chancellor Fürst receives this command; gets Rannsleben, and two others, Friedel, Graun,—and there occurred such a scene— But it will be better to let Rannsleben himself tell the story; who has left an *Autobiography*, punctually correct, to all appearance, but except this alone notable passage of it, still unpublished, and like to continue so:

'*Berlin, Tuesday, 7th December* 1779,' says Rannsleben (let him tell it again in his own words), 'the *Acta*, which had arrived 'from Cüstrin *in re* Miller Arnold and his Wife *versus* Landrath 'von Gersdorf, as also those, in the same matter, *versus* Count 'von Schmettau, were assigned to me, to be reported on *quàm* '*primùm*;—our President von Rebeur,' President of the Supreme *Kammergericht* (King's-Chamber Tribunal, say Exchequer High

[13] Preuss, iii. 496.

Court, or *Collegium*), whereof I have the honour to be one of the Seven Judges, or *Raths*,—'our President von Rebeur enjoining me to make such utmost despatch that my Report on both these sets of Papers might be read to the assembled Court next day; whereby said Court might then and there be enabled to pronounçe judgment on the same. I at once set to work; went on with it all night; and on the morrow I brought both my Reports (*Relationes*),'—one referring to the Gersdorf, the other to the Schmettau part of the suit,—'one of six sheets, the other of two sheets, to the Kammergericht; where both *Relationes* were read. There were present, besides me, the following six members of the *Collegium:* President von Rebeur, Raths Uhl, Friedel, Kircheisen, Graun, Gässler.

'Appellant,' as we all know, 'was Miller Arnold; and along with the *Acta* were various severe Cabinet-Orders, in which the King, who had taken quite particular notice of the Case, positively enjoined, That Miller Arnold should have justice done him. The King had not, however, given formally any authoritative Decision of his own (*keinen eigentlichen Machtspruch gethan*),' which might have given us pause, though not full-stop by any means: 'but, in his Order to the Kammergericht, had merely said, we were to decide with the utmost despatch, and then at once inform his Majesty how.' With the speed of light or of thought, Rannsleben hardly done reading, this Kammergericht decided,—it is well known how: "In the King's name; Right in every particular, you Cüstrin Gentlemen;—which be so good as publish to parties concerned!"

Report of Kammergericht's Judgment to this effect, for behoof of Cüstrin, was at once got under way; and Kammergericht, in regard to his Majesty, agreed merely to announce the fact in that quarter: "Judgment arrived at, please your Majesty;—Judgment already under way for Cüstrin:"—you, Rannsleben, without saying what the Judgment is, you again write for us. And Rannsleben does so; writes the above little Message to his Majesty, 'which got to the King's hand, Friday, December 10th. 'And the same day,' continues Rannsleben, 'the King despatched a very severe Cabinet-Order to Minister von Dörnberg,'—head of the Department to which the Kammergericht belongs,—'de-

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'manding a Copy of the Judgment. Which order was at once 'obeyed.

'Hereupon, on Saturday, about 11 A.M., there came to Grand-'Chancellor von Fürst,' sublime head of us and of all Lawyers, 'a Cabinet-Order, "Appear before me here, this day, at 2 o'clock; 'and bring with you your Three Kammergericht Raths who drew 'up (*minutirt*) the Judgment in the Arnold Case."' Message bodeful to Fürst and the Three Raths.

'*Nota*,' says Rannsleben here, 'the King is under the impres-'sion that, in judging a Case, Three Raths are always employed, 'and therefore demands Three of us. But, properly, all the 'above-named Six *Membra Collegii*, besides myself, ought to have 'gone to the Palace, or else I alone.' On some points, an ill-informed King. Rannsleben continues:

'President von Rebeur came to me in his carriage, at a quar-'ter to 12; told me of the King's Order; and said, as the King 'demanded only Three Raths, there was nothing for it but to 'name me and Raths Friedel and Kircheisen, my usual partners 'in Judgment business. Finding, however, on looking into the 'Sentence itself, that Kircheisen was not amongst the signers of 'it, he' (Rebeur) 'named, instead of him, Rath Graun, who was. 'For the Herr President apprehended the King might demand 'to see our Sentence *in Originali*, and would then be angry that 'a person had been sent to him who had not signed the same. 'President von Rebeur instructed me farther, That I, as Re-'porter in the Case, was to be spokesman at the Palace; and 'should explain to his Majesty the reasons which had weighed 'with the Kammergericht in coming to such decision.

'To my dear Wife I,' as beseemed a good husband, 'said no-'thing of all this; confiding it only to my Father-in-law, who 'tried to cheer me. Nor, indeed, did I feel any fear within me, 'being persuaded in my conscience that, in this decision of the 'Arnold Case, I had proceeded according to the best of my 'knowledge and conviction.

'At 1 o'clock I drove to the Grand-Chancellor's, where I 'found the Raths Friedel and Graun already arrived. The 'Chancellor,' old Fürst, 'instructed us as to what we had to do 'when we came before the King. And then, towards 2 o'clock,

'he took us in his carriage to the Palace. We entered the room 'immediately at the end of the Great Hall. Here we found a 'heyduc' (tall porter), 'by whom the Chancellor announced to the 'King that we were here. Heyduc soon came back to inquire, 'Whether the *Cabinets-Rath* Stellter,' a Secretary or Short-hand writer of his Majesty's, 'had arrived yet; and whether we' (*we*, what a doubt!) 'were Privy Councillors. We were then shortly 'after shown in to the King. We passed through three rooms, 'the second of which was that in which stands the *Confidenz* '*Tafel*' (Table that goes by pulleys through the floor, and comes up refurnished, when you wish to be specially private with your friends). 'In the fourth, a small room with one window, was 'the King. The Chancellor walked first; I followed him close; 'behind me came the Rath Friedel, and then Graun. Some way 'within, opposite the door, stood a screen; with our backs to 'this,' the King-ward side of this, 'we ranged ourselves,'—in respectful row of Four, Fürst at the inward end of us (right or left is no matter). 'The King sat in the middle of the room, so that 'he could look point-blank at us; he sat with his back to the 'chimney, in which there was a fire burning. He had on a worn 'hat, of the clerical shape' (old-military in fact, not a shovel at all); '*cassaquin*,' short dressing-gown, 'of red-brown (*mordoré*) 'velvet; black breeches, and boots which came quite up over the 'knee. His hair was not dressed. Three little benchlets or 'stools, covered with green cloth, stood before him, on which he 'had his feet lying' (terribly ill of gout). 'In his lap he had a 'sort of muff, with one of his hands in it, which seemed to be 'giving him great pain. In the other hand he held our Sentence 'on the Arnold Case. He lay reclining (*lag*) in an easy-chair; 'at his left stood a table, with various papers on it,—and two 'gold snuff-boxes, richly set with brilliants, from which he kept 'taking snuff now and then.

'Besides us, there was present in the room the Cabinets-Rath Stellter' (of the short-hand), 'who stood at a desk, and 'was getting ready for writing. The King looked at us, saying, "Come nearer!" Whereupon we advanced another step, and were 'now within less than two steps of him. He addressed himself to 'us three Raths, taking no notice at all of the Grand-Chancellor:

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King. "Is it you who drew up the judgment in the Arnold "case?"

We (especially I, with a bow). "Yea."

'The King then turned to the Rath Friedel' (to Friedel, as the central figure of the Three, perhaps as the portliest, though poor Friedel, except signing, had little cognizance of the thing, in which not he but Rannsleben was to have been spokesman), 'and addressed to Friedel those questions, of which, with their 'answers, there is Protocol published, under Royal authority, in 'the Berlin newspapers of December 14th, 1779;'[14] Short-hand Stellter taking down what was said,—quite accurately, testifies Rannsleben. From Stellter (that is to say from the 'Protocol' just mentioned), or from Stellter and Rannsleben together, we continue the Dialogue:

'*King* to Friedel' (in the tone of a Rhadamanthus suffering from gout). "To give sentence against a Peasant from whom "you have taken wagon, plough, and everything that enables "him to get his living, and to pay his rent and taxes: is that "a thing that can be done?"

Friedel (and the two Mutes, bowing). "No."

King. "May a Miller who has no water, and consequently "cannot grind, and, therefore, not earn anything, have his mill "taken from him, on account of his not having paid his rent: "is that just?"

Friedel (and Mutes as aforesaid). "No."

King. "But here now is a Nobleman, wishing to make a Fish-"pond: to get more water for his Pond, he has a ditch dug, to "draw into it the water from a small stream which drives a "water-mill. Thereby the Miller loses his water, and cannot "grind; or, at most, can only grind in the spring for the space "of a fortnight, and late in the autumn, perhaps another fort-"night. Yet, in spite of all this, it is pretended that the Miller "shall pay his rent quite the same as at the time when he had "full water for his mill. Of course, he cannot pay his rent; his

[14] *Von seiner Königlichen Majestat Höchstselbst angehaltenes Protocoll:* 'Protocol' (Minute of Proceedings) 'held by Royal Majesty's Highest-self, 'on the 11th December 1779, concerning the three Kammergerichts-Raths, 'Friedel, Graun, and Rannsleben:' in *Preuss*, iii. 495.

"incomings are gone! And what does the Cüstrin Court of "Justice do? It orders the mill to be sold, that the Nobleman "may have his rent. And the Berlin Tribunal"—(Chancellor Fürst, standing painfully mute, unspoken to, unnoticed hitherto, more like a broomstick than a Chancellor, ventures to strike in with a syllable of emendation, a small correction, of these words "Berlin Tribunal"—

Fürst (suggestively): "Kammergericht" (mildly suggestive, and perhaps with something in his tone which means, "I am not a broomstick!"): "Kammergericht!"

King (to short-hand Stellter). "Kammergerichts-Tribunal:" —(then to Fürst) "Go you, Sir, about your business, on the instant! Your Successor is appointed; with you I have nothing more to do. Disappear!"—'Ordered,' says Official Rannsleben, 'ordered the Grand-Chancellor, in very severe terms, 'To be gone! telling him that his Successor was already ap-'pointed. Which order Herr von Fürst, without saying a word, 'hastily obeyed, passing in front of us three, with the utmost 'speed.' In front,—screen, I suppose, not having room behind it,—and altogether vanishes from Friedrich's History; all but some *ghost* of him (so we may term it), which reappears for an instant once, as will be noticed.

King (continues to Friedel, not in a lower tone probably):— "the Kammergerichts-Tribunal confirms the same. That is "highly unjust; and such Sentence is altogether contrary to his "Majesty's landsfatherly intentions:—my name" (you give it, 'In the King's Name,' forsooth) "cruelly abused!"

So far is set forth in the 'Royal Protocol printed next Tuesday,' as well as in Rannsleben. But from this point, the Dialogue,—if it can be called Dialogue, being merely a rebuke and expectoration of Royal wrath against Friedel and his Two, who are all mute, so far as I can learn, and stand like criminals in the dock, feeling themselves unjustly condemned,—gets more and more into conflagration, and cannot be distinctly reported. "*My* name to such a thing! When was I found to oppress a poor man for love of a rich? To follow wiggeries and forms with solemn attention, careless what became of the internal fact? Act of 1566, allowing Gersdorf to make his Pond? Like

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enough;—and Arnold's loss of water, that is not worth the ascertaining; you know not yet what it was, some of you even say it was nothing; care not whether it was anything. Could Arnold grind, or not, as formerly? What is Act of 1566, or any or all Acts, in comparison? Wretched mortals, had you wigs a fathom long, and Law-books on your back, and Acts of 1566, by the hundredweight, what could it help, if the right of a poor man were left by you trampled under foot? What is the meaning of your sitting there as Judges? Dispensers of Right in God's Name and mine? I will make an example of you which shall be remembered!—Out of my sight!" Whereupon *exeunt* in haste, all Three,—though not far, not home, as will be seen.

Only the essential sense of all this, not the exact terms, could (or should) any Stellter take in short-hand; and in the Protocol it is decorously omitted altogether. Rannsleben merely says: 'The King farther made use of very strong expressions 'against us,'—too strong to be repeated,—'and, at last, dismissed 'us without saying what he intended to do with us. We had 'hardly left the room, when he followed us, ordering us to wait. 'The King, during the interview with us, held the Sentence, 'of my composition, in his hand; and seemed particularly ir-'ritated about the circumstance of the judgment being pro-'nounced in his name, as is the usual form. He struck the 'paper again and again with his other hand,'—heat of indignation quite extinguishing gout, for the moment,—'exclaim-'ing at the same time repeatedly, "Cruelly abused my name "(*meinen Namen cruel missbraucht*)!"[15]—We will now give the remaining part of the Protocol (what directly follows the above *catechetical* or *Dialogue* part before that caught fire),—as taken down by Stellter, and read in all the Newspapers next Tuesday:

'*Protocol*' (of December 11th, Title already given; Docketing adds), '*which is to be printed.*'

* * (*Catechetics as above,—and then*): 'The King's desire 'always is and was, That everybody, be he high or low, rich or 'poor, get prompt justice; and that, without regard of person

[15] Preuss, iii. 495-498.

'or rank, no subject of his fail at any time of impartial right 'and protection from his Courts of Law.

'Wherefore, with respect to this most unjust Sentence against 'the Miller Arnold of the Pommerzig Crabmill, pronounced in 'the Neumark, and confirmed here in Berlin, his Majesty will 'establish an emphatic example (*ein nachdrückliches Exempel 'statuiren*); to the end that all Courts of Justice, in all the 'King's Provinces, may take warning thereby, and not commit 'the like glaring unjust acts. For, let them bear inmind, That 'the least peasant, yea, what is still more, that even a beggar, 'is, no less than his Majesty, a human being, and one to whom 'due justice must be meted out, All men being equal before the 'Law, if it is a prince complaining against a peasant, or *vice 'versâ*, the prince is the same as the peasant before the Law; 'and, on such occasions, pure justice must have its course, with- 'out regard of person: Let the Law-Courts, in all the Pro- 'vinces, take this for their rule. And whenever they do not 'carry out justice in a straightforward manner, without any re- 'gard of person and rank, but put aside natural fairness,—then 'they shall have to answer his Majesty for it (*sollen sie es mit 'Seiner Königlichen Majestät zu thun kriegen*). For a Court of 'Law doing injustice is more dangerous and pernicious than a 'band of thieves: against these one can protect oneself; but 'against rogues who make use of the cloak of justice to accom- 'plish their evil passions, against such no man can guard him- 'self. These are worse than the greatest knaves the world con- 'tains, and deserve double punishment.

'For the rest, be it also known to the various Courts of 'Justice, That his Majesty has appointed a new Grand-Chan- 'cellor.' Fürst dismissed. 'Yet his Majesty will not the less 'look sharply with his own eyes after the Law-proceedings in all 'the Provinces; and he commands you'—that is, all the Law-Courts—'urgently herewith: *Firstly*,'—which is also lastly— 'To proceed to deal equally with all people seeking justice, be it 'prince or peasant; for, there, all must be alike. However, if 'his Majesty, at any time hereafter, comes upon a fault com- 'mitted in this regard, the guilty Courts can now imagine be- 'forehand how they will be punished with rigour, President as

'well as Raths, who shall have delivered a judgment so wicked 'and openly opposed to justice. Which all Colleges of Justice 'in all his Majesty's Provinces are particularly to take notice of.'

'*Mem.* By his Majesty's special command, measures are taken 'that this Protocol be inserted in all the Berlin Journals.'[16]

The remainder of Rannsleben's Narrative is beautifully brief and significant.—'We had hardly left the room,' said he *suprà*, 'when the King followed us,' lame as he was, with a fulminant: "Wait there!" Rannsleben continues: 'Shortly after came an 'Aide-de-Camp, who took us in a carriage to the common Town-'prison, the Kalandshof; here two Corporals and two Privates 'were set to guard us. On the 13th December 1779,' third day of our arrest, 'a Cabinet Order was published to us, by which 'the King had appointed a Commission of Inquiry; but had, at 'the same time, commanded beforehand that the Sentence should 'not be less than a year's confinement in a fortress, dismissal 'from office, and payment of compensation to the Arnold people 'for the losses they had sustained.' Which certainly was a bad outlook for us.

Precisely the same has befallen our Brethren of Cüstrin; all suddenly packed into Prison, just while reading our Approval of them;—there they sit, their Sentence to be like ours. 'Our 'arrest in the Kalandshof lasted from 11th December 1779 till '5th January 1780,' three weeks and three days,—when (with Two Exceptions, to be noted presently) we were all, Kammergerichters and Cüstriners alike, transferred to Spandau.

I spoke of what might be called a ghost of Kanzler Fürst once revisiting the glimpses of the Moon, or Sun if there were any in the dismal December days. This is it, witness one who saw it: 'On the morning of December 12th, the day after the 'Grand-Chancellor's dismissal, the Street in which he lived was 'thronged with the carriages of callers, who came to testify their 'sympathy, and to offer their condolence to the fallen Chancellor. 'The crowd of carriages could be seen from the windows of the

[16] In *Berlin'sche Nachrichten von Staats und Gelehrten Sachen*, No. 149, 'Tuesday, 14th December 1779.' Preuss, iii. 494.

'King's Palace.' The same young Legal Gentleman, by and by a very old one, who, himself one of the callers at the Ex-Chancellor's house that day, saw this, and related it in his old age to Herr Preuss,[17] remembers and relates also this other significant fact:

'During the days that followed' the above event and Publication of the Royal Protocol, 'I often crossed, in the forenoon, 'the Esplanade in front of the Palace (*Schlossplatz*), at that side 'where the King's apartments were; the same which his Royal 'Highness the Crown Prince now' (1833) 'occupies. I remember 'that here, on that part of the Esplanade which was directly under 'Friedrich's windows, there stood constantly numbers of Peasants, not ten or twelve, but as many as a hundred at a time; 'all with Petitions in their hands, which they were holding up 'towards the window; shouting, "Please his Majesty to look at 'these; we have been still worse treated than the Arnolds!" 'And indeed, I have understood the Law-Courts, for some time 'after, found great difficulty to assert their authority: the parties against whom judgment went, taking refuge in the Arnold 'precedent, and appealing direct to the King.'

Far graver than this Spectre of Fürst, Minister Zedlitz hesitates, finally refuses, to pronounce such a Sentence as the King orders on these men of Law! Estimable, able, conscientious Zedlitz; zealous on Education matters, too;—whom I always like for contriving to attend a Course of Kant's Lectures, while 500 miles away from him (actual Course in Königsberg University, by the illustrious Kant; every Lecture punctually taken in short-hand, and transmitted to Berlin, post after post, for the busy man).[18] Here is now some painful Correspondence between the King and him,—painful, yet pleasant:

King to Minister Von Zedlitz, who has alarming Doubts (Berlin, 28th December 1779).—"Your Report of the 20th instant in "regard to Judgment on the arrested Raths has been received. "But do you think I don't understand your Advocate fellows "and their quirks; or how they can polish up a bad cause, and "by their hyperboles exaggerate or extenuate as they find fit?

[17] Preuss, iii. 499, 500.

[18] Kuno Fischer, *Kant's Leben* (Mannheim, 1860), pp. 34, 35.

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"The Goose-quill class (*Federzeug*) can't look at facts. When "Soldiers set to investigate anything, on an order given, they "go the straight way to the kernel of the matter; upon which, "plenty of objections from the Goose-quill people!—But you "may assure yourself I give more belief to an honest Officer, "who has honour in the heart of him, than to all your Advo- "cates and sentences. I perceive well they are themselves afraid, "and don't want to see any of their fellows punished.

"If, therefore, you will not obey my Order, I shall take an- "other in your place who will; for depart from it I will not. "You may tell them that. And know, for your part, that such "miserable jargon (*miserabel Styl*) makes not the smallest im- "pression on me. Hereby, then, you are to guide yourself; "and merely say whether you will follow My Order or not; for "I will in no wise fall away from it. I am your well-affectioned "King,—FRIEDRICH."

Marginale (in Autograph).—"My Gentleman" (you, Herr von Zedlitz, with your dubitatings), "won't make me believe "black is white. I know the Advocate sleight-of-hand, and won't "be taken in. An example has become necessary here,—those "Scoundrels (*Canaillen*) having so enormously misused my name, "to practise arbitrary and unheard-of injustices. A Judge that "goes upon chicaning is to be punished more severely than a "highway Robber. For you have trusted to the one; you are "on your guard against the other."

Zedlitz to the King (Berlin, 31st December 1779).—"I have "at all times had your Royal Majesty's favour before my eyes "as the supreme happiness of my life, and have most zealously "endeavoured to merit the same: but I should recognise myself "unworthy of it, were I capable of an undertaking contrary to "my conviction. From the reasons indicated by myself, as well "as by the Criminal-Senate" (Paper of reasons fortunately lost), "your Majesty will deign to consider that I am unable to draw "up a condemnatory Sentence against your Majesty's Servants- "of-Justice, now under arrest on account of the Arnold Affair. "Your Majesty's till death,—VON ZEDLITZ."

King to Zedlitz (Berlin, 1st January 1780).—"My dear "State's-Minister Freiherr von Zedlitz,—It much surprises me

"to see, from your Note of yesterday, that you refuse to pro-
"nounce a judgment on those Servants-of-Justice arrested for
"their conduct in the Arnold Case, according to my Order. If
"you, therefore, will not, I will; and do it as follows:

"1°. The Cüstrin Regierungs-Rath Scheibler, who, it appears
"in evidence, was of an opposite opinion to his Colleagues, and
"voted That the man up-stream had *not* a right to cut off the
"water from the man down-stream; and that the point, as to
"Arnold's wanting water, should be more closely and strictly
"inquired into,—he, Scheibler, shall be set free from his arrest,
"and go back to his post at Cüstrin. And in like manner,
"Kammergerichts-Rath Rannsleben,—who has evidently given
"himself faithful trouble about the cause, and has brought for-
"ward with a quite visible impartiality all the considerations
"and dubieties, especially about the condition of the water
"and the alleged hurtfulness of the Pond,—is absolved from
"arrest.

"2°. As for the other arrested Servants-of-Justice, they are
"one and all dismissed from office (*cassirt*), and condemned to
"one year's Fortress-Arrest. Furthermore, they shall pay to
"Arnold the value of his Mill, and make good to him, out of
"their own pocket, all the loss and damage he has suffered in
"this business, the Neumark *Kammer* (Revenue-Board) to tax
"and estimate the same." (Damage came to 1,358 thalers, 11 groschen, 1 pfennig,—that is, 203*l.* 14*s.* and some pence and farthings; the last farthing of which was punctually paid to Arnold, within the next eight months);[19]—"so that

"3°. The Miller Arnold shall be completely put as he was
"(*in integrum restituirt*).

"And in such way must the matter, in all branches of it, be
"immediately proceeded with, got ready, and handed in for my
"Completion (*Vollziehung*) by Signature. Which you, therefore,
"will take charge of, without delay. For the rest, I will tell
"you farther, that I am not ill pleased to know you on the side
"you show on this occasion" (as a man that will not go against his conscience), "and shall see, by and by, what I can farther
"do with you." (Left him where he was, as the best thing.)

[19] Preuss, iii. 409.

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"Whereafter you are accordingly to guide yourself. And I "remain otherwise your well-affectioned King,—FRIEDRICH."[20]

This, then, is an impartial account of the celebrated passage between Friedrich and the Lawyers, known by the name of 'the *Miller-Arnold Case*;' which attracted the notice of all Europe,—just while the decennium of the French Revolution was beginning. In Russia, the Czarina Catharine, the friend of Philosophers, sent to her Senate a copy of Friedrich's *Protocol of December 11th*, as a noteworthy instance of Royal supreme judicature. In France, Prints in celebration of it,—'one Print by Vangelisti, entitled *Balance de Frédéric*,'—were exhibited in shopwindows, expounded in newspapers, and discoursed of in drawing-rooms. The Case brought into talk again an old Miller Case of Friedrich's, which had been famous above thirty years ago, when Sans-Souci was getting built. Readers know it: Potsdam Miller, and his obstinate Windmill, which still grinds on its knoll in those localities, and would not, at any price, become part of the King's Gardens. "Not at any price?" said the King's agent: "Cannot the King take it from you for nothing, if he chose?" "Haven't we the Kammergericht at Berlin!" answered the Miller. To Friedrich's great delight, as appears;—which might render the Windmill itself a kind of ornament to his Gardens thenceforth. The French admiration over these two Miller Cases continued to be very great.[21]

As to Miller Arnold and his Cause, the united voice of Prussian Society condemned Friedrich's procedure: Such harshness to Grand-Chancellor Fürst and respect-

[20] Preuss, iii. 519, 520: see ib. 405 n.

[21] Dieulafoi, *Le Meunier de Sans-Souci* (Comedy or Farce, of I know not what year); Andrieux, *Le Moulin de Sans-Souci* ('Poem,' *at Institut-National*, 15 *Germinal*, *An* 5), &c. &c.: Preuss, iii. 412, 413.

able old Official Gentlemen, amounting to the barbarous and the tyrannous, according to Prussian Society. To support which feeling, and testify it openly, they drove in crowds to Fürst's (some have told me to the Prison-doors too, but that seems hypothetic); and left cards for old Fürst and Company. In sight of Friedrich, who inquired, "What is this stir on the streets, then?"—and, on learning, made not the least audible remark; but continued his salutary cashierment of the wigged Gentlemen, and imprisonment till their full term ran.

My impression has been that, in Berlin Society, there was more sympathy for mere respectability of wig than in Friedrich. To Friedrich respectability of wig that issues in solemnly failing to do justice, is a mere enormity, greater than the most wigless condition could be. Wigless, the thing were to be endured, a thing one is born to, more or less: but in wig,—out upon it! And the wig which screens, and would strive to disguise and even to embellish such a thing: To the gutters with such wig!

In support of their feeling for Fürst and Company, Berlin Society was farther obliged to pronounce the claim of Miller Arnold a nullity, and that no injustice whatever had been done him. Mere pretences on his part, subterfuges for his idle conduct, for his inability to pay due rent, said Berlin Society. And that impartial Soldier-person, whom Friedrich sent to examine by the light of nature, and report? "Corrupted, he!" answer they: "had intrigues with—" I forget whom; somebody of the womankind (perhaps Arnold's old hard-featured Wife, if you are driven into a corner!)—"and was not to be depended on at all!" In which condemned state, Berlin Society almost wholly disapproving it, the Arnold Process was found at Friedrich's death

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(restoration of honours to old Fürst and Company, one of the first acts of the New Reign, sure of immediate popularity); and, I think, pretty much continues so still, few or none in Berlin Society admitting Miller Arnold's claim to redress, much less defending that onslaught on Fürst and the wigs.[22]

Who, from the remote distance, would venture to contradict? Once more, my own poor impression was, which I keep silent except to friends, that Berlin Society was wrong; that Miller Arnold had of a truth lost portions of his dam-water, and was entitled to abatement; and that in such case, Friedrich's horror at the Fürst-and-Company Phenomenon (horror aggravated by gout) had its highly respectable side withal.

When, after Friedrich's death, on Von Gersdorf's urgent reclamations, the case was reopened, and allowed to be carried 'into the Secret Tribunal, as the compe-'tent Court of Appeal in third instance,' the said Tribunal found, That the law-maxim, depended upon by the Lower Courts, as to 'the absolute right of owners of private streams,' did *not* apply in the present case; but that the Deed of 1566 did; and also that 'the 'facts as to pretended damage' (*pretence* merely) 'from 'loss of water, were satisfactorily proved against Ar-'nold:' Gersdorf, therefore, may have his Pond; and Arnold must refund the money paid to him for 'damages'

[22] Herr Preuss himself inclines that way, rather condemnatory of Friedrich; but his Account, as usual, is exact and authentic,—though distressingly confused, and scattered about into different corners (Preuss, iii. 381-413; then again, ibid. 520 &c.). On the other hand, there is one Segebusch, too, a learned Doctor, of Altona, who takes the King's side,—and really is rather stupid, argumentative merely, and unilluminative, if you read him: Segebusch, *Historisch-rechtliche Würdigung der Einmischung Friedrich's des Grossen in die bekannte Rechtssache des Müllers Arnold, auch fur Nicht-Juristen* (Altona, 1829).

by the condemned Judges; and also the purchase-money of his Mill, if he means to keep the latter. All which moneys, however, his Majesty Friedrich Wilhelm II., Friedrich's Successor, to have done with the matter, handsomely paid out of his own pocket: the handsome way of ending it.

In his last journey to West-Preussen, June 1784, Friedrich said to the new Regierungs-President (Chief Judge) there: "I am Head Commissary of Justice; and have a heavy responsibility lying on me,"—as will you in this new Office. Friedrich at no moment neglected this part of his functions; and his procedure in it throughout, one cannot but admit to have been faithful, beautiful, human. Very impatient indeed when he comes upon Imbecility and Pedantry threatening to extinguish Essence and Fact, among his Law People! This is one *marginale* of his, among many such, some of them still more stinging, which are comfortable to every reader. The Case is that of a murderer,—murder indisputable; 'but may not insanity be suspected, your Ma-'jesty, such the absence of motive, such the—?' Majesty answers: 'That is nothing but inanity and stupid plead-'ing against right. The fellow put a child to death; if he 'were a soldier, you would execute him without priest; 'and because this *canaille* is a citizen, you make him "melancholic" to get him off. Beautiful justice!'[23]—

Friedrich has to sign all Death-Sentences; and he does it, wherever I have noticed, rigorously well. For the rest, his Criminal Calendar seems to be lighter than any other of his time; "in a population of 5,200,000," says he once, '14 to 15 are annually condemned to 'death.'

[23] Preuss, iii. 375.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FÜRSTENBUND: FRIEDRICH'S LAST YEARS.

At Vienna, on November 29th, 1780, the noble Kaiserinn Maria Theresa, after a short illness, died. Her end was beautiful and exemplary, as her course had been. The disease, which seemed at first only a bad cold, proved to have been induration of the lungs; the chief symptom throughout, a more and more suffocating difficulty to breathe. On the edge of death, the Kaiserinn, sitting in a chair (bed impossible in such struggle for breath), leant her head back as if inclined to sleep. One of her women arranged the cushions, asked in a whisper, "Will your Majesty sleep, then?" "No," answered the dying Kaiserinn; "I could sleep, but I must not; Death is too near. He must not steal upon me. These fifteen years I have been making ready for him; I will meet him awake." Fifteen years ago her beloved Franz was snatched from her, in such sudden manner: and ever since, she has gone in Widow's dress; and has looked upon herself as one who had done with the world. The 18th of every month has been for her a day of solitary prayer; 18th of every August (Franz's death-day) she has gone down punctually to the vaults in the Stephans-Kirche, and sat by his coffin there;—last August, something broke in the apparatus as she

descended; and it has ever since been an omen to her.[1] Omen now fulfilled.

On her death, Joseph and Kaunitz, now become supreme, launched abroad in their ambitious adventures with loose rein. Schemes of all kinds; including Bavaria still, in spite of the late check; for which latter, and for vast prospects in Turkey as well, the young Kaiser is now upon a cunning method, full of promise to him,—that of ingratiating himself with the Czarina, and cutting out Friedrich in that quarter. Summer 1780, while the Kaiserinn still lived, Joseph made his famous First Visit to the Czarina (May — August 1780),[2]— not yet for some years his thrice-famous Second Visit (thrice-famous Cleopatra-Voyage with her down the Dnieper; dramaturgic cities and populations keeping pace with them on the banks, such the scenic faculty of Russian Officials, with Potemkin as stage-manager):—in the course of which First Visit, still more in the Second, it is well known the Czarina and Joseph came to an understanding. Little articulated of it as yet; but the meaning already clear to both. "A frank partnership, high Madam: to you, full scope in your glorious notion of a Greek Capital and Empire, Turk quite trampled away, Constantinople a Christian metropolis once more" (and your next Grandson a *Constantine*,—to be in readiness): "why not, if I may share too, in the Donau Countries, that lie handy? To you, I say, an Eastern Empire; to me, a Western: Revival of the poor old Romish Reich, so far as may be; and no hindrance upon Bavaria, next time. Have not we had enough of that old Friedrich, who stands perpetually upon *status quo*, and to both of us is a mere stoppage of the way?"

[1] Hormayr, *Oesterreichischer Plutarch*, iv. (2tes) 94; Keith, ii. 114.

[2] Hermann, vi. 132-135.

Czarina Catharine took the hint; christened her next Grandson "Constantine" (to be in readiness);[3] and from that time, stiffly refused renewing her Treaty with Friedrich;—to Friedrich's great grief, seeing her, on the contrary, industrious to forward every German scheme of Joseph's, Bavarian or other, and foreshadowing to himself dismal issues for Prussia when this present term of Treaty should expire. As to Joseph, he was busy night and day,—really perilous to Friedrich and the independence of the German Reich. His young Brother, Maximilian, he contrives, Czarina helping, to get elected Coadjutor of Köln; Successor of our Lanky Friend there, to be Kur-Köln in due season, and make the Electorate of Köln a bit of Austria henceforth.[4] Then there come '*Panis-Briefe*,'[5]—who knows what?—usurpations, graspings and pretensions without end:—finally, an open pretension to incorporate Bavaria, after all. Bavaria, not in part now, but in whole: "You, Karl Theodor, injured man, cannot we give you Territory in the Netherlands; a King there you shall be, and have your vote as Kur-Pfalz still; only think! In return for which, Bavaria ours in fee-simple, and so finish that?" Karl Theodor is perfectly willing,—only perhaps some others are not.

Then and there, these threatening complexities, now gone like a dream of the night, were really life-perils for

[3] This is the Constantine who renounced, in favour of the late Czar Nicholas; and proved a failure in regard to "New Greek Empire," and otherwise.

[4] Lengthy and minute account of that Transaction, in all the steps of it, in *Dohm*, i. 295-379.

[5] *Panis* (Bread) *Brief* is a Letter with which, in ancient centuries, the Kaiser used to furnish an old worn-out Servant, addressed to some Monastery, some Abbot or Prior in easy circumstances: "Be so good as provide this old Gentleman with *Panis* (Bread, or Board and Lodging) while he lives." Very pretty in Barbarossa's time;—but now—!

the Kingdom of Prussia; never to be lost sight of by a veteran Shepherd of the People. They kept a vigilant King Friedrich continually on the stretch, and were a standing life-problem to him in those final Years. Problem nearly insoluble to human contrivance; the Russian card having palpably gone into the other hand. Problem solved, nevertheless; it is still remembered how.

On the development of that pretty Bavarian Project, the thing became pressing; and it is well known by what a stroke of genius Friedrich checkmated it; and produced instead a "*Fürstenbund*," or general "Confederation of German Princes," Prussia atop, to forbid peremptorily that the Laws of the Reich be infringed. *Fürstenbund:* this is the victorious summit of Friedrich's Public History, towards which all his efforts tended, during these five years: Friedrich's last feat in the world. Feat, how obsolete now,—fallen silent everywhere, except in German Parish-History, and to the students of Friedrich's character in old age! Had no result whatever in European History; so unexpected was the turn things took. A *Fürstenbund* which was swallowed bodily within few years, in that World-Explosion of Democracy, and War of the Giants; and,—unless Napoleon's "Confederation of the Rhine" were perhaps some transitory ghost of it?—left not even a ghost behind. A *Fürstenbund* of which we must say something, when its Year comes; but obviously not much.

Nor are the Domesticities, as set forth by our Prussian authorities, an opulent topic for us. Friedrich's Old Age is not unamiable; on the contrary, I think it would have made a pretty Picture, had there been a Limner to take it, with the least felicity or physiognomic coherency;—as there was not. His Letters, and all the

symptoms we have, denote a sound-hearted brave old man; continually subduing to himself many ugly troubles; and, like the stars, always steady at his work. To sit grieving or desponding is, at all times, far from him; "Why despond? Won't it be all done presently; is it of much moment while it lasts?" A fine, unaffectedly vigorous, simple, and manful old age;—rather serene than otherwise; in spite of electric outbursts and cloudy weather that could not be wanting.

Of all which there is not, in this place, much more to be said. Friedrich's element is itself wearing dim, sombre of hue; and the records of it, too, seem to grow dimmer, more and more intermittent. Old friends, of the intellectual kind, are almost all dead; the new are of little moment to us,—not worth naming in comparison. The chief, perhaps, is a certain young Marchese Lucchesini, who comes about this time,[6] and continues in more and more favour both with Friedrich and his Successor,—employed even in Diplomatics by the latter. An accomplished young Gentleman, from Lucca; of fine intelligence, and, what was no less essential to him here, a perfect propriety in breeding and carriage. One makes no acquaintance with him in these straggling records, nor desires to make any. It was he that brought the inane, ever-scribbling Denina hither, if that can be reckoned a merit. Inane Denina came as Academician, October 1782; saw Friedrich,[7] at least once ("Academician, Pension; yes, yes!")—and I know not whether any second time.

Friedrich, on loss of friends, does not take refuge in solitude; he tries always for something of substitute;

[6] 'Chamberlain' (titular, with Pension &c.), '9th May 1780, age then 28' (Preuss, iv. 211);—arrived, when or how is not said.

[7] Rödenbeck, iii. 285, 286.

sees his man once or twice,—in several instances once only, and leaves him to his pension in sinecure thenceforth. Cornelius de Pauw, the rich Canon of Xanten (Uncle of Anacharsis Klootz, the afterwards renowned), came on those principles; hung on for six months, not liked, not liking; and was then permitted to go home for good, his pension with him. Another, a Frenchman, whose name I forget, sat gloomily in Potsdam, after his rejection; silent (not knowing German), unclipt, unkempt, rough as Nebuchadnezzar, till he died. Le Catt is still a resource; steady till almost the end, when somebody's tongue, it is thought, did him ill with the King.

Alone, or almost alone, of the ancient set is Bastiani; a tall, black-browed man, with uncommonly bright eyes, now himself old, and a comfortable Abbot in Silesia; who comes from time to time, awakening the King into his pristine topics and altitudes. Bastiani's history is something curious: as a tall Venetian Monk (son of a tailor in Venice), he had been crimped by Friedrich Wilhelm's people; Friedrich found him serving as a Potsdam Giant, but discerned far other faculties in the bright-looking man, far other knowledges; and gradually made him what we see. Banters him sometimes that he will rise to be Pope one day, so cunning and clever is he: "What will you say to me, a Heretic, when "you get to be Pope; tell me now; out with it, I insist!" Bastiani parried, pleaded, but unable to get off, made what some call his one piece of wit: "I will say: O "Royal Eagle, screen me with thy wings, but spare me "with thy sharp beak!" This is Bastiani's one recorded piece of wit; for he was tacit rather, and practically watchful, and did not waste his fine intellect in that way.

Foreign Visitors there are in plenty; now and then something brilliant going. But the old Generals seem

to be mainly what the King has for company. Dinner always his bright hour; from ten to seven guests daily. Seidlitz, never of intelligence on any point but Soldiering, is long since dead; Ziethen comes rarely, and falls asleep when he does; General Görtz (brother of the Weimar-München Görtz); Buddenbrock (the King's comrade in youth, in the Reinsberg times), who has good faculty; Prittwitz (who saved him at Kunersdorf, and is lively, though stupid); General and Head-Equerry Schwerin, of headlong tongue, not witty, but the cause of wit; Major Graf von Pinto, a magniloquent Ex-Austrian ditto ditto: these are among his chief dinner-guests. If fine speculation do not suit, old pranks of youth, old tales of war, become the staple conversation; always plenty of banter on the old King's part;—who sits very snuffy (says the privately ill-humoured Büsching), and does not sufficiently abhor grease on his fingers, or keep his nails quite clean. Occasionally laughs at the Clergy, too; and has little of the reverence seemly in an old King. The truth is, Doctor, he has had his sufferings from Human Stupidity; and was always fond of hitting objects on the raw. For the rest, as you may see, heartily an old Stoic, and takes matters in the rough; avoiding useless despondency above all; and intent to have a cheerful hour at dinner if he can.

Visits from his Kindred are still pretty frequent; never except on invitation. For the rest, completely an old Bachelor, an old Military Abbot; with business for every hour. Princess Amelia takes care of his linen, not very well, the dear old Lady, who is herself a cripple, suffering, and voiceless, speaking only in hoarse whisper. I think I have heard there were but twelve shirts, not in first-rate order, when the King died. A King supremely indifferent to small concerns; especially

to that of shirts and tailorages not essential. Holds to Literature, almost more than ever; occasionally still writes;[8] has his daily Readings, Concerts, Correspondences as usual:—readers can conceive the dim Household Picture, dimly reported withal. The following Anecdotes may be added as completion of it, or at least of all I have to say on it:

You go on Wednesday, then?—'Loss of time was one of the 'losses Friedrich could least stand. In visits even from his 'Brothers and Sisters, which were always by his own express 'invitation, he would say some morning (call it Tuesday morn-'ing): "You are going on Wednesday, I am sorry to hear" '(what *you* never heard before)!—"Alas, your Majesty, we 'must!" "Well, I am sorry: but I will lay no constraint on you. 'Pleasant moments cannot last forever!" And sometimes, after 'this had been agreed to, he would say: "But cannot you stay 'till Thursday, then? Come, one other day of it!"—"Well, since 'your Majesty does graciously press!" And on Thursday, not 'Wednesday, on those curious terms, the visit would terminate. 'This trait is in the Anecdote-Books: but its authenticity does 'not rest on that uncertain basis; singularly enough, it comes to 'me, individually, by two clear stages, from Friedrich's Sister the 'Duchess of Brunswick, who, if anybody, would know it well!'[9]

Dinner with the Queen.—The Queen, a prudent, simple-minded, worthy person, of perfect behaviour in a difficult position, seems to have been much respected in Berlin Society and the Court Circles. Nor was the King wanting in the same feeling towards her; of which there are still many proofs: but as to personal intercourse,—what a figure has that gradually taken!

[8] For one instance: The famous Pamphlet, *De la Littérature Allemande* (containing his onslaught on Shakespeare, and his first salutation, with the reverse of welcome, to Goethe's *Götz von Berlichingen*);—printed, under stupid Thiébault's care, Berlin, 1780. Stands now in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vii. 89-122. The last Pieces of all are chiefly *Military Instructions* of a practical or official nature.

[9] My informant is Sir George Sinclair, Baronet, of Thurso; his was the distinguished Countess of Finlater, still remembered for her graces of mind and person, who had been Maid-of-Honour to the Duchess.

Preuss says, citing those who saw: 'When the King, after the 'Seven-Years War, now and then, in Carnival season, dined 'with the Queen in her Apartments, he usually said not a word 'to her. He merely, on entering, on sitting down at table and 'leaving it, made the customary bows; and sat opposite to her. 'Once,' in the Seventies' (years 1770, years now past), 'the 'Queen was ill of gout; table was in her Apartments; but she 'herself was not there, she sat in an easy-chair in the drawing-'room. On this occasion the King stepped up to the Queen, 'and inquired about her health. The circumstance occasioned, 'among the company present, and all over Town as the news 'spread, great wonder and sympathy (*Verwunderung und Theil-'nahme*). This is probably the last time he ever spoke to her.'[10]

The Two Grand-Nephews.—'The King was fond of children; 'liked to have his Grand-Nephews about him. One day, while the 'King sat at work in his Cabinet, the younger of the two, a boy 'of eight or nine' (who died soon after twenty), 'was playing ball 'about the room; and knocked it once and again into the King's 'writing operation; who twice or oftener flung it back to him, 'but next time, put it in his pocket, and went on. "Please your 'Majesty, give it me back!" begged the Boy; and again begged: 'Majesty took no notice; continued writing. Till at length came, 'in the tone of indignation, "Will your Majesty give me my ball, 'then?" The King looked up; found the little Hohenzollern 'planted firm, hands on haunches, and wearing quite a peremp-'tory air. "Thou art a brave little fellow; they won't get Silesia "out of thee!" cried he laughing, and flinging him his ball.'[11]

Of the elder Prince, afterwards Friedrich Wilhelm III. (Father of the now King), there is a much more interesting Anecdote, and of his own reporting too, though the precise terms are irrecoverable: 'How the King, questioning him about 'his bits of French studies, brought down a *La Fontaine* from 'the shelves, and said, "Translate me this Fable;" which the 'Boy did, with such readiness and correctness as obtained the 'King's praises: praises to an extent that was embarrassing, 'and made the honest little creature confess, "I did it with my 'Tutor, a few days since!" To the King's much greater delight;

[10] Preuss, iv. 187.

[11] Fischer, ii. 445 ('year 1780').

'who led him out to walk in the Gardens, and, in a mood of 'deeper and deeper seriousness, discoursed and exhorted him on 'the supreme law of truth and probity that lies on all men, and 'on all Kings still more; one of his expressions being, "Look at "this high thing" (the Obelisk they were passing in the Gardens), "its *uprightness* is its strength (*sa droiture fait sa force*);" and 'his final words, "Remember this evening, my good Fritz; per- "haps thou wilt think of it, long after, when I am gone." As 'the good Friedrich Wilhelm III. declares piously he often did, 'in the storms of fate that overtook him.'[12]

Industrial matters, that of Colonies especially, of drainages, embankments, and reclaiming of waste lands, are a large item in the King's business,—readers would not guess how large, or how incessant. Under this head there is on record, and even lies at my hand translated into English, what might be called a Colonial *Day with Friedrich* (Day of July 23d, 1779; which Friedrich, just come home from the Bavarian War, spent wholly, from 5 in the morning onward, in driving about, in earnest survey of his Colonies and Land-Improvements in the Potsdam-Ruppin Country); curious enough Record, by a certain Bailiff or Overseer, who rode at his chariot-side, of all the questions, criticisms and remarks of Friedrich on persons and objects, till he landed at Ruppin for the night. Taken down, with forensic, almost with religious exactitude, by the Bailiff in question; a Son-in-law of the Poet Gleim,—by whom it was published, the year after Friedrich's death;[13] and by many

[12] R. F. Eylert, *Charakterzüge und historische Fragmente aus dem Leben des Königs von Preussen, Friedrich Wilhelm III.* (Magdeburg, 1843), i. 450-456. This is a 'King's Chaplain and Bishop Eylert:' undoubtedly he heard this Anecdote from his Master, and was heard repeating it; but the dialect his Editors have put it into is altogether tawdry, modern, and impossible to take for that of Friedrich, or even, I suppose, of Friedrich Wilhelm III.

[13] Is in *Anekdoten und Karakterzüge*, No. 8 (Berlin, 1787), pp. 15-79.

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others since. It is curiously authentic, characteristic in parts, though in its bald forensic style rather heavy reading. Luckier, for most readers, that inexorable want of room has excluded it, on the present occasion!

No reader adequately fancies, or could by any single Document be made to do so, the continual assiduity of Friedrich in regard to these interests of his. The strictest Husbandman is not busier with his Farm than Friedrich with his Kingdom throughout;—which is indeed a *Farm*, leased him by the Heavens; in which not a gate-bar can be broken, nor a stone or sod roll into the smallest ditch, but it is to his the Husbandman's damage, and must be instantly looked after. There are Meetings with the Silesian manufacturers (in Review time), Dialogues ensuing, several of which have been preserved; strange to read, however dull. There are many scattered evidences;—and only slowly does, not the thing indeed, but the degree of the thing, become fully credible. Not communicable, on the terms prescribed us at present; and must be left to the languid fancy, like so much else.

Here is an Ocular View, here are several such, which we yet happily have, of the actual Friedrich as he looked and lived. These, at a cheap rate, throw transiently some flare of illumination over his Affairs and him: these let me now give; and these shall be all.

Prince de Ligne, after Ten Years, sees Friedrich a Second Time; and reports what was said.

In Summer 1780, as we mentioned, Kaiser Joseph was on his first Visit to the Czarina. They met at Mohilow on the Dnieper, towards the end of May; have been roving about, as if in mere galas and amusements (though with a great deal of business incidentally thrown in), for

above a month since, when Prince de Ligne is summoned to join them at Petersburg. He goes by Berlin, stays at Potsdam with Friedrich for about a week; and reports to Polish Majesty these new Dialogues of 1780, the year after sending him those of Mährisch-Neustadt of 1770, which we read above. Those were written down from memory, in 1785; these in 1786,—and 'towards the end of it,' as is internally evident. Let these also be welcome to us on such terms as there are:

'Since your Majesty' (Quasi-Majesty, of Poland) 'is willing 'to lose another quarter of an hour of that time, which you em- 'ploy so well in gaining the love of all to whom you deign to 'make yourself known, here is my Second Interview. It can be 'of interest only to you, Sire, who have known the King, and 'who discover traits of character in what to another are but 'simple words. One finds in few others that confidence, or at 'least that kindliness (*bonhomie*), which characterises your Ma- 'jesty. With you, one can indulge in rest; but with the King 'of Prussia, one had always to be under arms, prepared to parry 'and to thrust, and to keep the due middle between a small 'attack and a grand defence. I proceed to the matter in hand, 'and shall speak to you of him for the last time.

'He had made me promise to come to Berlin. I hastened 'thither directly after that little War' (Potato-War), 'which he 'called "an action where he had come as bailiff to perform an 'execution." The result for him, as is known, was a great ex- 'pense of men, of horses and money; some appearance of good 'faith and disinterestedness; little honour in the War; a little 'honesty in Policy, and much bitterness against us Austrians. 'The King began, without knowing why, to prohibit Austrian 'Officers from entering his Territories without an express order, 'signed by his own hand. Similar prohibition, on the part of 'our Court, against Prussian Officers; and mutual constraint, 'without profit or reason. I, for my own part, am of confident 'humour; I thought I should need no permission, and I think 'still I could have done without one. But the desire of having 'a Letter from the great Friedrich, rather than the fear of 'being ill received, made me write to him. My Letter was all

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'on fire with my enthusiasm, my admiration, and the fervour of 'my sentiment for that sublime and extraordinary being; and it 'brought me three charming Answers from him. He gave me, 'in detail, almost what I had given him in the gross; and what 'he could not return me in admiration,—for I do not remember 'to have gained a battle,—he accorded me in friendship. For fear 'of missing, he had written to me from Potsdam, to Vienna, to 'Dresden, and to Berlin.' (In fine, at Potsdam I was, *Saturday 9th July* 1780, waiting ready;—stayed there about a week).[14]

'While waiting for the hour of 12, with my Son Charles and 'M. de Lille' (Abbé de Lille, prose writer of something now forgotten; by no means lyrical *De Lisle*, of *Les Jardins*), 'to be 'presented to the King, I went to look at the Parade;—and, on 'its breaking up, was surrounded, and escorted to the Palace, by 'Austrian deserters, and particularly from my own regiment, who 'almost caressed me, and asked my pardon for having left me.

'The hour of presentation struck. The King received me 'with an unspeakable charm. The military coldness of a Gene-'ral's Headquarters changed into a soft and kindly welcome. 'He said to me, "He did not think I had so big a Son."

Ego. "He is even married, Sire; has been so these twelve "months." *King.* "May I (*oserais-je*) ask you to whom?" 'He often used this expression, "*oserais-je;*" and also this: "If "you permit me to have the honour to tell you, *Si vous me per-"mettez d'avoir l'honneur de vous dire.*" *Ego.* "To a Polish "Lady, a Massalska."

King (to my Son). "What, a Massalska? Do you know "what her Grandmother did?" "No, Sire," said Charles.

King. "She put the match to the cannon at the Siege of "Danzig with her own hand;[15] she fired, and made others fire, "and defended herself, when her party, who had lost head, "thought only of surrendering."

Ego. "Women are indeed undefinable; strong and weak by "turns, indiscreet, dissembling, they are capable of anything." "Without doubt," said M. de Lille, distressed that nothing had 'yet been said to him, and with a familiarity which was not

[14] '9th (or 10th) July 1780' (Rödenbeck, iii. 233): 'Stayed till 16th.'

[15] February 1734, in poor Stanislaus Leczinski's *second* fit of Royalty: Suprà, ii. 485.

'likely to succeed; "Without doubt. Look—" said he. The 'King interrupted him. I cited some traits in support of my 'opinion,—as that of the woman Hachette at the Siege of Beau-'vais.[16] The King made a little excursion to Rome and to 'Sparta: he liked to promenade there. After half a second of 'silence, to please De Lille, I told the King that M. de Voltaire 'died in De Lille's arms. That caused the King to address 'some questions to him; he answered in rather too long-drawn 'a manner, and went away. Charles and I stayed dinner.' This is day first in Potsdam.

'Here, for five hours daily, the King's encyclopedical con-'versation enchanted me completely. Fine arts, war, medicine, 'literature and religion, philosophy, ethics, history and legisla-'tion, in turns passed in review. The fine centuries of Augustus 'and of Louis XIV.; good society among the Romans, among 'the Greeks, among the French; the chivalry of François I.; 'the frankness and valour of Henri IV.; the new-birth (*renais-'sance*) of Letters and their revolution since Leo X.; anecdotes 'about the clever men of other times, and the trouble they give; 'M. de Voltaire's slips; susceptibilities of M. de Maupertuis; Al-'garotti's agreeable ways; fine wit of Jordan; d'Argens's hypo-'chondria, whom the King would send to bed for four-and-'twenty hours by simply telling him that he looked ill;—and, in 'fine, what not? Everything, the most varied and piquant that 'could be said, came from him,—in a most soft tone of voice; 'rather low than otherwise, and no less agreeable than were the 'movements of his lips, which had an inexpressible grace.

'It was this, I believe, which prevented one's observing that 'he was, in fact, like Homer's heroes, somewhat of a talker '(*un peu babillard*), though a sublime one. It is to their voices, 'their noise and gestures, that talkers often owe their reputation 'as such; for certainly one could not find a greater talker than 'the King; but one was delighted at his being so. Accustomed 'to talk to Marquis Lucchesini, in the presence of only four or 'five Generals who did not understand French, he compensated 'in this way for his hours of labour, of study, of meditation and

[16] A.D. 1472; Burgundians storming the wall, had their flag planted; flag and flag-bearer are hurled into the ditch by Hachette and other inspired women,—with the finest results.

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'solitude. At least, said I to myself, I must get in a word. He 'had just mentioned Virgil. I said:

Ego. "What a great Poet, Sire; but what a bad gardener!"

King. "Ah, to whom do you tell that! Have not I tried to "plant, sow, till, dig, with the *Georgics* in my hand? 'But, "Monsieur,' said my man, 'You are a fool (*bête*), and your Book "no less; it is not in that way one goes to work.' Ah, *mon* "*Dieu*, what a climate! Would you believe it, Heaven, or the "Sun, refuse me everything? Look at my poor orange-trees, my "olive-trees, lemon-trees: they are all starving." *Ego.* "It "would appear, then, nothing but laurels flourish with you, "Sire." (The King gave me a charming look; and to cover an 'inane observation by an absurd one, I added quickly): "Be- "sides, Sire, there are too many *grénadiers*" ' (means, in French, *pomegranates* as well as *grenadiers*,—peg of one's little joke!) '"in "this Country; they eat up everything!" The King burst out 'laughing; for it is only absurdities that cause laughter.

'One day I had turned a plate to see of what porcelain it 'was. "Where do you think it comes from?" asked the King. *Ego.* "I thought it was Saxon; but instead of two swords" (the Saxon mark), "I see only one, which is well worth both of them." *King.* "It is a sceptre." *Ego.* "I beg your Majesty's par- "don; but it is so much like a sword that one could easily "mistake it for one." And such was really the case. This, it 'is known, is the mark of the Berlin china. As the King some- 'times *played King*, and thought himself, sometimes, extremely 'magnificent while taking up a walking-stick or snuff-box with 'a few wretched little diamonds running after one another on it, 'I don't quite know whether he was infinitely pleased with my 'little allegory.

'One day, as I entered his room, he came towards me, say- 'ing, "I tremble to announce bad news to you. I have just "heard that Prince Karl of Lorraine is dying."[17] He looked at 'me to see the effect this would have; and observing some tears 'escaping from my eyes, he, by gentlest transitions, changed the 'conversation; talked of war, and of the Maréchal de Lacy. He 'asked me news about Lacy; and said, "That is a man of the

[17] Is already dead, 'at Brussels, July 4th;' Duke of Sachsen-Teschen and Wife Christine succeeded him as Joint-Governors in those parts.

"greatest merit. In former time, Count Mercy among your-"selves" (killed, while commanding in chief, at the Battle of Parma in 1733), "Puységur among the French, had some notions "of marches and encampments; one sees from Hyginus's Book" (ancient Book) "*on Castrametation*, that the Greeks also were "much occupied with the subject: but your Maréchal surpasses "the Ancients, the Moderns, and all the most famous men who "have meddled with it. Thus, whenever he was your Quarter-"master-General, if you will permit me to make the remark to "you, I did not gain the least advantage. Recollect the two "Campaigns of 1758 and 1759; you succeeded in everything. I "often said to myself, 'Shall I never get rid of that man, then?' "You yourselves got me rid of him; and"'—(some liberal or even profuse eulogy of Lacy, who is De Ligne's friend; which we can omit).

'Next day, the King, as soon as he saw me, came up; 'saying with the most penetrated air: "If you are to learn "the loss of a man who loved you, and who did honour to man-"kind, it will be better that it be from some one who feels it as "deeply as I do. Poor Prince Karl is no more. Others, per-"haps, are made to replace him in your heart; but few Princes "will replace him with regard to the beauty of his soul and to "all his virtues." In saying this, his emotion became extreme. 'I said: "Your Majesty's regrets are a consolation; and you did "not wait for his death to speak well of him. There are fine "verses with reference to him in the Poem, *Sur l'Art de la* "*Guerre*." My emotion troubled me against my will; however, 'I repeated them to him.[18] The Man of Letters seemed to 'appreciate my knowing them by heart. *King:* "His passage "of the Rhine was a very fine thing;—but the poor Prince de-"pended upon so many people! I never depended upon any-"body but myself; sometimes too much so for my luck. He "was badly served, not too well obeyed: neither the one nor the

[18] '*Soutien de mes rivaux, digne appui de ta reine,*
'*Charles, d'un ennemi sourd aux cris de la haine*
'*Reçois l'éloge*' ..... (for crossing the Rhine in 1744): ten rather noble lines, still worth reading; as indeed the whole Poem well is, especially to soldier-students (*L'Art de la Guerre*, Chant vi.: *Œuvres de Frédéric*, x. 273).

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"other ever was the case with me.—Your General Nadasti ap-
"peared to me a great General of Cavalry?" Not sharing the
'King's opinion on this point, I contented myself with saying,
'that Nadasti was very brilliant, very fine at musketry, and that
'he could have led his hussars to the world's end and farther
'(*dans l'enfer*), so well did he know how to animate them.

King. "What has become of a brave Colonel who played
"the devil at Rossbach? Ah, it was the Marquis de Voghera,
"I think?—Yes, that's it; for I asked his name after the
"Battle." *Ego.* "He is General of Cavalry."

King. "*Perdi!* It needed a considerable stomach for fight, to
"charge like your Two Regiments of Cuirassiers there, and, I be-
"lieve, your Hussars also: for the Battle was lost before it began."

Ego. "Apropos of M. de Voghera, is your Majesty aware of
"a little thing he did before charging? He is a boiling, restless,
"ever-eager kind of man; and has something of the good old
"Chivalry style. Seeing that his Regiment would not arrive
"quick enough, he galloped ahead of it; and coming up to the
"Commander of the Prussian Regiment of Cavalry which he
"meant to attack, he saluted him as on parade; the other re-
"turned the salute; and then, Have at each other like madmen."

King. "A very good style it is! I should like to know that
"man; I would thank him for it.—Your General von Ried,
"then, had got the devil in him, that time at Eilenburg" (spurt
of fight there, in the Meissen regions, I think in Year 1758,
when the D'Ahremberg Dragoons got so cut up), "to let those
"brave Dragoons, who so long bore your Name with glory,
"advance between Three of my Columns?"—He had asked me
'the same question at the Camp of Neustadt ten years since;
'and in vain had I told him that it was not M. de Ried; that
'Ried did not command them at all; and that the fault was
'Maréchal Daun's, who ought not to have sent them into that
'Wood of Eilenburg, still less ordered them to halt there with-
'out even sending a patrol forward. The King could not bear
'our General von Ried, who had much displeased him as Minis-
'ter at Berlin; and it was his way to put down everything to
'the account of people he disliked.

King. "When I think of those devils of Saxon Camps"
(Summer 1760),—"they were unattackable citadels! If, at

"Torgau, M. de Lacy had still been Quartermaster-General, "I should not have attempted to attack him. But there I saw "at once the Camp was ill chosen."

Ego. "The superior reputation of Camps sometimes causes a "desire to attempt them. For instance, I ask your Majesty's par- "don, but I have always thought you would at last have attempted "that of Plauen, had the War continued." *King.* "Oh, no, in- "deed! There was no way of taking that one." *Ego.* "Doesn't "your Majesty think: With a good battery on the heights of "Dolschen, which commanded us; with some battalions, ranked "behind each other in the Ravine, attacking a quarter of an "hour before daybreak" (and so forth, at some length,—excellent for soldier-readers who know the Plauen Chasm), "you "could have flung us out of that almost impregnable Place "of Refuge?" *King.* "And your battery on the Wind- "berg, which would have scourged my poor battalions, all the "while, in your Ravine?" *Ego.* "But, Sire, the night?" *King.* "Oh, you could not miss us even by grope. That big "hollow that goes from Burg, and even from Potschappel,—it "would have poured like a water-spout" (or fire-spout) "over "us. You see, I am not so brave as you think."

'The Kaiser had set out for his Interview' (First Interview, and indeed it is now more than half done, a good six weeks of it gone) 'with the Czarina of Russia. That Interview the King 'did not like' (no wonder):—'and, to undo the good it had done 'us, he directly, and very unskilfully, sent the Prince Royal to 'Petersburg' (who had not the least success there, loutish fellow, and was openly snubbed by a Czarina gone into new courses). 'His Majesty already doubted that the Court of Russia was 'about to escape him:—and I was dying of fear lest, in the 'middle of all his kindnesses, he should remember that I was an 'Austrian. "What," said I to myself, "not a single epigram "on us, or on our Master? What a change!"

'One day, at dinner, babbling Pinto said to the person sit- 'ting next him, "This Kaiser is a great traveller; there never "was one who went so far." "I ask your pardon, Monsieur," 'said the King; "Charles Fifth went to Africa; he gained the "Battle of Oran." And, turning towards me,—who couldn't

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'guess whether it was banter or only history,—"This time," said 'he, "the Kaiser is more fortunate than Charles Twelfth; like "Charles, he entered Russia by Mohilow; but it appears to me "*he* will arrive at Moscow."

'The same Pinto, one day, understanding the King was at a 'loss whom to send as Foreign Minister somewhither, said to 'him: "Why does not your Majesty think of sending Lucche- "sini, who is a man of much brilliancy (*homme d'esprit*)?" "It "is for that very reason," answered the King, "that I want to "keep him. I had rather send you than him, or a dull fellow "like Monsieur—" I forget whom, but believe it is one whom 'he did appoint Minister somewhere.

'M. de Lucchesini, by the charm of his conversation, brought 'out that of the King's. He knew what topics were agreeable 'to the King; and then, he knew how to listen; which is not so 'easy as one thinks, and which no stupid man was ever capable 'of. He was as agreeable to everybody as to his Majesty, by 'his seductive manners and by the graces of his mind. Pinto, 'who had nothing to risk, permitted himself everything. Says 'he: "Ask the Austrian General, Sire, all he saw me do when "in the service of the Kaiser."

Ego. "A firework at my Wedding, wasn't that it, my dear "Pinto?" *King* (interrupting). "Do me the honour to say "whether it was successful?" *Ego.* "No, Sire; it even "alarmed all my relations, who thought it a bad omen. Mon- "sieur the Major here had struck out the idea of joining Two "flaming Hearts, a very novel image of a married couple. But "the groove they were to slide on, and meet, gave way: my "Wife's heart went, and mine remained." *King.* "You see, "Pinto, you were not good for much to those people, any more "than to me." *Ego.* "Oh, Sire, your Majesty, since then, "owes him some compensation for the sabre-cuts he had on his "head." *King.* "He gets but too much compensation. "Pinto, didn't I send you yesterday some of my good Preussen "honey?" *Pinto.* "Oh, surely; it was to make it known. "If your Majesty could bring that into vogue, and sell it all, you "would be the greatest King on earth. For your Kingdom pro- "duces only that; but of that there is plenty."

"Do you know," said the King, one day, to me—"Do you

"know that the first soldiering I did was for the House of Aus-
"tria? *Mon Dieu*, how the time passes!"—He had a way of
'slowly bringing his hands together, in ejaculating these *Mon-*
'*Dieus*, which gave him quite a good-natured and extremely mild
'air.—"Do you know that I saw the glittering of the last rays
"of Prince Eugen's genius?" *Ego.* "Perhaps it was at these
"rays that your Majesty's genius lit itself." *King.* "*Eh, mon*
"*Dieu!* who could equal the Prince Eugen?" *Ego.* "He
"who excels him;—for instance, he who could win Twelve
"Battles!"—He put on his modest air. I have always said, it
'is easy to be modest, if you are in funds. He seemed as though
'he had not understood me, and said:

King. "When the cabal which, during forty years, the Prince
"had always had to struggle with in his Army, were plotting
"mischief on him, they used to take advantage of the evening
"time, when his spirits, brisk enough in the morning, were jaded
"by the fatigues of the day. It was thus they persuaded him to
"undertake his bad March on Mainz"' (March not known to me).

'*Ego.* "Regarding yourself, Sire, and the Rhine Campaign,
"you teach me nothing. I know everything your Majesty did,
"and even what you said. I could relate to you your Journeys
"to Strasburg, to Holland, and what passed in a certain Boat.
"Apropos of this Rhine Campaign, one of our old Generals,
"whom I often set talking, as one reads an old Manuscript, has
"told me how astonished he was to see a young Prussian Officer,
"whom he did not know, answering a General of the late King,
"who had given out the order, Not to go a-foraging: 'And I,
"Sir, I order you to go; our Army needs it; in short, I will
"have it so (*je le veux*)!—'"

King. "You look at me too much from the favourable side!
"Ask these Gentlemen about my humours and my caprices;
"they will tell you fine things of me."

'We got talking of some Anecdotes which are consigned to,
'or concealed in, certain obscure Books. "I have been much
"amused," said I to the King, "with the big cargo of Books,
"true or false, written by French Refugees, which perhaps are
"unknown in France itself."' (Discourses a little on this sub-
ject, though without telling us.)

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King. "Where did you pick up all these fine old Pieces? These "would amuse me on an evening; better than the conversation "of my Doctor of the Sorbonne" (one Peyrau, a wandering creature, not otherwise of the least interest to us),[19] whom I have "here, and whom I am trying to convert." *Ego.* "I found "them all in a Bohemian Library, where I sat diverting myself "for two Winters."

King. "How, then? Two Winters in Bohemia? What the "devil were you doing there! Is it long since?" *Ego.* "No, "Sire; only a year or two" (Potato-War time)! "I had retired "thither to read at my ease."—He smiled, and seemed to appre-'ciate my not mentioning the little War of 1778, and saving him 'any speech about it. He saw well enough that my Winter-'quarters had been in Bohemia on that occasion; and was satis-'fied with my reticence. Being an old sorcerer, who guessed 'everything, and whose tact was the finest ever known, he dis-'covered that I did not wish to tell him. I found Berlin changed 'since I had last been there. I took care not to remind him 'that I was at the capturing of it in 1760, under M. de Lacy's 'orders' (M. de Lacy's indeed!).—'It was for having spoken of 'the first capture of Berlin, by Marshal Haddick' (highly temporary as it was, and followed by Rossbach), 'that the King had 'taken a dislike to M. de Ried.

'Apropos of the Doctor of the Sorbonne' (uninteresting Peyrau) 'with whom he daily disputed, the King said to me once, "Get me a Bishopric for him." "I don't think," answered I, "that "my recommendation, or that of your Majesty, could be useful "to him with us." "Ah, truly no!" said the King: "Well, I "will write to the Czarina of Russia for this poor devil; he does "begin to bore me. He holds out as Jansenist, forsooth. *Mon* "*Dieu*, what blockheads the present Jansenists are! But France "should not have extinguished that nursery (*foyer*) of their "genius, that Port Royal, extravagant as it was. Indeed, one "ought to destroy nothing! Why have they destroyed, too, the "Depositaries of the graces of Rome and of Athens, those excel-"lent Professors of the Humanities, and perhaps of Humanity,

[19] Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, ii. 133 n.

"the Ex-Jesuit Fathers? Education will be the loser by it. "But as my Brothers the Kings, most Catholic, most Christian, "most Faithful and Apostolic, have tumbled them out, I, most "Heretical, pick up as many as I can; and perhaps, one day, I "shall be courted for the sake of them by those who want some. "I preserve the breed: I said, counting my stock, the other "day, 'A Rector like you, my Father, I could easily sell for "300 thalers; you, Reverend Father Provincial, for 600; and "so the rest, in proportion.' When one is not rich, one makes "speculations."

'From want of memory, and of opportunities to see oftener 'and longer the Greatest Man that ever existed' (Oh, *mon Prince!*), 'I am obliged to stop. There is not a word in all this 'but was his own; and those who have seen him will recognise 'his manner. All I want is, to make him known to those who 'have not had the happiness to see him. His eyes are too hard 'in the Portraits: by work in the Cabinet, and the hardships of 'War, they had become intense, and of piercing quality; but they 'softened finely in hearing, or telling, some trait of nobleness or 'sensibility. Till his death, and but quite shortly before it,— 'notwithstanding many levities which he knew I had allowed 'myself, both in speaking and writing, and which he surely attri- 'buted only to my duty as opposed to my interest,—he deigned 'to honour me with marks of his remembrance; and has often 'commissioned his Ministers, at Paris and at Vienna, to assure 'me of his good will.

'I no longer believe in earthquakes and eclipses at Cæsar's 'death, since there has been nothing of such at that of Friedrich 'the Great. I know not, Sire, whether great phenomena of 'Nature will announce the day when you shall cease to reign' (great phenomena must be very idle if they do, your Highness!) —'but it is a phenomenon in the world, that of a King who 'rules a Republic by making himself obeyed and respected for 'his own sake, as much as by his rights' (Hear, hear).[20]

Prince de Ligne thereupon hurries off for Petersburg, and the final Section of his Kaiser's Visit. An

[20] Prince de Ligne, *Mémoires et Mélanges*, i. 22-40.

errand of his own, too, the Prince had,—about his new Daughter-in-law Massalska, and claims of extensive Polish Properties belonging to her. He was the charm of Petersburg and the Czarina; but of the Massalska Properties could retrieve nothing whatever. The munificent Czarina gave him 'a beautiful Territory in the Crim,' instead; and invited him to come and see it with her, on his Kaiser's next Visit (1787, the aquatic Visit and the highly scenic). Which it is well known the Prince did; and has put on record, in his pleasant, not untrue, though vague, high-coloured and fantastic way, —if it or he at all concerned us farther.

How General von der Marwitz, in early Boyhood, saw Friedrich the Great Three Times (1782-5).

General von der Marwitz, who died not many years ago, is of the old Marwitz kindred, several of whom we have known for their rugged honesties, genialities, and peculiar ways. This General, it appears, had left a kind of Autobiography; which friends of his thought might be useful to the Prussian Public, after those Radical distractions which burst out in 1848 and onwards; and a first Volume of the *Marwitz Posthumous Papers* was printed accordingly,[21]—whether any more I have not heard; though I found this first Volume an excellent substantial bit of reading; and the Author a fine old Prussian Gentleman, very analogous in his structure to the fine old English ditto; who showed me the *per contra* side of this and the other much-celebrated modern Prussian person and thing, Prince Hardenberg, Johannes von Müller, and the like;—and yielded more especially the

[21] *Nachlass des General von der Marwitz* (Berlin, 1852), 1 vol. 8vo.

following Three Reminiscences of Friedrich, beautiful little Pictures, bathed in morning light, and evidently true to the life:

1°. *June* 1782 *or* 1783. 'The first time I saw him was in '1782 (or it might be 1783, in my sixth year),' middle of June, whichever year, 'as he was returning from his Annual Review 'in Preussen' (*West*-Preussen, never revisits the Königsberg region), 'and stopped to change horses at Dolgelin.' Dolgelin is in Müllrose Country, westward of Frankfurt-on-Oder; our Marwitz Schloss not far from it. 'I had been sent with Mamsell 'Bénézet,' my French Governess; 'and, along with the Clergy-'man of Dolgelin, we waited for the King.

'The King, on his journeys, generally preferred, whether at 'mid-day or for the night, to halt in some Country place, and at 'the Parsonages most of all; probably because he was quieter 'there than in the Towns. To the Clergyman this was always 'a piece of luck; not only because, if he pleased the King, he 'might chance to get promoted; but because he was sure of 'profitable payment, at any rate; the King always ordering 50 'thalers' (say 10 guineas) 'for his noon-halt, and for his night's-'lodging 100. The little that the King ate was paid for over and 'above. It is true, his Suite expected to be well treated; but 'this consisted only of one or two individuals. Now, the King 'had been wont almost always, on these journeys homewards, 'to pass the last night of his expedition with the Clergyman of 'Dolgelin; and had done so last year, with this present one who 'was then just installed; with him, as with his predecessor, the 'King had talked kindly, and the 100 thalers were duly remem-'bered.' Our good Parson flattered himself, therefore, that this 'time too the same would happen; and he had made all prepa-'rations accordingly.

'So we waited there, and a crowd of people with us. The 'team of horses stood all ready (peasants' horses, poor little 'cats of things, but the best that could be picked, for there were 'then no post-horses *that could run fast*);—the country-fellows 'that were to ride postillion all decked, and ten head of horses 'for the King's coach: wheelers, four, which the coachman

'drove from his box; then two successive pairs before, on each 'pair a postillion-peasant; and upon the third pair, foremost of 'all, the King's outriders were to go.

'And now, at last, came the *Feldjäger*' (Chacer, Hunting-groom), 'with his big whip, on a peasant's horse, a peasant with 'him as attendant. All blazing with heat, he dismounted; said, 'The King would be here in five minutes; looked at the relays, 'and the fellows with the water-buckets, who were to splash 'the wheels; gulped down a quart of beer; and so, his saddle 'in the interim having been fixed on another horse, sprang up 'again, and off at a gallop. The King, then, was *not* to stay in 'Dolgelin! Soon came the Page, mounted in like style; a youth 'of 17 or 18; utterly exhausted; had to be lifted down from 'his horse, and again helped upon the fresh one, being scarcely 'able to stand;—and close on the rear of him arrived the King. 'He was sitting alone in an old-fashioned glass-coach, what they 'call a *vis-à-vis* (a narrow carriage, two seats fore and aft, and 'on each of them room for only one person). The coach was 'very long, like all the old carriages of that time; between the 'driver's box and the body of the coach was a space of at least 'four feet; the body itself was of pear-shape, peaked below and 'bellied-out above; hung on straps, with rolled knuckles' (*winden*), 'did not rest on springs; two beams, connecting fore-wheels 'and hind, ran not *under* the body of the coach, but along the 'sides of it, the hind-wheels following with a goodly interval.

'The carriage drew up; and the King said to his coachman' (the far-famed Pfund): "Is this Dolgelin?" "Yes, your Ma-"jesty!"—"I stay here." "No," said Pfund; "the sun is not "down yet. We can get on very well to Müncheberg tonight" (ten miles ahead, and a Town too, perfidious Pfund!)—"and "then tomorrow we are much earlier in Potsdam." "*Na, Hm*,—"well, if it must be so!"—

'And therewith they set to changing horses. The peasants 'who were standing far off, quite silent, with reverently bared 'heads, came softly nearer, and looked eagerly at the King. An 'old Gingerbread-woman (*Semmelfrau*) of Lebbenichen' (always knew her afterwards) 'took me in her arm, and held me aloft 'close to the coach-window. I was now at farthest an ell from

'the King; and I felt as if I were looking in the face of God 'Almighty (*es war mir als ob ich den lieben Gott ansähe*). He 'was gazing steadily out before him,' into the glowing West, 'through the front window. He had on an old three-cornered 'regimental hat, and had put the hindward straight flap of it 'foremost, undoing the loop, so that this flap hung down in 'front, and screened him from the sun. The hat-strings (*Hut-'cordons*,' trimmings of silver or gold cord) 'had got torn 'loose, and were fluttering about on this down-hanging front 'flap; the white feather in the hat was tattered and dirty; 'the plain blue uniform, with red cuffs, red collar, and gold 'shoulder-bands' (epaulettes *without* bush at the end), 'was old 'and dusty, the yellow waistcoat covered with snuff;—for the 'rest, he had black-velvet breeches' (and, of course, the perpetual *boots*, of which he would allow no polishing or blacking, still less any change for new ones while they would hang together). 'I thought always he would speak to me. The old woman could 'not long hold me up; and so she set me down again. Then the 'King looked at the Clergyman, beckoned him near, and asked, 'Whose child it was? "Herr von Marwitz of Friedersdorf's."— "Is that the General?" "No, the Chamberlain." The King 'made no answer: he could not bear Chamberlains, whom he 'considered as idle fellows. The new horses were yoked; away 'they went. All day the peasants had been talking of the King, 'how he would bring this and that into order, and pull every-'body over the coals who was not agreeable to them.

'Afterwards it turned out that all Clergymen were in the 'habit of giving 10 thalers to the coachman Pfund, when the 'King lodged with them: the former Clergyman of Dolgelin 'had regularly done it; but the new one, knowing nothing of 'the custom, had omitted it last year;—and that was the reason 'why the fellow had so pushed along all day that he could pass 'Dolgelin before sunset, and get his 10 thalers in Müncheberg 'from the Bürgermeister there.

2°. *January* 1785. 'The second time I saw the King was 'at the Carnival of Berlin in 1785. I had gone with my Tutor 'to a Cousin of mine who was a Hofdame (*Dame de Cour*) to

'the Princess Henri, and lived accordingly in the Prince-Henri 'Palace,—which is now, in our days, become the University;— 'her apartments were in the third story, and looked out into the 'garden. As we were ascending the great stairs, there came 'dashing past us a little old man with staring eyes, jumping 'down three steps at a time. My Tutor said, in astonishment, "That is Prince Henri!" We now stept into a window of the 'first story, and looked out to see what the little man had meant 'by those swift boundings of his. And lo, there came the King 'in his carriage to visit him.

'Friedrich the Second *never* drove in Potsdam, except when 'on journeys, but constantly rode. He seemed to think it a dis- 'grace, and unworthy of a Soldier, to go in a carriage: thus, 'when in the last Autumn of his life (this very 1785) he was so 'unwell in the windy Sans-Souci (where there were no stoves, 'but only hearth-fires), that it became necessary to remove to 'the Schloss in Potsdam, he could not determine to *drive* thither, 'but kept hoping from day to day for so much improvement as 'might allow him to ride. As no improvement came, and the 'weather grew ever colder, he at length decided to go over under 'cloud of darkness, in a sedan-chair, that nobody might notice 'him.—So likewise during the Reviews at Berlin or Charlotten- 'burg he appeared always on horseback: but during the Carnival 'in Berlin, where he usually stayed four weeks, he *drove*, and 'this always in Royal pomp,—thus:

'Ahead went eight runners with their staves, plumed caps 'and runner-aprons' (*Läufer-schürze*, whatever these are), 'in two rows. As these runners were never used for anything ex- 'cept this show, the office was a kind of post for Invalids of the 'Lifeguard. A consequence of which was, that the King always 'had to go at a slow pace. His courses, however, were no other 'than from the Schloss to the Opera twice a week; and during 'his whole residence, one or two times to Prince Henri and the 'Princess Amelia' (once always, too, to dine with his Wife, to whom he did not speak one word, but merely bowed at begin- ning and ending!) 'After this the runners rested again for a 'year. Behind them came the Royal Carriage, with a team of 'eight; eight windows round it; the horses with old-fashioned har-

'ness, and plumes on their heads. Coachman and outriders all 'in the then Royal livery,—blue; the collar, cuffs, pockets, and 'all seams, trimmed with a stripe of red cloth, and this bound 'on both sides with small gold-cord; the general effect of which 'was very good. In the four boots (*Nebentritten*) of the coach 'stood four Pages, red with gold, in silk stockings, feather-hats '(crown all covered with feathers), but not having plumes;—the 'valet's boot behind, empty; and to the rear of it, down below, 'where one mounts to the valet's boot' (*Bedienten-tritt*, what is now become *foot-board*), 'stood a groom (*Stallknecht*). Thus came 'the King, moving slowly along; and entered through the portal 'of the Palace. We looked down from the window in the stairs. 'Prince Henri stood at the carriage-door; the pages opened it, 'the King stepped out, saluted his Brother, took him by the 'hand, walked upstairs with him, and thus the two passed near 'us (we retiring upstairs to the second story), and went into the 'Apartment, where now Students run leaping about.

3°. *May* 23*d*, 1785. 'The third time I saw him was that 'same year, at Berlin still, as he returned home from the Re-'view.[22] My Tutor had gone with me for that end to the Halle 'Gate, for we already knew that on that day he always visited 'his Sister, Princess Amelia. He came riding on a big white 'horse,—no doubt old *Condé*, who, twenty years after this, still 'got his *free-board* in the *Ecole Vétérinaire*; for since the Ba-'varian War (1778), Friedrich hardly ever rode any other horse. 'His dress was the same as formerly at Dolgelin, on the jour-'ney; only that the hat was in a little better condition, pro-'perly looped up, and with the peak (but not with the *long* peak, 'as is now the fashion) set in front, in due military style. Behind 'him were a guard of Generals, then the Adjutants, and finally 'the grooms of the party. The whole "Rondeel" (now Belle-'Alliance Platz) and the Wilhelms-Strasse were crammed full of 'people; all windows crowded, all heads bare, everywhere the 'deepest silence; and on all countenances an expression of re-'verence and confidence, as towards the just steersman of all 'our destinies. The King rode quite alone in front, and sa-

[22] 'May 21st-23d' (Rödenbeck, iii. 327).

'luted people, *continually* taking off his hat. In doing which he 'observed a very marked gradation, according as the onlookers 'bowing to him from the windows seemed to deserve. At one 'time he lifted the hat a very little; at another he took it from 'his head, and held it an instant beside the same; at another he 'sunk it as far as the elbow. But these motions lasted continu- 'ally; and no sooner had he put on his hat, than he saw other 'people, and again took it off. From the Halle Gate to the 'Koch-Strasse he certainly took off his hat 200 times.

'Through this reverent silence there sounded only the tramp- 'ling of the horses, and the shouting of the Berlin street-boys, 'who went jumping before him, capering with joy, and flung up 'their hats into the air, or skipped along close by him, wiping 'the dust from his boots. I and my Tutor had gained so much 'room that we could run alongside of him, hat in hand, among 'the boys.—You see the difference between then and now. Who 'was it that then made the noise? Who maintained a dignified 'demeanour?—Who is it that bawls and bellows now?' (Nobilities ought to be noble, thinks this old Marwitz, in their reverence to Nobleness. If Nobilities themselves become Washed Populaces in a manner, what are we to say?) 'And what value 'can you put on such bellowing?

'Arrived at the Princess Amelia's Palace (which, lying in 'the Wilhelms-Strasse, fronts also into the Koch-Strasse), the 'crowd grew still denser, for they expected him there: the fore- 'court was jammed full; yet in the middle, without the presence 'of any police, there was open space left for him and his at- 'tendants. He turned into the Court; the gate-leaves went 'back; and the aged lame Princess, leaning on two Ladies, the '*Oberhofmeisterinn* (Chief Lady) behind her, came hitching down 'the flat steps to meet him. So soon as he perceived her, he put 'his horse to the gallop, pulled up, sprang rapidly down, took off 'his hat (which he now, however, held quite low at the full length 'of his arm), embraced her, gave her his arm, and again led her 'up the steps. The gate-leaves went-to; all had vanished, and 'the multitude still stood, with bared head, in silence, all eyes 'turned to the spot where he had disappeared; and so it lasted 'awhile, till each gathered himself and peacefully went his way.

'And yet there had nothing happened! No pomp, no fire-works, no cannon-shot, no drumming and fifing, no music, no event that had occurred! No, nothing but an old man of 73, ill-dressed, all dusty, was returning from his day's work. But everybody knew that this old man was toiling also for him; that he had set his whole life on that labour, and for five-and-forty years had not given it the slip one day! Everyone saw, moreover, the fruits of this old man's labour, near and far, and everywhere around; and to look on the old man himself awakened reverence, admiration, pride, confidence,—in short, all the nobler feelings of man.'[23]

This was May 21st, 1785; I think, the last time Berlin saw its King in that public manner, riding through the streets. The *Fürstenbund* Affair is now, secretly, in a very lively state, at Berlin and over Germany at large; and comes to completion in a couple of months hence,—as shall be noticed farther on.

General Bouillé, home from his West-Indian Exploits, visits Friedrich (August 5-11th, 1784).

In these last years of his life, Friedrich had many French of distinction visiting him. In 1782, the Abbé Raynal (whom, except for his power of face, he admired little);[24] in 1786, Mirabeau (whose personal qualities seem to have pleased him);—but chiefly, in the interval between these two, various Military Frenchmen, now home with their laurels from the American War, coming about his Reviews: eager to see the Great Man, and be seen by him. Lafayette, Ségur, and many others came; of whom the one interesting to us is Marquis de Bouillé: already known for his swift sharp operation on the English Leeward Islands; and memorable afterwards to all

[23] *Nachlass des General von der Marwitz*, i. 15-20.

[24] Rödenbeck, iii. 277 n.

5th-11th Aug. 1784.

the world for his presidency in the *Flight to Varennes* of poor Louis XVI. and his Queen, in 1791; which was by no means so successful. "The brave Bouillé," as we called him long since, when writing of that latter operation, elsewhere. Bouillé left *Mémoires* of his own; which speak of Friedrich: in the *Vie de Bouillé*, published recently by friendly hands,[25] there is Summary given of all that his Papers say on Friedrich; this, in still briefer shape, but unchanged otherwise, readers shall now see.

'In July 1784, Marquis de Bouillé (lately returned from a 'visit to England), desirous to see the Prussian Army, and to 'approach the great Friedrich while it was yet time, travelled by 'way of Holland to Berlin, through Potsdam' (no date; got to Berlin 'August 6th;'[26] so that we can guess 'August 5th' for his Potsdam day). 'Saw, at Sans-Souci, in the vestibule, a bronze 'Bust of Charles XII.; in the dining-room, among other pictures, 'a Portrait of the Châteauroux, Louis XV.'s first Mistress. In 'the King's bedroom, simple camp-bed, coverlet of crimson taf-'fetas,—rather dirty, as well as the other furniture, on account 'of the dogs. Many books lying about: Cicero, Tacitus, Titus 'Livius' (in French Translations). 'On a chair, Portrait of 'Kaiser Joseph II.; same in King's Apartments in Berlin Schloss, 'also in the Potsdam New Palace: "*C'est un jeune homme que je* "*ne dois pas perdre de vue.*"

'King entering, took off his hat, saluting the Marquis, whom 'a Chamberlain called Goertz presented' (no Chamberlain; a Lieutenant-General, and much about the King; his Brother, the Weimar Goertz, is gone as Prussian Minister to Petersburg some time ago). 'King talked about the War *des Isles*' (my West-India War), 'and about England. "They" (the English) "are "like sick people who have had a fever; and don't know how "ill they have been, till the fit is over." Fox he treated as a 'noisy fellow (*de brouillon*); but expressed admiration of young 'Pitt. "The coolness with which he can stand being not only

[25] René de Bouillé, *Essai sur la Vie du Marquis de Bouillé* (Paris, 1853).
[26] Rödenbeck, iii. 309.

"contradicted, but ridiculed and insulted, *cela parait au-dessus* "*de la patience humaine.*" King closed the conversation by saying he would be glad to see me in Silesia, whither he was just 'about to go for Reviews' (will go in ten days, August 15th).

'Friedrich was 72,' last January 24th. 'His physiognomy, 'dress, appearance, are much what the numerous well-known 'Portraits represent him. At Court, and on great Ceremonies, 'he appears sometimes in black-coloured stockings rolled over 'the knee, and rose-coloured or sky-blue coat (*bleu céleste*). He 'is fond of these colours, as his furniture too shows. The 'Marquis dined with the Prince of Prussia, without previous 'presentation; so simple are the manners of this Soldier Court. 'The Heir Presumptive lodges at a brewer's house, and in a 'very mean way; is not allowed to sleep from home without 'permission from the King.'

Bouillé set out for Silesia, 11th August; was at Neisse in good time. 'Went, at 5 A.M.' (date is August 19th, Review lasts till 24th),[27] 'to see the King mount. All the Generals, 'Prince of Prussia among them, waited in the street; outside 'of a very simple House, where the King lodged. After waiting half an hour, his Majesty appeared; saluted very graciously, without uttering a word. This was one of his special 'Reviews' (that was it!). 'He rode (*marchait*) generally alone, 'in utter silence; it was then that he had his *regard terrible*, 'and his features took the impress of severity, to say no more.' (Is displeased with the Review, I doubt, though Bouillé saw nothing amiss;—and merely tells us farther): 'At the Reviews 'the King inspects strictly one regiment after another: it is 'he that selects the very Corporals and Sergeants, much more 'the Upper Officers; nominating for vacancies what Cadets are 'to fill them,—all of whom are Nobles.' Yes, with rare exceptions, all. Friedrich, democratic as his temper was, is very strict on this point; "because," says he repeatedly, "Nobles have honour; a Noble that misbehaves, or flinches in the moment of crisis, can find no refuge in his own class; whereas a man of lower birth always can in his."[28] Bouillé continues:

'After Review, dined with his Majesty. Just before dinner

[27] Rödenbeck, iii. 310. [28] *Œuvres de Frédéric* (more than once).

19th-24th Aug. 1784.

'he gave to the assembled Generals the "Order" for tomor-
'row's Manœuvres' (as we saw in Conway's case, ten years ago).
'This lasted about a quarter of an hour; King then saluted
'everybody, taking off *très-affectueusement* his hat, which he im-
'mediately put on again. Had now his affable mien, and was
'most polite to the strangers present. Conversation turned on
'the Wars of Louis XIV.; then on English-American War,—
'King always blaming the English, whom he does not like.
'Dinner lasted three hours. His Majesty said more than once
'to me' (in ill humour, I should almost guess, and wishful to
hide it): "Complete freedom here, as if we were in our Tavern
"(*Ici, toute liberté, Monsieur, comme si nous étions au cdbaret*)!"
'On the morrow,' August 20th, 'dined again. King talked of
'France; of Cardinal Richelieu, whose principles of administra-
'tion he praised. Repeated several times, that "he did not think
'the French Nation fit for Free Government!" At the Reviews,
'Friedrich did not himself command; but prescribed, and fol-
'lowed the movements; criticised, reprimanded, and so forth.
'On horseback six hours together, without seeming fatigued.

'King left for Breslau, 25th August' (24th, if it were of moment). 'Bouillé followed thither; dined again. Besides Offi-
'cers, there were present several Polish Princes, the Bishop of
'the Diocese, and the Abbot Bastiani. King made pleasantries
'about religion' (pity, that); 'Bastiani not slow with repartees,'
of a defensive kind. 'King told me, on one occasion, "Would
"you believe it? I have just been putting my poor Jesuits'
"finances into order. They understand nothing of such things,
"*ces bons hommes.* They are useful to me in forming my Ca-
"tholic Clergy. I have arranged it with his Holiness the Pope,
"who is a friend of mine, and behaves very well to me." Point-
ing from the window to the Convent of Capuchins, "Those
"fellows trouble me a little with their bell-ringings. They
"offered to stop it at night, for my sake: but I declined.
"One must leave everybody to his trade; theirs is to pray,
"and I should have been sorry to deprive them of their chimes
"(*carillon*)."

'The 20,000 troops, assembled at Breslau, did not gain the
'King's approval,'—far from it, alas, as we shall all see! 'To
'some Chiefs of Corps he said, "*Vous ressemblez plus à des*

"*tailleurs qu'à des militaires* (You are more like tailors than "soldiers)!" He cashiered several, and even sent one Major-'General to prison for six weeks.' That of the tailors, and Major-General Erlach clapt in prison, is too true;—nor is that the saddest part of the Affair to us. 'Bouillé was bound now 'on an excursion to Prague, to a Camp of the Kaiser's there. "Mind," said the King, alluding to Bouillé's *blue* uniform,—"mind, in the Country you are going to, they don't like the "blue coats; and your Queen has even preserved the family "repugnance, for she does not like them either."[29]

'September 5th, 1784, Bouillé arrived at Prague. Austrian 'Manœuvres are very different; troops, though more splendidly 'dressed, contrast unfavourably with Prussians;'—unfavourably, though the strict King was so dissatisfied. 'Kaiser Joseph, 'speaking of Friedrich, always admiringly calls him "*Le Roi.*" 'Joseph a great questioner, and answers his own questions. His 'tone *brusque et décidé.* Dinner lasted one hour.

'Returned to Potsdam to assist at the Autumn Reviews,' 21st-23d September 1784.[30] 'Dinner very splendid, magnifi-'cently served; twelve handsome Pages, in blue or rose-coloured 'velvet, waited on the Guests,—these being forty old rude War-'riors booted and spurred. King spoke of the French, approv-'ingly: "But," added he, "the Court spoils everything. Those "Court-fellows, with their red heels and delicate nerves, make "very bad soldiers. Saxe often told me, In his Flanders Cam-"paigns, the Courtiers gave him more trouble than did Cumber-"land." Talked of Maréchal Richelieu; of Louis XIV., whose 'apology he skilfully made. Blamed, however, the Revocation 'of the Edict of Nantes. Great attachment of the "Protestant 'Refugees" to France and its King. "Would you believe it?" said he: "Under Louis XIV. they and their families used to "assemble on the day of St. Louis, to celebrate the *fête* of the "King who persecuted them!" Expressed pity for Louis XV., 'and praised his good-nature.

'Friedrich, in his conversation, showed a modesty which 'seemed a little affected. "*S'il m'est permis d'avoir une opi-*

[29] *Essai sur la Vie du Marquis de Bouillé*, pp. 134-149.

[30] Rödenbeck, iii. 313.

'*nion*," a common expression of his;—said "opinion" on most 'things, on Medicine among others, being always excellent. 'Thinks French Literature surpasses that of the Ancients. 'Small opinion of English Literature: turned Shakspeare into 'ridicule; and made also bitter fun of German Letters,—their 'Language barbarous, their Authors without genius.' * *

'I asked, and received permission from the King, to bring 'my Son to be admitted in his *Académie des Gentilshommes;* an 'exceptional favour. On parting, the King said to me: "I "hope you will return to me Maréchal de France; it is what "I should like; and your Nation couldn't do better, nobody "being in a state to render it greater services."'

Bouillé will reappear for an instant next year. Meanwhile he returns to France, 'first days of October 1784,' where he finds Prince Henri; who is on Visit there for three months past.[31] A shining event in Prince Henri's Life; and a profitable; poor King Louis,—what was very welcome in Henri's state of finance,—having, in a delicate kingly way, insinuated into him a 'Gift of 400,000 francs' (16,000*l.*):[32]—partly by way of retaining-fee for France; "may turn to excellent account," think some, "when a certain Nephew comes to reign yonder, as he soon must."

What Bouillé heard about the Silesian Reviews is perfectly true; and only a part of the truth. Here, to the person chiefly responsible, is an indignant Letter of the King's: to a notable degree, full of settled wrath against one who is otherwise a dear old Friend:

Friedrich to Lieutenant-General Tauentzien, Infantry Inspector-General of Silesia.

"Potsdam, 7th September 1784.

"My dear General von Tauentzien,—While in Silesia I men-"tioned to you, and will now repeat in writing, That my Army

[31] '2d July 1784,' Prince Henri had gone (Rödenbeck, iii. 309).

[32] Anonymous (De la Roche-Aymon), *Vie privée, politique et militaire du Prince Henri, Frère de Frédéric II* (a poor, vague and uninstructive, though authentic little Book: Paris, 1809), pp. 219-239.

"in Silesia was at no time so bad as at present. Were I to "make Shoemakers or Tailors into Generals, the Regiments "could not be worse. Regiment *Thadden* is not fit to be the "most insignificant militia battalion of a Prussian Army; *Roth-* "*kirch* and *Schwarz*"—bad as possible all of them—"of *Erlach*, "the men are so spoiled by smuggling" (sad industry, instead of drilling), "they have no resemblance to Soldiers; *Keller* is "like a heap of undrilled boors; *Hager* has a miserable Com- "mander; and your own Regiment is very mediocre. Only "with Graf von Anhalt" (in spite of his head), "with *Wendessen* "and *Markgraf Heinrich*, could I be content. See you, that is "the state I found the Regiments in, one after one. I will now "speak of their Manœuvering" (in our Mimic Battles on the late occasion):

"Schwartz, at Neisse, made the unpardonable mistake of not "sufficiently besetting the Height on the Left Wing; had it "been serious, the Battle had been lost. At Breslau, Erlach" (who is a Major-General, forsooth!), "instead of covering the "Army by seizing the Heights, marched off with his Division "straight as a row of cabbages into that Defile; whereby, had it "been earnest, the enemy's Cavalry would have cut down our "Infantry, and the Fight was gone.

"It is not my purpose to lose Battles by the base conduct "(*lâcheté*) of my Generals: wherefore I hereby appoint, That "you, next year, if I be alive, assemble the Army between Bres- "lau and Ohlau; and for four days before I arrive in your "Camp, carefully manœuvre with the ignorant Generals, and "teach them what their duty is. Regiment *Von Arnim* and "Garrison-Regiment *Von Kanitz* are to act the Enemy: and "whoever does not then fulfil his duty shall go to Court-Mar- "tial,—for I should think it shame of any Country (*jeden Puis-* "*sance*) to keep such people, who trouble themselves so little "about their business. Erlach sits four weeks longer in arrest" (to have six weeks of it in full). "And you have to make known "this my present Declared Will to your whole Inspection.—F."[33]

What a peppering is the excellent old Tauentzien getting! Here is a case for Kaltenborn, and the sympa-

[33] Rödenbeck, iii. 311.

thies of Opposition people. But, alas, this King knows that Armies are not to be kept at the working point on cheaper terms,—though some have tried it, by grog, by sweet-meats, sweet-speeches, and found it in the end come horribly dearer! One thing is certain: the Silesian Reviews, next Year, if this King be alive, will be a terrible matter; and Military Gentlemen had better look to themselves in time! Kaltenborn's sympathy will help little; nothing but knowing one's duty, and visibly and indisputably doing it, will the least avail.

Just in the days when Bouillé left him for France, Friedrich ('October 1784') had conceived the notion of some general Confederation, or Combination in the Reich, to resist the continual Encroachments of Austria; which of late are becoming more rampant than ever. Thus, in the last year, especially within the last six months, a poor Bishop of Passau, quasi-Bavarian, or in theory Sovereign Bishop of the Reich, is getting himself pulled to pieces (Diocese torn asunder, and masses of it forcibly sewed-on to their new "Bishopric of Vienna"), in the most tragic manner, in spite of express Treaties, and of all the outcries the poor man and the Holy Father himself can make against it.[34] To this of Passau, and to the much of *Panis-Briefe* and the like which had preceded, Friedrich, though studiously saying almost nothing, had been paying the utmost of attention:—part of Prince Henri's errand to France is thought to have been, to take soundings on

[34] Dohm (*Denkwürdigkeiten*, iii. 46,—*Geschichte der letzten Periode Friedrichs des Zweiten*) gives ample particulars. Dohm's first 3 volumes call themselves 'History of Friedrich's last Period, 1778-1786;' and are full of Bavarian War, 3d vol. mostly of *Fürstenbund*;—all in a candid, authentic, but watery and rather wearisome way.

those matters (on which France proves altogether willing, if able); and now, in the general emotion about Passau, Friedrich jots down in a Note to Herzberg the above idea; with order to put it into form a little, and consult about it in the Reich with parties interested. Herzberg took the thing up with zeal; instructed the Prussian Envoys to inquire, cautiously, everywhere; fancied he did find willingness in the Courts of the Reich, in Hanover especially: in a word, got his various irons into the fire;—and had not proceeded far, when there rose another case of Austrian Encroachment, which eclipsed all the preceding; and speedily brought Herzberg's irons to the welding-point. Too brief we cannot be in this matter; here are the dates, mostly from Dohm:

Newyears-Day 1785, on or about that day, Romanzow, Son of our old Colberg and Anti-Turk friend, who is Russian 'Minister in the Ober-Rheinish Circle,' appears at the little Court of Zweibrück, with a most sudden and astounding message to the Duke there:

"Important Bargain agreed upon between your Kaiser and his Highness of the Pfalz and Baiern; am commanded by my Sovereign Lady, on behalf of her friend the Kaiser, to make it known to you. Baiern all and whole made over to Austria; in return for which the now Kur-Baiern gets the Austrian Netherlands (Citadels of Limburg and Lüxemburg alone excepted); and is a King henceforth, 'King of Burgundy' to be the Title, he and his fortunate Successors for all time coming. To your fortunate self, in acknowledgment of your immediate consent, Austria offers the free-gift of 100,000*l.*, and to your Brother Max of 50,000*l.*; Kur-Baiern, for his loyal conduct, is to have 150,000*l.*; and to all of you, if handsome, Austria will be handsome generally.

3d Jan. 1785.
For the rest, the thing is already settled; and your refusal will not hinder it from going forward. I request to know, within eight days, what your Highness's determination is!"

His poor Highness, thunderstruck as may be imagined, asks: "But—but—What would your Excellency advise me?" "Haven't the least advice," answers his Excellency: "will wait at Frankfurt-on-Mayn, for eight days, what your Highness's resolution is; hoping it may be a wise one;—and have the honour at present to say Good-morning." Sudden, like a thunderbolt in winter, the whole phenomenon. This, or *January 3d*, when Friedrich, by Express from Zweibrück, first heard of this, may be considered as birthday of a Fürstenbund now no longer hypothetic, but certain to become actual.

Zweibrück naturally shot off expresses: to Petersburg (no answer ever); to Berlin (with answer on the instant);—and in less than eight days, poor Zweibrück, such the intelligence from Berlin, was in a condition to write to Frankfurt: "Excellency, No; I do not consent, nor ever will." For King Friedrich is broad-awake again;—and Herzberg's smithy-fires, we may conceive, how the winds rose upon these, and brought matters to a welding heat!—

The Czarina,—on Friedrich's urgent remonstrance, "What is this, great Madam? To your old Ally, and from the Guaranty and Author of the Peace of Teschen!"—had speedily answered: "Far from my thoughts to violate the Peace of Teschen; very far: I fancied this was an advantageous exchange, advantageous to Zweibrück especially; but since Zweibrück thinks otherwise, of course there is end." 'Of course;' —though my Romanzow did talk differently; and the

forge-fires of a certain person are getting blown at a mighty rate! Herzberg's operation was conducted at first with the greatest secrecy; but his Envoys were busy in all likely places, his Proposal finding singular consideration; acceptance, here, there,—"A very mild and safe-looking Project, most mild in tone surely!"—and it soon came to Kaunitz's ear; most unwelcome to the new Kingdom of Burgundy and him!

Thrice over, in the months ensuing (April 13th, May 11th, June 23d), in the shape of a 'Circular to all Austrian Ambassadors,'[35] Kaunitz lifted up his voice in severe dehortation, the tone of him waxing more and more indignant, and at last snuffling almost tremulous quite into alt, "against the calumnies and malices of some persons, misinterpreters of a most just Kaiser and his actions." But as the Czarina, meanwhile, declared to the Reich at large, that she held, and would ever hold, the Peace of Teschen a thing sacred, and this or any Kingdom of Burgundy, or change of the Reichs Laws, impossible,—the Kaunitz clangours availed nothing; and Fürstenbund privately, but at a mighty pace, went forward. And, *June 29th*, 1785, after much labour, secret but effective, on the part of Dohm and others, Three Plenipotentiaries, the Prussian, the Saxon, the Hanoverian ("excellent method to have only the principal Three!") met, still very privately, at Berlin; and labouring their best, had, in about four weeks, a Fürstenbund Covenant complete; signed, *July 23d*, by these Three,—to whom all others that approved append themselves. As an effective respectable number, Brunswick, Hessen, Mainz and others, did,[36]—had not, indeed, the first Three themselves, especially as Hanover meant England withal, been themselves moderately sufficient.

[35] Dohm, iii. 64, 68.

[36] List of them in Dohm.

1785.

—Here, before the date quite pass, are two Clippings which may be worth their room:

Bouillé's Second Visit (Spring 1785). May 10th, 1785,—just while *Fürstenbund*, so privately, was in the birth-throes,—'Marquis de Bouillé had again come to Berlin, to place his 'eldest Son in the *Académie des Gentilhommes;* where the young 'man stayed two years. Was at Potsdam,' May 13th-16th;[37] 'well received; dined at Sans-Souci. Informed the King of the 'Duc de Choiseul's death' (Paris, May 8th). 'King, shaking his 'head, "*Il n'y a pas grand mal.*" Seems piqued at the Queen 'of France, who had not shown much attention to Prince Henri. 'Spoke of Peter the Great, "whose many high qualities were 'darkened by singular cruelty." When at Berlin, going on foot, 'as his custom was, unattended, to call on King Friedrich Wil-'helm, the people in the streets crowded much about him. "Brother," said he to the King, "your subjects are deficient "in respect; order one or two of them to be hanged; it will "restrain the others!" During the same visit, one day, at 'Charlottenburg, the Czar, after dinner, stepped out on a bal-'cony which looked into the Gardens. Seeing many people 'assembled below, he gnashed his teeth (*grinça des dents*), and 'began giving signs of frenzy. Shifty little Catharine, who was 'with him, requested that a certain person down among the 'crowd, who had a yellow wig, should be at once put away, or 'something bad would happen. This done, the Czar became 'quiet again. The Czarina added, he was subject to such 'attacks of frenzy; and that, when she saw it, she would scratch 'his head, which moderated him. "*Voilà, Monsieur,*" concluded 'the King, addressing me: "*Voilà les grands hommes!*"

'Bouillé spent a fortnight at Rheinsberg, with Prince Henri; 'who represents his Brother as impatient, restless, envious, sus-'picious, even timid; of an ill-regulated imagination,'—nothing like so wise as some of us! 'Is too apprehensive of war; 'which 'may very likely bring it on. On the least alarm, he assembles 'troops at the frontier; Joseph does the like; and so'—A notably splenetic little Henri; head of an Opposition Party which has

[37] Rödenbeck, iii. 325.

had to hold its tongue. Cherishes in the silent depths of him an almost ghastly indignation against his Brother on some points. 'Bouillé returned to Paris, June 1785.'[38]

Comte de Ségur (on the road to Petersburg as French Minister) *has seen Friedrich:* January 29th, 1785. Ségur says: 'With 'lively curiosity I gazed at this man; there as he stood, great 'in genius, small in stature; stooping, and as it were bent down 'under the weight of his laurels and of his long toils. His blue 'coat, old and worn like his body; his long boots coming up 'above the knee; his waistcoat covered with snuff, formed an 'odd but imposing whole. By the fire of his eyes, you recog- 'nised that in essentials he had not grown old. Though bear- 'ing himself like an invalid, you felt that he could strike like 'a young soldier; in his small figure, you discerned a spirit 'greater than any other man's.' * *

'If used at all to intercourse with the great world, and pos- 'sessed of any elevation of mind, you have no embarrassment 'in speaking to a King; but to a Great Man you present your- 'self not without fear. Friedrich, in his private sphere, was of 'sufficiently unequal humour; wayward, wilful; open to preju- 'dices; indulged in mockery, often enough epigrammatic upon 'the French;—agreeable in a high degree to strangers whom 'he pleased to favour; but bitterly piquant for those he was 'prepossessed against, or who, without knowing it, had ill 'chosen the hour of approaching him. To me, luck was kind 'in all these points;' my Interview delightful, but not to be reported farther.[39]

Except Mirabeau, about a year after this, Ségur is the last distinguished French visitor. French Correspondence the King has now little or none. October gone a year, his D'Alembert, the last intellectual Frenchman he had a real esteem for, died. Paris and France seem to be sinking into strange depths; less and less worth hearing of. Now and then a straggling Note from Condorcet, Grimm, or the like, are all he gets there.

That of the Fürstenbund put a final check on Jo-

[38] *Essai sur la Vie de Bouillé* (ubi suprà).

[39] '*Mémoires par M. le Comte de Ségur* (Paris, 1826), ii. 133, 120:' cited in *Preuss*, iv. 218. For date, see Rödenbeck, iii. 322, 323.

1785.
seph's notions of making the Reich a reality; his reforms and ambitions had thenceforth to take other directions, and leave the poor old Reich at peace. A mighty reformer he had been, the greatest of his day. Broke violently in upon quiescent Austrian routine, on every side: monkeries, school-pedantries, trade-monopolies, serfages,—all things, military and civil, spiritual and temporal, he had resolved to make perfect in a minimum of time. Austria gazed on him, its admiration not unmixed with terror. He rushed incessantly about; hardy as a Charles Twelfth; slept on his bear-skin on the floor of any inn or hut;—flew at the throat of every Absurdity, however broad-based or dangerously armed, "Disappear, I say!" Will hurl you an Official of Rank, where need is, into the Pillory; sets him, in one actual instance, to permanent sweeping of the streets in Vienna. A most prompt, severe, and yet beneficent and charitable kind of man. Immensely ambitious, that must be said withal. A great admirer of Friedrich; bent to imitate him with profit. "Very "clever indeed," says Friedrich; "but has the fault" (a terribly grave one!) "of generally taking the second "step without having taken the first."

A troublesome neighbour he proved to everybody, not by his reforms alone;—and ended, pretty much as here in the *Fürstenbund*, by having, in all matters, to give in and desist. In none of his foreign Ambitions could he succeed; in none of his domestic Reforms. In regard to these latter, somebody remarks: 'No Austrian 'man or thing articulately contradicted his fine efforts 'that way; but, inarticulately, the whole weight of Aus-'trian *vis inertiæ* bore day and night against him;—'whereby, as we now see, he bearing the other way 'with the force of a steam-ram, a hundred tons to the

'square inch, the one result was, To dislocate every 'joint in the Austrian Edifice, and have it ready for 'the Napoleonic Earthquakes that ensued.' In regard to ambitions abroad it was no better. The Dutch fired upon his Scheld Frigate: "War, if you will, you most aggressive Kaiser; but this Toll is ours!" His Netherlands revolted against him, "Can holy religion, and old use-and-wont be tumbled about at this rate?" His Grand Russian Copartneries and Turk War went to water and disaster. His reforms, one and all, had to be revoked for the present. Poor Joseph, broken-hearted (for his private griefs were many, too), lay down to die. "You may put for epitaph," said he with a tone which is tragical and pathetic to us, "Here lies Joseph," the grandly-attempting Joseph, "who could succeed in nothing."[40] A man of very high qualities, and much too conscious of them. A man of an ambition without bounds. One of those fatal men, fatal to themselves first of all, who mistake half-genius for whole; and rush on the second step without having made the first. Cannot trouble the old King or us any more.

[40] Died, at Vienna, 20th February 1790, still under fifty;—born there, 13th March 1741. Hormayr, *Oesterreichischer Plutarch*, iv. (2tes) 125-223 (and five or six recent *Lives* of Joseph, none of which, that I have seen, was worth reading, in comparison).

CHAPTER IX.

FRIEDRICH'S LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH.

To the present class of readers, Fürstenbund is become a Nothing; to all of us the grand Something now is, strangely enough, that incidental item which directly followed, of Reviewing the Silesian soldieries, who had so angered his Majesty last year. "If I be alive next year!" said the King to Tauentzien. The King kept his promise; and the Fates had appointed that, in doing so, he was to find—But let us not yet pronounce the word.

August 16*th*, 1785, some three weeks after finishing the Fürstenbund, Friedrich set out for Silesia: towards Strehlen, long known to him and us all;—at Gross-Tinz, a Village in that neighbourhood, the Camp and Review are to be. He goes by Crossen, Glogau; in a circling direction: Glogau, Schweidnitz, Silberberg, Glatz, all his Fortresses are to be inspected as well, and there is much miscellaneous business by the road. At Hirschberg, not on the military side, we have sight of him; the account of which is strange to read:

'*Thursday, August* 18*th*,' says a private Letter from that little Town,[1] 'he passed through here: concourse of many thousands, 'from all the Country about, had been waiting for him several 'hours. Outriders came at last; then he himself, the Unique; 'and, with the liveliest expression of reverence and love, all eyes

[1] Given *in extenso*, Rödenbeck, iii. 331-333.

'were directed on one point. I cannot describe to you my feel-
'ings, which of course were those of everybody, to see him, the
'aged King; in his weak hand the hat; in those grand eyes such
'a fatherly benignity of look over the vast crowd that encircled
'his Carriage, and rolled tide-like, accompanying it. Looking
'round when he was past, I saw in various eyes a tear trembling.'
("Alas, we shan't have him long!")

'His affability, his kindliness, to whoever had the honour of
'speech with this great King, who shall describe it! After talk-
'ing a good while with the Merchants-Deputation from the Hill
'Country, he said, "Is there anything more, then, from any-
"body?" Upon which, the President (*Kaufmannsälteste*,' Mer-
chants-Eldest) 'Lachmann, from Greiffenberg,' which had been
burnt lately, and helped by the King to rebuild itself, 'stepped
'forward, and said, "The burnt-out Inhabitants of Greiffenberg
"had charged him to express once more their most submissive
"gratitude for the gracious help in rebuilding; their word of
"thanks, truly, was of no importance, but they daily prayed
"God to reward such Royal beneficence." The King was
'visibly affected, and said, "You don't need to thank me;
"when my subjects fall into misfortune, it is my duty to help
"them up again; for that reason am I here."' * *

Saturday 20th, he arrived at Tinz; had a small Cavalry Manœuvre, next day; and on Monday the Review Proper began. Lasted four days,—22d-25th August, Monday to Thursday, both inclusive. 'Headquarter 'was in the *Dorf-Schulze's* (Village Mayor's) house; 'and there were many Strangers of distinction quar-'tered in the Country Mansions round.' Gross-Tinz is about 12 miles straight north from Strehlen, and as far straight east from the Zobtenberg: Gross-Tinz, and its Review of August 1785, ought to be long memorable.

How the Review turned out as to proficiency recovered, I have not heard; and only infer, by symptoms, that it was not unsatisfactory. The sure fact, and the forever memorable, is, That on Wednesday, the third

24th Aug. 1785.
day of it, from 4 in the morning, when the Manœuvres began, till well after 10, when they ended, there was a rain like Noah's; rain falling as from buckets and water-spouts; and that Friedrich (and perhaps most others too),* so intent upon his business, paid not the least regard to it; but rode about, intensely inspecting, in lynx-eyed watchfulness of everything, as if no rain had been there. Was not at the pains even to put on his cloak. Six hours of such down-pour; and a weakly old man of 73 past. Of course he was wetted to the bone. On returning to headquarters, his boots were found full of water; 'when pulled off, it came pouring from them 'like a pair of pails.'

He got into dry clothes; presided in his usual way at dinner, which soon followed; had many Generals and guests,—La Fayette, Lord Cornwallis, Duke of York;—and, as might be expected, felt unusually feverish afterwards. Hot, chill, quite poorly all afternoon; glad to get to bed:—where he fell into deep sleep, into profuse perspiration, as his wont was; and awoke, next morning, greatly recovered; altogether well again, as he supposed. Well enough to finish his Review comfortably; and start for home. Went,—round by Neisse, inspection not to be omitted there, though it doubles the distance,—to Brieg that day; a drive of 80 miles, inspection-work included. Thence, at Breslau for three days more: with dinners of state, balls, illuminations, in honour of the Duke of York,—our as yet last Duke of York, then a brisk young fellow of twenty-two; to whom, by accident, among his other distinctions, may belong this of having (most involuntarily) helped to kill Friedrich the Great!

Back to Potsdam, Friedrich pushed on with business; and complained of nothing. Was at Berlin in

about ten days (September 9th), for an Artillery Review; saw his Sister Amelia; saw various public works in a state of progress,—but what perhaps is medically significant, went in the afternoon to a kind of Spa Well they have at Berlin; and slept, not at the Palace, but at this Spa, in the hostelry or lodginghouse attached.[2] Next day (September 10th), the Artillery Manœuvre was done; and the King left Berlin,—little guessing he had seen Berlin for the last time.

The truth is, his health, unknown to him (though that of taking a Night at the Spa Well, probably denotes some guess or feeling of the kind, on his part), must have been in a dangerous or almost ruinous state. Accordingly, soon afterwards, September 18th-19th, in the night-time, he was suddenly aroused by a Fit of Suffocation (what they call *Stickfluss*); and, for some hours, till relief was got, everybody feared he would perish. Next day there came gout; which perhaps he regarded almost as a friend: but it did not prove such; it proved the captain of a chaotic company of enemies; and Friedrich's end, I suppose, was already inexorably near. At the Grand Potsdam Review (22d-23d September), chief Review of all, and with such an affluence of Strangers to it this Autumn, he was quite unable to appear; prescribed the Manœuvres and Procedures, and sorrowfully kept his room.[3]

[2] Rödenbeck, *in die.*

[3] This of 23d September 1785 is what Print-Collectors know loosely as "*Friedrich's Last Review*;"—one Cunningham, an English Painter (son of a Jacobite ditto, and himself of wandering habitat), and Clemens, a Prussian Engraver, having done a very large and highly-superior Print of it, by way of speculation in Military Portraits (Berlin, 1787); in which, among many others, there figures the crediblest Likeness known to me of *Friedrich in Old Age*, though Friedrich himself was not there. (See *Preuss*, iv. 242; especially see *Rödenbeck*, iii. 337 n.).—As Crown-Prince, Friedrich had *sat* to Pesne; never afterwards to any Artist.

Friedrich was always something of a Doctor himself: he had little faith in professional Doctors, though he liked to speak with the intelligent sort, and was curious about their science. And it is agreed he really had good notions in regard to it; in particular, that he very well understood his own constitution of body; knew the effects of causes there, at any rate, and the fit regimens and methods:—as an old man of sense will usually do. The complaint is, that he was not always faithful to regimen; that, in his old days at least, he loved strong soups, hot spicy meats;—finding, I suppose, a kind of stimulant in them, as others do in wine; a sudden renewal of strength, which might be very tempting to him. There has been a great deal of unwise babble on this subject, which I find no reason to believe, except as just said. In the fall of this year, as usual, perhaps rather later than usual,—not till November 8th (for what reason so delaying, Marwitz told us already),—he withdrew from Sans-Souci, his Summer-Cottage; shut himself up in Potsdam Palace (Old Palace) for the winter. It was known he was very ailing; and that he never stirred out,—but this was not quite unusual in late winters; and the rumours about his health were vague and various. Now, as always, he himself, except to his Doctors, was silent on that subject. Various military Doctors, Theden, Frese, and others of eminence, were within reach; but it is not known to me that he consulted any of them.

Not till January 1786, when symptoms worse than ever, of asthma, of dropsy, began to manifest themselves, did he call in Selle, the chief Berlin Doctor, and a man of real sagacity, as is still evident; who from the first concluded the disease to be desperate; but of course began some alleviatory treatment, the skilfullest

possible to him.[4] Selle, when questioned, kept his worst fears carefully to himself: but the King noticed Selle's real opinion,—which, probably, was the King's own too; —and finding little actual alleviation, a good deal of trouble, and no possibility of a victorious result by this warfare on the outworks, began to be weary of Selle; and to turn his hopes,—what hopes he yet had,—on the fine weather soon due. He had a continual short small cough, which much troubled him; there was fear of new Suffocation-Fit; the breathing always difficult.

But Spring came, unusually mild; the King sat on the southern balconies in the genial sun and air, looking over the bright sky and earth, and newbirth of things: "Were I at Sans-Souci, amid the Gardens!" thought he. *April 17th*, he shifted thither: not in a sedan, as Marwitz told us of the former journey; but 'in his car-'riage, very early in the morning, making a long round-'about through various Villages, with new relays,'— probably with the motive Marwitz assigns. Here are two contemporaneous Excerpts:

1°. *Mirabeau at Sans-Souci.* 'This same day,' April 17th, it appears,[5] 'the King saw Mirabeau, for the second and last time. 'Mirabeau had come to Berlin, 19th January last; his errand 'not very precise,—except that he infinitely wanted employment, 'and that at Paris the Controller-General Calonne, since so 'famous among mankind, had evidently none to offer him there. 'He seems to have intended Russia, and employment with the 'Czarina,—after viewing Berlin a little, with the great flashy

[4] Christian Gottlieb Selle, *Krankheitsgeschichte des Höchstseeligen Königs von Preussen Friedrichs des Zweyten Majestät* (Berlin, 1786); a very small Pamphlet, now very rare;—giving in the most distinct, intelligent, modest and conclusive way, an Account of everything pertinent, and rigorously of nothing else.

[5] Preuss: in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, XXV. 328 n.

17th April 1786.

'eyesight he had. He first saw Friedrich, January 25th. There 'pass in all, between Friedrich and him, seven Letters or Notes, 'two of them by the King; and on poor Mirabeau's side, it must 'be owned, there is a massively respectful, truthful, and manly 'physiognomy, which probably has mended Friedrich's first 'opinion of him.[6] This day, April 17th, 1786, he is at Potsdam; 'so far on the road to France again,—Mirabeau Senior being 'reported dangerously ill. "My Dialogue with the King," say 'the Mirabeau Papers, "was very lively; but the King was in "such suffering, and so straitened for breath, I was myself "anxious to shorten it: that same evening I travelled on."

'Mirabeau Senior did not die at this time: and Controller-'General Calonne, now again eager to shake off an importunate 'and far too clear-sighted Mirabeau Junior, said to the latter: "Back to Berlin, couldn't you? Their King is dying, a new "King coming; highly important to us!"—and poor Mirabeau 'went. Left Paris again, in May; with money furnished, but 'no other outfit, and more in the character of Newspaper Vul-'ture than of Diplomatic Envoy,'[7]—as perhaps we may tran-siently see.

2°. *Marie Antoinette at Versailles; To her Sister Christine at Brussels* (Husband and she, Duke and Duchess of Sachsen-Teschen, are Governors of the Netherlands):

March 20th, 1786. * * "There has been arrested at "Geneva one Villette, who played a great part in that abo-"minable Affair" (of the Diamond Necklace, now emerging on an astonished Queen and world).[8] "M. Target," Advocate of the enchanted Cardinal, "is coming out with his *Memoir:* he

* * * "Is coming to me today; one of those loose-tongued fellows, I suppose, who write for and against all the world." (Friedrich to Prince Henri, '25th January 1786:' *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvi. 522.)

[7] Rödenbeck, iii. 343. Fils Adoptif, *Mémoires de Mirabeau* (Paris, 1834), iv. 288-292, 296.

[8] Carlyle's *Miscellanies* (London, 1857), iv. 1-60, § *Diamond Necklace.* The wretched Cardinal de Rohan was arrested at Versailles, and put in the Bastille, 'August 15th, 1785,' the day before Friedrich set out for his Silesian Review; ever since which, the arrestments and Judicial investi-gations have continued,—continue till 'May 10th, 1786,' when Sentence was given.

"does his function; and God knows what are the lies he will "produce upon us. There is a *Memoir* by that Quack of a "Cagliostro, too: these are at this moment the theme of all "talk."

April 6th. "The *Memoirs*, the lies, succeed each other; and "the Business grows darker, not clearer. Such a Cardinal of "the Church! He brazenly maintains his distracted story about "the Bosquet" (Interview with *me* in person, in that Hornbeam Arbour at Versailles; to me inconceivable, not yet knowing of a Demoiselle D'Oliva from the streets, who had acted my part there), "and my Assent" (to purchase the Necklace for me). "His "impudence and his audacity surpass belief. Oh, Sister, I need "all my strength to support such cruel assaults." * * "The "King of Prussia's condition much engages attention (*préoccupe*) "here, and must do at Vienna too: his death is considered im- "minent. I am sure you have your eyes open on that side." * *

April 17th (just while the Mirabeau Interview at Potsdam is going on). * * "King of Prussia thought to be dying: I am "weary of the political discussions on this subject, as to what "effects his death must produce. He is better at this moment; "but so weak he cannot resist long. Physique is gone; but his "force and energy of soul, they say, have often supported him, "and in desperate crises have even seemed to increase. Liking "to him I never had: his ostentatious immorality (*immoralité "affichée*," ah, Madame!) "has much hurt public virtue" (public orthodoxy, I mean), "and there have been related to me" (by mendacious or ill-informed persons) "barbarities which excite "horror. He has done us all a great deal of ill. He has been a "King for his own Country; but a Trouble-feast for those about "him;—setting up to be the arbiter of Europe; always under- "taking on his neighbours, and making them pay the expense. "As Daughters of Maria Theresa, it is impossible we can regret "him, nor is it the Court of France that will make his funeral "oration."[9]

From Sans-Souci the King did appear again on horse-back; rode out several times ("Condé," a fine English

[9] Comte de Hunolstein, *Correspondance inédite de Marie Antoinette* (Paris, 1864), pp. 136, 137, 149.

4th-22d June 1786.
horse, one of his favourites, carrying him,—the Condé who had many years of sinecure afterwards, and was well known to Touring people): the rides were short; once to the New Palace to look at some new Vinery there, thence to the Gate of Potsdam, which he was for entering; but finding masons at work, and the street encumbered, did not, and rode home instead: this, of not above two miles, was his longest ride of all. Selle's attendance, less and less in esteem with the King, and less and less followed by him, did not quite cease till June 4th; that day the King had said to Selle, or to himself, "It is enough." That longest of his rides was in the third week after; June 22d, Midsummer-Day. July 4th, he rode again; and it was for the last time. About two weeks after, Condé was again brought out; but it would not do: Adieu, my Condé; not possible, as things are!—

During all this while, and to the very end, Friedrich's Affairs, great and small, were, in every branch and item, guided on by him, with a perfection not surpassed in his palmiest days: he saw his Ministers, saw all who had business with him, many who had little; and in the sore coil of bodily miseries, as Herzberg observed with wonder, never was the King's intellect clearer, or his judgment more just and decisive. Of his disease, except to the Doctors, he spoke no word to anybody. The body of Friedrich is a ruin, but his soul is still here; and receives his friends and his tasks as formerly. Asthma, dropsy, erysipelas, continual want of sleep; for many months past he has not been in bed, but sits day and night in an easy-chair, unable to get breath except in that posture. He said one morning, to somebody entering, "If you happened to want a night-watcher, I could suit you well."

His multifarious Military businesses come first; then his three Clerks, with the Civil and Political. These three he latterly, instead of calling about 6 or 7 o'clock, has had to appoint for 4 each morning: "My situation "forces me," his message said, "to give them this "trouble, which they will not have to suffer long. My "life is on the decline; the time which I still have "I must employ. It belongs not to me, but to the "State."[10] About 11, business, followed by short surgical details or dressings (sadly insisted on in those Books, and in themselves sufficiently sad), being all done,—his friends or daily company are admitted: five chiefly, or (*not* counting Minister Herzberg) four, Lucchesini, Schwerin, Pinto, Görtz; who sit with him about one hour now, and two hours in the evening again:—dreary company to our minds, perhaps not quite so dreary to the King's; but they are all he has left. And he talks cheerfully with them 'on Literature, History, on the 'topics of the day, or whatever topic rises, as if there 'were no sickness here.' A man adjusted to his hard circumstances; and bearing himself manlike and king-like among them.

He well knew himself to be dying; but some think, expected that the end might be a little farther off. There is a grand simplicity of stoicism in him; coming as if by nature, or by long *second*-nature; finely unconscious of itself, and finding nothing of peculiar in this new trial laid on it. From of old, Life has been infinitely contemptible to him. In death, I think, he has neither fear nor hope. Atheism, truly, he never could abide: to him, as to all of us, it was flatly inconceivable that intellect, moral emotion, could have been put into *him* by an Entity that had none of its own. But there,

[10] Preuss, iv. 257 n.

pretty much, his Theism seems to have stopped. Instinctively, too, he believed, no man more firmly, that Right alone has ultimately any strength in this world: ultimately, yes;—but for him and his poor brief interests, what good was it? Hope for himself in Divine Justice, in Divine Providence, I think he had not practically any; that the unfathomable Demiurgus should concern himself with such a set of paltry ill-given animalcules as oneself and mankind are, this also, as we have often noticed, is in the main incredible to him.

A sad Creed, this of the King's;—he had to do his duty without fee or reward. Yes, reader;—and what is well worth your attention, you will have difficulty to find, in the annals of any Creed, a King or man who stood more faithfully to his duty; and, till the last hour, alone concerned himself with doing that. To poor Friedrich that was all the Law and all the Prophets: and I much recommend you to surpass him, if you, by good luck, have a better Copy of those inestimable Documents!—Inarticulate notions, fancies, transient aspirations, he might have, in the background of his mind. One day, sitting for a while out of doors, gazing into the Sun, he was heard to murmur, "Perhaps I shall be nearer thee soon:"—and indeed nobody knows what his thoughts were in these final months. There is traceable only a complete superiority to Fear and Hope; in parts, too, are half-glimpses of a great motionless interior lake of Sorrow, sadder than any tears or complainings, which are altogether wanting to it.

Friedrich's dismissal of Selle, June 4th, by no means meant that he had given up hope from medicine; on the contrary, two days after, he had a Letter on the road for Zimmermann at Hanover; whom he always remem-

bers favourably since that *Dialogue* we read fifteen years ago. His first Note to Zimmermann is of June 6th, "Would you consent to come for a fortnight, and try upon me?" Zimmermann's overjoyed Answer, "Yes, thrice surely yes," is of June 10th; Friedrich's second is of June 16th, "Come, then!" And Zimmermann came accordingly,—as is still too well known. Arrived, 23d June; stayed till 10th July; had Thirty-three Interviews or *Dialogues* with him: one visit the last day; two, morning and evening, every preceding day;—and published a Book about them, which made immense noise in the world, and is still read, with little profit or none, by inquirers into Friedrich.[11] Thirty-three Dialogues, throwing no new light on Friedrich, none of them equal in interest to the old specimen known to us.

In fact, the Book turns rather on Zimmermann himself than on his royal Patient; and might be entitled, as it was by a Satirist, *Dialogues of Zimmermann I. and Friedrich II.* An unwise Book; abounding in exaggeration; breaking out continually into extraneous sallies and extravagancies,—the source of which is too plainly an immense conceit of oneself. Zimmermann is fifteen years older since we last saw him; a man now verging towards sixty; but has not grown wiser in proportion. In Hanover, though miraculously healed of that *Leibesschade*, and full of high hopes, he has had his new tribulations, new compensations,—both of an agitating character. 'There arose,' he says, in reference to some medical Review-article he wrote, 'a *Weiber-epidemik*, 'a universal shrieking combination of all the Women

[11] Ritter von Zimmermann, *Über Friedrich den Grossen und meine Unterredungen mit Ihm kurz vor seinem Tode* (1 vol. 8vo: Leipzig, 1788);—followed by *Fragmente über Friedrich den Grossen* (3 voll. 12mo: Leipzig, 1790); and by &c. &c.

'against me:'—a frightful accident while it lasted! Then his little Daughter died on his hands; his Son had disorders, nervous imbecilities,—did not die, but did worse; went into hopeless idiotcy, and so lived for many years. Zimmermann, being dreadfully miserable, hypochondriac, what not, 'his friends,' he himself passive, it would seem, 'managed to get a young Wife for him;' thirty years younger than he,—whose performances, however, in this difficult post, are praised.

Lastly, not many months ago (Leipzig, 1785), the big *final* edition of "*Solitude*" (four volumes) has come out; to the joy and enthusiasm of all philanthropic-philosophic and other circulating-library creatures:—a Copy of which came, by course of nature, not by Zimmermann's help, into the hands of Catharine of Russia. Sublime imperial Letter thereupon, with 'valuable diamond ring;' invitation to come to Petersburg, with charges borne (declined, on account of health); to be imperial Physician (likewise declined);—in fine, continued Correspondence with Catharine (trying enough for a vain head), and Knighthood of the Order of St. Wladimir,—so that, at least, Doctor Zimmermann is *Ritter* Zimmermann henceforth. And now, here has come his new Visit to Friedrich the Great;—which, with the issues it had, and the tempestuous cloud of tumid speculations and chaotic writings it involved him in, quite upset the poor Ritter Doctor; so that, hypochondrias deepening to the abysmal, his fine intellect sank altogether,—and only Death, which happily followed soon, could disimprison him. At this moment, there is in Zimmermann a worse "Dropsy" of the spiritual kind, than this of the physical, which he has come in relief of!

Excerpts of those Zimmermann *Dialogues* lie copi-

ously round me, ready long ago,—nay, I understand there is, or was, an English *Translation* of the whole of them, better or worse, for behoof of the curious:—but on serious consideration now, I have to decide, That they are but as a Scene of Clowns in the Elder Dramatists; which, even were it *not* overdone as it is, cannot be admitted in this place, and is plainly impertinent in the Tragedy that is being acted here. Something of Farce will often enough, in this irreverent world, intrude itself on the most solemn Tragedy; but, in pity even to the Farce, there ought at least to be closed doors kept between them.

Enough for us to say, That Ritter Zimmermann,—who is a Physician and a Man of literary Genius, and should not have become a Tragic Zany,—did, with unspeakable emotions, terrors, prayers to Heaven, and paroxysms of his own ridiculous kind, prescribe "Syrup of Dandelion" to the King; talked to him soothingly, musically, successfully; found the King a most pleasant Talker, but a very wilful perverse kind of Patient; whose errors in point of diet especially were enormous to a degree. Truth is, the King's appetite for food did still survive:—and this might have been, you would think, the one hopeful basis of Zimmermann's whole treatment, if there were still any hope: but no; Zimmermann merely, with uncommon emphasis, lyrically recognises such amazing appetite in an old man overwhelmed by diseases,—trumpets it abroad, for ignorant persons to regard as a crime, or perhaps as a type generally of the man's past life, and makes no other attempt upon it;—stands by his "Extract of Dandelion boiled to the consistency of honey;" and on the seventeenth day, July 10th, voiceless from emotion, heart just

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breaking, takes himself away, and ceases. One of our Notes says:

'Zimmermann went by Dessau and Brunswick; at Brunswick, if he made speed thither, Zimmermann might perhaps find Mirabeau, who is still there, and just leaving for Berlin to be in at the death:—but if the Doctor and he missed each other, it was luckier, as they had their controversies afterwards. Mirabeau arrived at Berlin, July 21st:[12] vastly diligent in picking up news, opinions, judgments of men and events, for his Calonne;—and amazingly accurate, one finds; such a flash of insight has he, in whatever element, foul or fair.

'*July 9th*, the day before Zimmermann's departure, Herzberg had come out to Potsdam in permanence. Herzberg is privately thenceforth in communication with the Successor; altogether privately, though no doubt Friedrich knew it well enough, and saw it to be right. Of course, all manner of poor creatures are diligent about their own bits of interests; and saying to themselves, "A New Reign is evidently nigh!" Yes, my friends;—and a precious Reign it will prove in comparison: sensualities, unctuous religiosities, ostentations, imbecilities; culminating in Jena twenty years hence.'

Zimmermann haggles to tell us what his report was at Brunswick; says, he "set the Duke" (*Erbprinz*, who is now Duke these six years past) "sobbing and weeping;" though towards the Widow Duchess there must have been some hope held out, as we shall now see. The Duchess's Letter or Letters to her Brother are lost; but this is his Answer:

Friedrich to the Duchess-Dowager of Brunswick.

"Sans-Souci, 10th August 1786.

"My adorable Sister,—The Hanover Doctor has wished to "make himself important with you, my good Sister; but the

[12] Mirabeau, *Histoire secrète de la Cour de Berlin*, Tome iii. of *Œuvres de Mirabeau:* Paris, 1821, *Lettre* v. p. 37.

"truth is, he has been of no use to me (*m'a été inutile*). The old "must give place to the young, that each generation may find "room clear for it: and Life, if we examine strictly what its "course is, consists in seeing one's fellow-creatures die and be "born. In the mean while, I have felt myself a little easier for "the last day or two. My heart remains inviolably attached to "you, my good Sister. With the highest consideration,—My "adorable Sister,—Your faithful Brother and Servant,

"FRIEDRICH."[13]

This is Friedrich's last Letter;—his last to a friend. There is one to his Queen, which Preuss's Index seems to regard as later, though without apparent likelihood; there being no date whatever, and only these words: "Madam,—I am much obliged by the wishes you deign "to form: but a heavy fever I have taken (*grosse fièvre* "*que j'ai prise*) hinders me from answering you."[14]

On common current matters of business, and even on uncommon, there continue yet for four days to be Letters expressly dictated by Friedrich; some about military matters (vacancies to be filled, new Free-Corps to be levied). Two or three of them are on so small a subject as the purchase of new Books by his Librarians at Berlin. One, and it has been preceded by examining, is, Order to the Potsdam Magistrates to grant 'the 'Baker Schröder, in terms of his petition, a Free-Pass 'out of Preussen hither, for 100 bushels of rye and '50 of wheat, though Schröder will not find the prices 'much cheaper there than here.' His last, of August 14th, is to De Launay, Head of the Excise: "Your "Account of Receipts and Expenditures came to hand "yesterday, 13th; but is too much in small: I require "one more detailed,"—and explains, with brief clear-

[13] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. 1. 352. [14] Ibid. xxvi. 62.

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ness, on what points and how. Neglects nothing, great or small, while life yet is.

Tuesday, August 15*th*, 1786, Contrary to all wont, the King did not awaken till 11 o'clock. On first looking up, he seemed in a confused state, but soon recovered himself; called in his Generals and Secretaries, who had been in waiting so long, and gave, with his old precision, the Orders wanted,—one to Rohdich, Commandant of Potsdam, about a Review of the troops there next day; Order minutely perfect, in knowledge of the ground, in foresight of what and how the evolutions were to be; which was accordingly performed on the morrow. The Cabinet work he went through with the like possession of himself, giving, on every point, his Three Clerks their directions, in a weak voice, yet with the old power of spirit,—dictated to one of them, among other things, an 'Instruction' for some Ambassador just leaving; 'four quarto pages, which,' says Herzberg, 'would have done honour to the most expe-'rienced Minister;' and, in the evening, he signed his Missives as usual. This evening still,—but—no evening more. We are now at the last scene of all, which ends this strange eventful History.

Wednesday morning, General-Adjutants, Secretaries, Commandant, were there at their old hours; but word came out, "Secretaries are to wait:" King is in a kind of sleep, of stertorous ominous character, as if it were the death-sleep; seems not to recollect himself, when he does at intervals open his eyes. After hours of this,[15]

[15] Selle (*ut sup.*); Anonymous (Kletschke), *Letzte Stunden und Leichenbegängniss Friedrichs des Zweyten* (Potsdam, 1786): Preuss, iv. 264 et seq.; Rödenbeck, iii. 363-366.

on a ray of consciousness, the King bethought him of Rohdich, the Commandant; tried to give Rohdich the Parole as usual; tried twice, perhaps three times; but found he could not speak;—and with a glance of sorrow, which seemed to say, "It is impossible, then!" turned his head, and sank back into the corner of his chair. Rohdich burst into tears: the King again lay slumberous;—the rattle of death beginning soon after, which lasted at intervals all day. Selle, in Berlin, was sent for by express; he arrived about 3 of the afternoon: King seemed a little more conscious, knew those about him, 'his face red rather than pale, in his eyes 'still something of their old fire.' Towards evening the feverishness abated (to Selle, I suppose, a fatal symptom); the King fell into a soft sleep, with warm perspiration; but, on awakening, complained of cold, repeatedly of cold, demanding wrappage after wrappage ('*Kissen*,' soft *quilt* of the old fashion);—and on examining feet and legs, one of the Doctors made signs that they were in fact cold, up nearly to the knee. "What said he of the feet?" murmured the King some time afterwards, the Doctor having now stepped out of sight. "Much the same as before," answered some attendant. The King shook his head, incredulous.

He drank once, grasping the goblet with both hands, a draught of fennel-water, his customary drink; and seemed relieved by it;—his last refection in this world. Towards 9 in the evening, there had come on a continual short cough, and a rattling in the breast, breath more and more difficult. Why continue? Friedrich is making exit, on the common terms; you may hear the curtain rustling down. For most part he was unconscious, never more than half-conscious. As the wall-clock above

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his head struck 11, he asked: "What o'clock?" "Eleven," answered they. "At 4," murmured he, "I will rise." One of his dogs sat on its stool near him; about midnight he noticed it shivering for cold: "Throw a quilt over it," said or beckoned he; that, I think, was his last completely-conscious utterance. Afterwards, in a severe choking fit, getting at last rid of the phlegm, he said, "*La montagne est passée, nous irons mieux*, We are over "the hill, we shall go better now."

Attendants, Herzberg, Selle and one or two others, were in the outer room; none in Friedrich's but Strützki, his Kammerhussar, one of Three who are his sole valets and nurses; a faithful ingenious man, as they all seem to be, and excellently chosen for the object. Strützki, to save the King from hustling down, as he always did, into the corner of his chair, where, with neck and chest bent forward, breathing was impossible,—at last took the King on his knee; kneeling on the ground with his other knee for the purpose,—King's right arm round Strützki's neck, Strützki's left arm round the King's back, and supporting his other shoulder; in which posture the faithful creature, for above two hours, sat motionless, till the end came. Within doors, all is silence, except this breathing; around it the dark earth silent, above it the silent stars. At 20 minutes past 2, the breathing paused,—wavered; ceased. Friedrich's Life-battle is fought out; instead of suffering and sore labour, here is now rest. Thursday morning, 17th August 1786, at the dark hour just named. On the 31st of May last, this King had reigned 46 years. 'He has lived,' counts Rödenbeck, '74 years, 6 months and 24 days.'

His death seems very stern and lonely;—a man of

such affectionate feelings, too; "a man with more sensibility than other men!" But so had his whole life been, stern and lonely; such the severe law laid on him. Nor was it inappropriate that he found his death in that poor Silesian Review; punctually doing, as usual, the work that had come in hand. Nor that he died now, rather than a few years later. In these final days of his, we have transiently noticed Arch-Cardinal de Rohan, Arch-Quack Cagliostro, and a most select Company of Persons and of Actions, like an Elixir of the Nether World, miraculously emerging into daylight; and all Paris, and by degrees all Europe, getting loud with the *Diamond-Necklace* History. And to eyes of deeper speculation,—World-Poet Goethe's, for instance,—it is becoming evident that Chaos is again big. As has not she proved to be, and is still proving, in the most teeming way! Better for a Royal Hero, fallen old and feeble, to be hidden from such things.

'Yesterday, Wednesday August 16th,' says a Note which now strikes us as curious, 'Mirabeau, smelling eagerly for news, 'had ridden out towards Potsdam; met the Page riding furiously 'for Selle ("one horse already broken down," say the Peasants 'about); and with beak, powerful beyond any other vulture's, 'Mirabeau perceived that here the end now was. And there-'upon rushed off, to make arrangements for a courier, for flying 'pigeons, and the other requisites. And appeared that night at 'the Queen's Soirée in Schönhausen' (Queen has Apartment that evening, dreaming of nothing), "where," says he, "I eagerly 'whispered the French Minister," and less eagerly "*mon ami* 'Mylord Dalrymple," the English one;—neither of whom would 'believe me. Nor, in short, what Calonne will regret, but no-'body else, could the pigeons be let loose, owing to want of 'funds.'[16]—Enough, enough.

[16] Mirabeau, *Histoire secrète*, &c. (*Lettre* xiv.), pp. 58-63.

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Friedrich was not buried at Sans-Souci, in the Tomb which he had built for himself; why not, nobody clearly says. By his own express will, there was no embalming. Two Regiment-surgeons washed the Corpse, decently prepared it for interment: 'at 8 that same even-'ing, Friedrich's Body, dressed in the uniform of the 'First Battalion of Guards, and laid in its coffin, was 'borne to Potsdam, in a hearse of eight horses, twelve 'Non-commissioned Officers of the Guard escorting. All 'Potsdam was in the streets; the soldiers, of their own 'accord, formed rank, and followed the hearse; many 'a rugged face unable to restrain tears: for the rest, 'universal silence as of midnight, nothing audible among 'the people but here and there a sob, and the murmur, "*Ach, der gute König!*"

'All next day, the Body lay in state in the Palace; 'thousands crowding, from Berlin and the other envi-'rons, to see that face for the last time. Wasted, worn; 'but beautiful in death, with the thin gray hair parted 'into locks, and slightly powdered. And at 8 in the 'evening' (Friday 18th), 'he was borne to the Garnison-'Kirche of Potsdam; and laid beside his Father, in the 'vault behind the Pulpit there,'[17]—where the two Coffins are still to be seen.

I define him to myself as hitherto the Last of the Kings;—when the Next will be, is a very long question! But it seems to me as if Nations, probably all Nations, by and by, in their despair,—blinded, swallowed like Jonah, in such a whale's-belly of things brutish, waste, abominable (for is not Anarchy, or the Rule of what is Baser over what is Nobler, the one life's-misery

[17] Rödenbeck, iii. 365 (Public Funeral was not till September 9th).

worth complaining of, and, in fact, the abomination of abominations, springing from and producing all others whatsoever?)—as if the Nations universally, and England too if it hold on, may more and more bethink themselves of such a Man and his Function and Performance, with feelings far other than are possible at present. Meanwhile, all I had to say of him is finished: that too, it seems, was a bit of work appointed to be done. Adieu, good readers; bad also, adieu.

Kitt from Greenwich.

KINGDOM OF PRUSSIA.

in 1740, at the Accession of Friedrich II. — in 1786, at Friedrich's death. — in 1815, at Congress of Vienna.

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THE END.

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